

Pinkerton in his List of Scottish Poets discredits this edition which had been printed by Freebairn in 1714, but it's publication, stopped by the rebellion, was suspended till 1758. Dr Jameson, a much more able & candid critick, in his edition of Bruce & Wallace 4°. 1820 p. IX says "I am under the necessity of differing from Mr Pinkerton; to me the editions printed by Freebairn appear more correct than any of the preceding, & his Wallace even preferable to the Perth edition of 1790"

Blind Harry is mentioned by John Major, the Scotch Historian, who was born about 1470, to have been living in his time.

vide Warton's Hist: of Eng: Poetry
vol. 1. p. 321.
vol. 2. p. 334.

Henry, the Minstrel

THE
ACTS and DEEDS
OF
The Most Famous and Valiant CHAMPION
Sir WILLIAM WALLACE,
Knight of ELLERSLIE.

Written by BLIND HARRY in the year 1361.

TOGETHER WITH

Arnaldi Blair Relationes.

EDINBURGH:
Printed in the Year MDCCLVIII.

THE ACTS and DEEDS of the most Famous and Valiant Champion, Sir *WILLIAM WALLACE*, Knight of *ELLERSLIE*.

The First BOOK.

CHAP. I.

OUR Ancestors, of whom we should oft read,
And hold in mind their noble worthy deed,
We let overslide, through very slothfulness,
And cast us ever to other business.
To honour enjoying is set our whole intent,
Which hath been seen into these times bywent.
Our old enemies coming of Saxon blood,
That never yet to Scotland would do good,
But ever on force, and contrare baill their will,
Holy great kindness there has been kyth'd them till,

It is well known on many divers side,
How they have wrought into their mighty pride,
To hold Scotland at under evermair,
But God above has made their might to pair;
Yet we should think on our bears before.
Of thir parables as now I speak no more.
We read of one right famous of renown,
Of worthy blood, that reign'd in this region:
And henceforth now, I will my process hold
Of William Wallace, as ye have heard it told.
His forebears who likes to understand,
Of old lineage, and true line of Scotland,
Sir Rannald Crawford, right Sheriff of Air,
So in his time, he had a daughter fair,
To young Sir Rannald, Sheriff of that town,
Was sister fair, of good fame and renown;
Malcolm Wallace her got in marriage,
That Ellerslie then had in heritage,
Auchenbothie, and sundry other place,
The second oye he was of good Wallace:
The which Wallace full worthily had wrought,
When Walter, heir of Wales, frae Waraÿn sought.
Who likes to hear more knowledge in that part,
Go read the first right line of the first Stewart.
Now Malcolm Wallace got upon his Lady bright,
Sir Malcolm Wallace, a full gentle Knight,
And William too, as Conus chronicle bears on hand,
Who after was the reskuer of Scotland,
When it was lost with treason and falseness,
Overset with foes, he freed it well through grace.
When Alexander our worthy King had lorn,
By eventure his like beside Kinghorn,

Three

Three years in peace the realm stood desolate,
Wherethrough there rose a full grievous debate.
Our Prince David, Earl of Huntingtown,
Three daughters had that were of great renown:
Of the which three came Bruce, Baliol, and Haisting,
Two of these three desired to be King.
The Baliol claimed of the first gree lineally,
And Bruce the first male of the second gree by.
To Paris then, and in England they send,
Of this great strife, how they should have an end.
Folly it was (indeed it happened so)
Succour to seek of their old mortal foe.
Edward Langshanks had now begun his weir,
Upon Gascoign, fell awful in effeir:
Thae lands than he claimed as heritage.
Frae time that he had sembled his barnage,
And heard tell well Scotland stood in sik case,
He thought till him to make it plain conquase.
To Norham kirk he came withoutten mare,
The Council then of Scotland met him there.
Full subtilly he charg'd them in bandown,
As their Over-lord, to hold of him the crown.
Bishop Robert in his time full worthy,
Of Glasgow Lord, said, That we deny
Any Over-lord, but the great God above.
The King was wroth, and made him to remove.
Covetous Baliol followed on him fast,
To hold of him he granted at the last:
And contrare right, a king he made him there,
Wherethrough Scotland repented it full sare.
To Baliol yet our Lords would not consent.
Edward past South, gart set his Parliament:

He Baliol called to anſwer for Scotland.
The wiſe Lords ſoon cauſed him break that band:
An Abbot paſt, and gave over this legiance.
King Edward then took it in great grievance.
His hoſt he rais'd, and came to Wark on Tweed,
But for to fight, as then he had great dread.
To Corſpatrick of Dumbar ſoon he ſend,
His counſel ask'd, for he the country kend:
And he was brought in preſence of the King,
By ſubtil band they conded of this thing.

CHAP. II.

The Battle of *Berwick*.

Earl Patrick then to Berwick could purſue;
Received he was, and truſted very true:
The King followed with his hoſt of renown,
After mid-night at reſt was all the town.
Corſpatrick roſe, the keyes well he knew,
Let bridges down, and port-cullice they drew,
Set up gates ſyne, and could his banner ſhew;
The hoſt was ware, and toward him they drew.
Edward entred, and caus'd ſlay haſtily,
Of men and women, ſeven thouſand and fifty,
And bairns alſo; by this falſe eventure
Of true Scots eſcaped no creature.
A captain there this falſe Edward hath made,
Toward Dumbar, without reſting they rade.

CHAP.

CHAP. III.

The Battle of *Dumbar*.

Where gathered was great power of Scotland,
Against Edward in battle for to stand:
Thir four Earls were entred in that place,
Of Mar, Monteith, Athole, Ross upon case.
In that castle the Earl gart hold them in,
That to their men without they might not win,
Nor they to them supplying for to ma.
The battles then together fast they ga.
Full great slaughter, it pity was to see,
Of true Scots overset with subtiltie.
Earl Patrick then, when fighting was fellest,
To our foe turn'd, and harming did us maist.
Is none in world, that skaiths may do mair,
Than well trusted, and born familiar.
Our men are slain without redemption;
Through these deeds tint was this whole region.

CHAP. IV.

How King *Edward* and *Corspatrick* came to *Scone*, and deposed *John Baliol*, and had with him the Heirs of *Scotland*.

King Edward past, and Corspatrick to Scone,
And there he got homage of Scotland soon,
For none was left the realm for to defend;
For John Baliol to Montrose then he send,
And put him down for ever of this kinryk,
Then Edward's self was call'd a Roy full ryk.

The crown he took upon the self-same stane
That Gadales sent with his son from Spain
When Iber Scot first into Ireland come,
At Canmor syne King Fergus has it won,
Brought it to Scone, and stable made it there,
Where Kings were crown'd eight hundred years and mair,
Before the time that King Edward it fand;
This jewel he gart turse into England;
In London it set in witness of this thing,
By conquest then of Scotland call'd him King.
Where that stane is, Scots ay should masters be,
God choose the time for Margaret's heirs to see.
Sevenscore they led of greatest that they fand
Of heirs, and Bruce with them out of Scotland.
Edward gave him his father's heritage,
But he thought ay to hold him in thirlage.
Both Blatock Mar was his and Huntingtoun.
To Earl Patrick they gave full great gardoun;
For the friendship King Edward with him fand,
Protestor haill he made him of Scotland.
That office then he bruiked but short time,
I may not now put all the deeds in rime.
Of chronicle why should I tarry lang?
To Wallace again now briefly will I gang.
Scotland was lost when he was but a child,
All overset with our enemies wild.
His father Malcolm in the Lennox fled,
His eldest son thither with him he led;
His mother fled with him from Ellerslie,
To Gowrie past, and dwelt in Kilspindie,
The Knight her father thither has them sent
Unto his uncle, that with full good intent

In

In Gowrie dwelt, and had good living there,
An aged man, which received them fair.
Then to Dundie Wallace to school they send,
While he of wit full worthily was kend.
Thus he continued in his tender age,
In arms syne did many hie vassalage,
When Saxon blood into this Realm coming,
Working the will of Edward that false King,
Many great wrongs they wrought in this region,
Destroy'd our Lords, and brake their byggings down.
Both wives and widows they took at their own will,
Nuns and maidens whom they liked to spill.
King Herod's part they play'd here in Scotland,
On young children that they before them fand.
The Bishoppricks, that were of greatest vail,
They took in hand of their Archbishops haill:
Not for the Pope they would no kirk forbear,
But gripped all through violence of weir.
Glasgow they gave, as it over well was kend,
To Diocie of Durham to a commend.
Small benefices then they would pursue,
And for the right full worthy Clerks they slew.
Hanged Barons, and wrought full meikle care,
It was well known, within the barns of Air,
There eighteenscore were put to that despiteful dead,
But God above has sent us some remead.
It is remembred farther in the tale,
I will follow upon my process haill.
William Wallace, ere he was man of arms,
Great pity thought that Scotland took ill-harms.
Meikle dolour it did him in his mind,
For he was wise, right worthy, wight and kind,

In Gowrie dwelt still with this worthy man,
As he increas'd, and wit abounded than,
Into his heart he had full meikle care.
He saw the Southeron multiply mare and mare,
And to himself oft would he make his mone.
Of his good kin they had slain many one.
Yet he was then seemly, stark and bold,
And he of age was but eighteen years old.
Weapons he bare, either good sword or knife,
For he with them happened right oft in strife.
Where he found one out of another's presence,
After to Scots they did no more offence;
To cut his throat, or stick him suddenly,
He cared not, and he him solely.
Sundry were wanting, nane wist by what way,
For as to him there could no man ought say.
Little of speech, wise, courteous and benign,
Sad of countenance he was both old and young.

CHAP. V.

How *Wallace* slew young *Selbie*, the Constable's Son of *Dundee*.

Upon a day to Dundee he was send,
Of cruelness full little they him kend.
The Constable a fellon man of weir,
That to the Scots oft did full meikle deir,
Selbie he hecht, dispiteful and outrage,
A son he had near twenty years of age:
Into the town he used every day,
Three men or four there went with him to play;

An hely shrew, wanton in his intent,
Wallace he saw, and toward him he went;
Likely he was, right big and well beseen,
Into a weed of goodly ganand green;
He call'd on him, and said, Thou Scot, abide,
What Devil thee graiths in so gay a weed;
An Irish mantle it was thy kind to wear,
A Scots whittle under thy belt to bear,
Rough rulzions upon thine harlot feet,
Give me thy knife? What doth thy gear so meet?
To him he went his knife to take him fra.
Fast by the collar Wallace can him ta,
Under his hand the knife he braided out,
For all his men that sembled him about,
But help himself he knew of no remead,
Without rescue he sticked him to dead.
The Squire fell. Of him there was no more.
His men followed on Wallace wonder sore.
The press was thick, and cummer'd them full fast.
Wallace was speedy, and greatly als agast;
The bloody knife bare drawn in his hand,
He spared none that he before him fand.
The house he knew his Eme had lodged in,
Thither he fled, for out he might not win;
The Good-wife there within the close saw he,
And help, he cry'd, for him that died on tree,
The young Captain has fallen with me at strife.
In at the door he went with this Good-wife.
A russet gown of her own she him gave
Upon his weed, that cover'd all the lave,
A suddled courch over neck and head let fall,
A woven white hat she braced on withal;

For they should not long tarry at that inn,
Gave him a rock, syne set him down to spin.
The Southeron sought where Wallace was in dread;
They knew not well at what gate in he yeed.
In that same house they sought him busily,
But he sat still, and span right cunningly,
As of his time he had not learned lang.
They left him so, and forth their gates can gang,
With heavy chear and sorrowful in thought,
Wair wit of him as then get could they nought.
The Englishmen all then in barrat bown,
Bade burn all Scots that were into the town.
Yet this Good-wife held Wallace till the night,
Made him good chear, syne put him out with slight
Through a dark garth she guided him forth fast,
In covert went, and up the water past,
Forbare the gate for watches that were there.
His mother was into a great despair.
When shee him saw, she thanked heavens Queen,
And said, Dear son, so long where hast thou been?
He told his mother of that sudden case.
Then weeped she, and said full oft, Alace!
Ere that thou cease, thou wilt be slain withal.
Mother, he said, God ruler is of all.
Unsufferable are thir people of England,
Part of their ire methinks we should gainstand.
His Eme wist well that he the Squire slew,
For dread thereof in great languor he grew.
This passed over, while divers days were gane,
That good man died that Wallace should be tane.
The Southeron are full subtil every man,
A great ditty for Scots ordained they than.

By the law-days in Dundie set an air,
Then Wallace would no longer sojourn there;
His mother graithed her in Pilgrim's weed,
Himself disguis'd syne gladly with her yeed.
A short sword under his weed privilie.
In all that land full many foes had he.
Both on the foot, with them moze took they nought.
Who speir'd, she said, To Saint Margaret they sought.
Who served her, full great friendship they fand
With Southeron folk, for she was of England.
Beside Lundores the ferry over they past,
Syne through the Ochel sped them wonder fast.
In Dumfermling they lodged all that night;
Upon the morn, when that the day was bright,
With Gentlewomen happened them to pass,
Of England born, in Lithgow winning was.
The Captain's wife in pilgrimage had been,
Frae she them met, and had young Wallace seen,
Good chear them made, for he was wonder fair,
Not large of tongue, well taught and debonair.
Forth talking thus of matters that were wrought,
While South over Forth with her son she them brought.
Into Lithgow they would not tarry lang,
Their leave they took, to Dunipace could gang,
Where dwelt his Eme, a man of great riches.
This mighty Parson, hight to name Wallace,
Made them good chear, and was a full kind man,
Welcom'd them fair, and to them told he than,
Did them to wit, the land was all on steir;
Treated them well, and said, My son so dear,
Thy mother and thou right here with me shall bide,
While better be, for chance that may betide.

Wallace answer'd, said, Westermare we will,
Our kin are slain, and that me liketh ill;
And other many worthy in that airt,
Will God I live, we shall us wrack on part.
The Parson sigh'd, and said, My son so free,
I cannot wit how that redress may be.
What should I speak of, frustrate at this tide,
For gift of good he would not with him bide.
His mother and he to Ellerslie they went.
Upon the morn she for her brother sent,
In Corsby dwelt, and was Sheriff of Air.
Her father was dead that lived long time there,
Her husband als at Lowdon-hill was slain.
Her eldest son that meikle was of main,
Sir Malcolm Wallace his name was but less,
His hough-sinews they cutted in that press;
On knees he fought fell Englishmen he slew,
To him there sought more fighters than enew;
On either side with spears they bare him down,
There sticked they that good Knight of renown.
On to my tale I left. At Ellerslie
Sir Rannald came unto his sister free,
Welcom'd them home, and speir'd of her intent.
She pray'd he would to the Lord Piercie went,
So irk of war she could no farther flee,
To purchase peace, in rest that she might be.
Sir Rannald had the Piercie's protection,
As for all part to take the remission.
He gart write one to his sister that tide,
In that respite Wallace would not abide.
His mother he kiss'd, she weep'd with heart full sare,
His leave he took, syne with his Eme can fare.

Young

Young he was, and to Southeron right savage,
Great room they had, dispiteful and outrage.
Sir Rannald durst not well hold Wallace there,
For great peril he wist appearing were;
For they had whole the strengths of Scotland,
What they would do, durst few against them stand.
Sheriff he was, and used them among,
Full sore he dred that Wallace should take wrong;
For he and they could never well accord.
He got a blow, though he was lad or Lord,
That proffered him any lightliness:
But they repair'd over meikle to that place.
As English Clerks in prophecy they fand,
How one Wallace should put them from Scotland.
Sir Rannald knew well a more quiet steed,
Where William might be better frae their feid,
With his uncle Wallace of Richardtown,
Sir Richard hight, that good Knight of renown.
These lands whole then was his heritage,
But blind he was, so happened through courage,
By Englishmen that do us meikle deir;
In his rising he worthy was in weir.
Though hurt of veins and minishing of blood;
Yet he was wise, and of his counsel good.
In February Wallace was to him send,
In April frae him he bowned to wend.
But good service he did him with pleasance,
As in that place was worthy to advance.

CHAP.

CHAP. VI.

How *Wallace* past to the Water of *Irvine* to take Fish.

SO on a time he desired to play,
Into April the three and twentieth day,
To Irvine water fish to take he went,
Sik fantasie fell into his intent.
To lead his net a child forth with him yeed;
But he ere noon was in a fellon dread.
His sword he left, so did he never again,
It did him good, suppose he suffered pain.
Of that labour as then he was not slie,
Happy he was, took fish abundantlie.
Ere of the day ten hours could overpass,
Riding there came near by where Wallace was,
The Lord Piercie that was Captain then of Air,
From him he turn'd, and could to Glasgow fare.
Part of the court had Wallace labour seen,
To him there rode five clad in garment green,
Saint Martine's fish, said, Scot, now we would have.
Wallace again them meekly answer gave,
It were reason, methinks, ye should have part.
Waith should be dealt, in all place, with free heart.
He bade his boy give them of his waithing.
The Southeron said, As now of thy dealing
We will not take, thou givest us over small.
He lighted down, and from the child took all.
Wallace said then, Gentlemen if that ye be,
Leave us some part, we pray, for charity,
An aged knight serves our Lady this day,
Good friend leave part, and take not all away.

Thou

Thou shalt have leave to fish, and take thee mare,
All these forsooth shall in our sitting fare,
We serve a Lord, these fish shall to him gang.
Wallace, answering, said, Thou art in the wrang.
Whom thou'st thou, Scot? in faith thou serv'st a blaw.
To him he ran, and out a sword can draw.
Wallace was wo he had no weapons there,
But the pout-staff, the which in hand he bare.
Wallace with it fast on the cheek him took
With so good will, while off his feet he shook.
The sword flew from him a fur-broad on the land.
Wallace was glad, and hint it soon in hand,
And with the sword an ackward stroke him gave
Under the head, his craig in sunder drave.
By that the rest lighted about Wallace,
He had no help, but only God his grace.
On either side full fast on him they dang,
Great peril was if that had lasted lang.
Upon the head in great ire struck he one,
The shearing sword glaid to the collar bone.
Another on the arm he hit so hardily.
While hand and sword both on the field can lie.
The other two fled to their horse again;
He sticked him that last was on the plain.
Three slew he there, two fled with all their might
After their Lord, but he was out of sight,
Taking the muir, ere he and they could twin;
To him they rode anone, ere they would blin,
And cry'd, Lord, abide, your men are martyr'd down,
Right cruelly, here in this false region;
Five of our court here at the water bade,
Fish for to bring, though it no profit made.

We are escap'd, but in field slain are three.
The Lord speired, How many may they be?
We saw but one that has discomfite us all.
Then leugh he loud, and said, Foul mit you fall;
Since one you all has put to confusion,
Who moans it most the Devil of hell him drown;
This day for me, in faith, he beis not sought.
When Wallace thus the worthy work had wrought,
Their horse he took, and gear that was left there,
Gave over that craft, he yeed to fish na mare,
Went to his Eme, and told him of this dread.
And he for wo near swelt out of his weed,
And said, Dear son, thir tidings sit me sore;
And be it known, thou may take skaith therefore.
Uncle, he said, no longer will I bide,
These Southeron horse let see if I can ride.
Then but a child, him service for to make,
His Eme's sons with him he would not take.
This good Knight said, Dear cousin, I pray thee,
When thou wants good, come fetch enough from me.
Silver and gold he gart one to him give.
Wallace inclin'd, and goodly took his leave.

THE

THE

ACTS and DEEDS of the most Famous and Valiant Champion,

Sir *WILLIAM WALLACE*, Knight of *ELLERSLIE*.

The Second BOOK.

CHAP. I.

How *Wallace* slew the Churl, with his own staff, in *Air*.

YOUNG Wallace then fulfill'd of hie courage,
In prize of arms desirous and savage.
Thy vassallage may never be forloyn,
Thy deeds are known, tho' that the world had sworn:
For thy whole mind, labour and business,
Was set in war, and very righteousness;

And fellon lofs of thy dear worthy kin,
The rancour more remain'd thy mind within.
It was his life, and moſt part of his food,
To ſee them ſhed the byrnand Southeron blood.
To Auchincraff withoutten more he rode,
And but a ſhort time in peace there he bode;
There dwelt one Wallace welcom'd him full well,
Though Engliſhmen thereof had little feel.
Both meat and drink at his will had he there.
In Laglane wood, when that he made repair,
This Gentleman full oft was his reſet,
With ſtuff of houſhold oft he did them bet.
So he deſir'd the town of Air to ſee,
His child with him, as then no more had he.
Ay next the wood Wallace gart leave his horſe,
Syne on his foot went to the market-croſs.
The Pierdie was in the caſtle of Air
With Engliſhmen, great number and repair,
Over all the town ruling on their own wiſe.
To many Scots they did full great ſurpriſe.
Abundantly Wallace among them yeed,
The rage of youth made him to have no dread.
A churl they had, that fellon burdens bare,
Exceedingly he would lift meikle mare
Than any two that they among them fand;
And als by uſe a ſport he took in hand,
He bare a ſting into a bouſteous pole,
On his broad back of any would he thole,
But for a groat, as faſt as he might draw.
When Wallace heard ſpeak of that merry ſaw,
Then he deſir'd at that market to be,
And for a ſtroke he bade him groats three.

The

The churl granted, of that proffer was fain.
To pay the silver Wallace was full vain.
Wallace that sting took up into his hand,
Full sturdily before him could he stand;
Wallace, with that, upon the back him gave,
Till his rigg-bone he all in sunder drave.
The carle was dead. Of him I speak na mare.
The Englishmen sembled on Wallace there,
Fell on the field of freiks fighting fast;
He unabash'd, and not greatly agast,
Upon the head one with the sting hit he,
Till bone and brain he gart in pieces flee.
Another he struck on a basnet of steel,
The tree then rave, and frushed every deal.
This sting was tint, the Englishman was dead,
For his craig-bone was broken in that steed.
He drew a sword that helped him at need,
Throughout the thickest of the prees he yeed;
And at his horse full fain he would have been.
Two sar'd him most, that cruel were and keen.
Wallace return'd as man of meikle main,
And at a stroke the foremost hath he slain;
The other fled, and durst him not abide,
But a right stroke Wallace him gave that tide,
In at the crosset bravely he him bare,
The grinded sword throughout his cost it share.
Five slew he there, ere that he left the town;
He gat his horse, to Laglane made him bown,
Put away his child, and let him not abide.
In safety thus on to the wood can ride.
Fell follow'd him on horse, and eke on foot,
To take Wallace, but then it was no boot.

Covert of trees saved him full well;
But there to bide, then could he not a deal.
Good ordinance, that serv'd for his estate,
His cousin made at all times, ayr and late,
The Squire Wallace in Auchincraff that was,
Both bed and meat he made for them to pass,
As for that time that he remained there;
But sore he long'd to see the town of Air.
Thither he past upon the market-day;
Great God if he as then had been away!
His Eme's servant to buy him fish was send,
Sir Rannald Crawford Sheriff then was kend.

CHAP. II.

How *Wallace* slew the Lord *Piercie*'s Steward, and was imprisoned in *Air*.

When he had tane sik good as he had bought,
The Piercie's steward sadly to him sought,
And said, Thou Scot, to whom takes thou this thing?
To the Sheriff, he said, by heaven's King.
My Lord shall have it, and syne go seek thee mare.
Wallace on gate near by was walking there,
To him he yeed, and said, Good friend, I pray thee,
The Sheriff's servant you would let him be.
A heatful man the steward was of blood,
And thought Wallace charged him in terms rude.
Go hence, thou Scot, the meikle Devil thee speed,
At thy shrewd use thou weens me for to lead.
A hunting-staff into his hand he bare,
Therewith he smote on William Wallace there,

But

But for his tree little sunzie he made,
But by the collar him claught withoutten bade,
A fellon knife fast to his heart struck he,
Syne from him dead shot him down suddenly;
Cater sensyne, I trow, he was na mare.
Men of arms on Wallace sembled there,
Fourscore was set in arms busked bown,
On the market-day, for Scots, to keep the town:
But Wallace boldly drew a sword of weir,
Into the birnes the foremost can he bear,
Throughout the body sticked him to dead,
And sundry more, ere he past from that stead.
An ackward stroke another took he there
Above the knee, the bone in sunder share.
The third he struck through his pesant of mail,
The craig in two, no weeds might him avail.
Thus Wallace far'd, as fierce as a lion,
The Englishmen that were in bargain bown;
They kept the gate with spears rude and lang,
For dint of sword they durst not to him gang.
Wallace was harnes's'd on his body well,
To him they sought with spear-heads sharp of steel,
And from his strength environ'd him about;
But through the press on a side he went out,
Unto a wall that stood by the sea-side;
For well or wo there must he needs abide.
And of their spears in pieces part he share.
Then from the castle other help came mare.
Over the dyke they yeed on either side,
Shot down the wall, no succour was that tide.
Then Wallace wist of no help, but to die,
To avenge his death among them loose yeed he,

On either part in great ire helving fall,
His burnisht brand then hurtled at the last,
Brake in the hilt, away the blade it flew;
He wist no weer, but out his knife he drew;
The first he slew that him in hand has hint,
And other two he stickèd with his dint.
The remnant then with spears have to him sought,
Bare him to ground, then farther might he nought.
The Lords bade that they should not him slay,
To pine him more they charged him to ta.
Thus in their arms, suppose that he had sworn,
Out of the garth by force they have him born.
Thus good Wallace with Englishmen was tane,
In fault of help, for he was him alane.
He could not choose, sik courage to him bare,
Freewill fortune thus brought him in the snare;
And false Envy ay contrare righteousness,
That violent Goddess full of doubleness.
These feigned Gods Wallace yet never knew:
Great righteousness him ay to mercy drew.
His kin might not him get for no kind thing,
Might they have paid the ransom of a king.
The more they bade, the more it was in vain.
Of their best men that day seven had he slain.
They gart set him into a prison fell;
Of his torment great pain it were to tell.
Ill meat and drink they gart unto him give,
Great marvel was lang time if he might live;
And eke thereto he was in prison law,
While they thought time on him to hold the law.
Leave I him there into that painful stead.
Great God above till him send some remead.

The

The plain complaint, the piteous lamenting,
The woful weeping that was for his taking,
The tormenting of every creature.
Alas, they said, How shall our life endure?
The flower of youth into his tender age,
By fortune, arms have left him in thirlage:
Living as now a Chiftain have we none,
Durst take on hand, but young Wallace alone:
This land is lost, he caught is in the snare,
The A per se of Scotland is left in care.

CHAP. III.

Wallace's Complaint in Prison, and how he escaped.

BArrel'd herrings and water they him gave,
Where he was set into that ugly cave;
Such food for him was feeble to commend.
Then said he thus, All wielding God receive,
My piteous spirit and soul among the lave;
My carnal life I may not thus defend,
Over few Southeron unto the dead I drave,
When so you will out of this world I wend,
If I should now in prison make an end.
Eternal God, why should I thus ways die,
Since my belief all haill remains on thee:
What thine own will full worthily has wrought,
But you redeem no life they ordain'd me,
Ghostly Father, that died upon the tree,
And from hell's prison with thy blood us bought,
Why wilt thou give thy handy-work for nought,
And many worthy into great pain we see,
For of my life else nothing I rought.

O waried ſwoꝛd, of temper never true,
Thy kruſhing blade in pꝛiſon ſoon me thꝛew:
And Engliſhmen ovet little hàrm have tane;
Of us they have undone moꝛe than enew;
My faithful father diſpiteſully they ſlew,
My bꝛother als, and good men mony ane.
Is this the date they ſhall overcome ilk ane?
On our kinrik, dear God, when wilt thou rue,
Since my power thus ſuddenly is gane.
All woꝛthy Scots, Almighty God you lead,
Since I no moꝛe in voyage may you ſpeed;
In pꝛiſon here me woꝛthes to miſchieve.
Silly Scotland, that of help has great need,
Thy nation all ſtands in a fellon dꝛead.
Of woꝛldlineſs all thus I take my leave;
Of thir pains God let you never pꝛieve,
Though I foꝛ wo all out of wit ſhould weed,
Now other gift I may none to you give.
O dear Wallace, ſometime was ſtark and ſture,
Thou muſt of need in pꝛiſon ſtill endure.
Thy woꝛthy kin may not thee ſave foꝛ gold.
Ladies weep, that were both mild and mure,
In furious pain, the mother that thee bure:
Foꝛ thou to her was far dearer than gold.
Her moſt deſire was to be under mold.
In woꝛldlieſs why ſhould any enſure?
Foꝛ thou waſt foꝛm'd foꝛcy on the field.
Complain ye ſaints, thus as your ſchedule tells,
Complain to heaven with woꝛds that never fails,
Complain your voice unto the God above,
Complain foꝛ him that ſits in ſyteful cells,
Complain his pain in dolour thus that dwells,

In

In languor lies, for losing of their love,
His furious pain was fellon for to prove.
Complain also, ye birds, as blyth as bells,
Some happy chance may fall for your behove.
Complain, ye Lords, complain, ye Ladies bright,
Complain for him that worthy was and wight,
Of Saxons sons suffer'd full meikle deir.
Complain for him was thus in prison dight,
And for no cause, but, Scotland, for thy right.
Complain also, ye worthy men of weir,
Complain for him that was your asper spear,
And to the dead fell Southeron yet he dight;
Complain for him your triumph had to bear.
Elvinus was his Master-jayler now,
In Englishmen, alace, why should we trow,
Our worthy kin have pained on this wise?
Such rule but right is little to allow,
Methinks we should in barrace make them bow
At our power, and so we do fell sise.
From their danger God make us for to rise,
That well has wrought before thir times, and now,
For they work ay to wait us with surprise.
What should I more of Wallace torment tell,
The slur he took into their prison fell,
Near to the dead he likely was to draw.
They charg'd the Jayler not on him to dwell,
But bring him up out of that ugly cell
To judgment, where that he should thole the law.
This man went down, and suddenly he saw,
As to his sight death had him knapped snell,
Syne said to them, He has paid that he aw.

When they presum'd he should be very dead,
They gart servants withoutten longer plead,
With short advise unto the wall him bear,
They cast him over out of that bailful stead,
Of him they trow'd should be no more remead,
In a draff-midding, where he remained there,
Till his first nurse, of the new town of Air,
To him she came, which was full well of read,
And thygged leave away with him to fare.
Into great ire they granted her to go.
She took him up withoutten words mo,
And on a cart unlikely they him cast.
Over the water she led him with great wo,
To her own house withoutten any ho.
She warmed water, and then her servants fast
His body wash'd, while filth was of him past.
His heart was wight, and flighter'd to and fro,
Als his two eyes he cast up at the last.
His foster-mother him loved over the lave,
Got milk to warm, his life if she might save;
And with a spoon great kindness to him kyth.
Her daughter had of twelve weeks old a knave,
Her child's pap in Wallace mouth she gave.
The woman's milk comforted him full swyth,
Syne in a bed they brought him fair and lyth.
Right covertly they kept him in that cave,
Him for to save so secretly they might.
In their chamber they keeped him that tide,
She gart graith up a board by the house side,
With carpets clad, and honoured with great light;
And that the voice on every place should bide,
That he was dead, out through the land so wide,

In

In presence ay she weeped under slight,
But goodly meats she graith'd him at her might.
And so befel into that samen tide,
While furthermore that Wallace worthed wight.
Thomas Rymer into the Faile was than
With the Minister, which was a worthy man,
He used oft to that religious place.
The people deemed of wit he meikle can,
And so he told, though that they blels or ban,
Which happened sooth in many divers case,
I cannot say, by wrong, or righteousness,
In rule of war, whether they tint or wan,
It may be deemed by division of grace.
That man that day had in the market been,
Of Wallace knew this careful case so keen.
His master speir'd what tidings that he saw.
His man answer'd, Of little heard I meen.
The Minister said, It has been seldom seen,
Where Scots and English sembled been on raw,
Was never yet, as far as we could knaw,
But either a Scot would do a Southeron teen,
Or he to him, as avanture might saw.
Wallace, he said, ye wist tane in that stead,
Over the wall I saw them cast him dead,
In prison famished for want of food.
The Minister said, with heart heavy as lead,
Such deed to them, methinks, should foster fead;
For he was wight, and come of gentle blood.
Thomas answer'd, These tidings are not good,
If that be sooth, my self shall never eat bread,
For all my wit here shortly I conclude.

A woman lyne of the new town of Air,
To him she went when he was lying there,
And on her knees right lowly them besought,
To purchase leave she might thence with him fare.
In lightliness to her they granted there.
Over the water unto her house him brought,
To bury him as goodly as she mought.
Yet Thomas said, Then shall I live na mare,
If that be true, by God, that all has wrought.
The Minister heard what Thomas said in plain,
He charg'd his man, Go speed ye fast again
To that same house, and warily espy.
The man went forth, at bidding was full bain,
To the new town to pass he did his pain,
To that same house, and went in suddenly;
About he blinked to the board him by.
This woman rose, in heart she was not fain.
Who ought this lik he bid her not deny.
Wallace, she said, that full worthy has been.
Then weeped she, that pity was to seen.
The man thereto great credence gave he nought.
Toward the board he bowned as he were teen.
On knees she fell, and cry'd, for Mary sheen,
Let slander be and spleen out of your thought.
This man then swore, By him that all has wrought,
Might I once see on life him with mine een,
He should be safe, though England had him sought.
She had him up to Wallace by the dels,
He spake with him, syne fast again can pels
With glad hopingd, their mirths for to amend.
He told to them the first tidings were lies.
Then Thomas said, Forsooth, ere he decease,

Many thouſand in field ſhall make their end,
Off this region he ſhall the Southeron ſend,
And Scotland thrice he ſhall bring to the peace,
So good of hand again ſhall never be kend.
All worthy men, that have good wit to wale,
Beware that ye do not misdeem my tale.
Perchance ye ſay, to Bruce there was none like.
He was as good, what deed was to aſſail,
As of his hands, and bolder in battail.
But Bruce was known well heir of this kingrike,
For he had right, we call no man him like.
But Wallace thrice this kingrike conqueſt hail,
In England far ſought battle on that rike.

CHAP. IV.

How *Wallace* ſlew the *Engliſhmen* going to *Richard-toun.*

I Will return to my matter again,
When Wallace was releaſed of his pain;
The country haill deemed that he was dead,
His deareſt kin wiſt not of his remead.
But hail he was, likely to gang and ride.
Into that place he would no longer bide.
His true keeper he ſent to Ellerſlie,
After him there he durſt not let her be.
Her daughter als, their ſervant, and her child,
He gart them paſs unto his mother mild.
When they were gone, no weapons there he ſaw,
To help him with, what aventure might befaw.

A rusty sword in a nook he saw stand,
Withoutten belt, but bols, buckler, or band,
Long time before it had been in that stead,
An aged man it left when he was dead.
He drew the blade, he fand it would bite well,
Though it was foul, noble it was of steel.
God help his man, for you shall go with me
Till better come, will God that soon may be.
To Sir Rannald as then he would not fare,
In that passage oft Southeron made repare.
At Richardtoun full fain he would have been,
To get him horse, and part of armour sheen.
On thitherward as he bowned to fare,
Three Englishmen he met riding to Air,
In their voyage at Glasgow forth had been.
One Longcastle that cruel was and keen,
A bold Squire, with him good yeomen two.
Wallace drew by, and would have let them go.
To him he rode, and said despitefully,
Thou Scot, abide, I trow ye be some spy,
Or else a thief, from presence would thee hide.
Then Wallace said, with sober words, that tide,
Sir I am sick, for God's love let me go,
Longcastle said, Forsooth it beis not so,
A fellon freik thou seemest in thy fare,
While men thee know, thou shalt with me to Air,
Hint out his sword that was of noble hew,
Wallace, with that, at lighting, on him drew,
Upon the craig with his sword has him tane,
Through brain and lyre in sunder strake the bane.
By he was fallen the two were lighted down,
To venge his death to Wallace made them bown.

Then one of them upon the head he gave,
The rusty blade to the shoulders him clave;
The other fled, and durst no longer bide,
With a rude step Wallace could after glide,
Out through his ribs a siker stroke drew he,
While liver and lungs men might all ruddy see.
Their horse he took, both weapons and armour,
Syne thanked God with good heart in that hour.
Silver they had, all with him has he tane,
Him to support, for spending had he nane.
Into great haste he rode to Richardtoun,
A blyth semblY was at his lighting down.
When Wallace met with Sir Richard the Knight,
For him had mourn'd while feeble was his might.
His three sons of Wallace were full fain;
They held him lost, yet God him sav'd again.
His Eme Sir Rannald to Richardtoun came fast,
The women told, by Corsby as they past,
How Wallace escaped, syne their voyage yeed.
Sir Rannald yet was in a fellon dread,
Till he him saw in heart he thought full long,
Then suddenly in arms he could him throng;
He might not speak, but kiss'd him tenderly,
The Knight's spirit was in an extaly,
The blyth tears they burst from his eyes two,
Ere that he spake, a long time held him so,
And at the last right friendfully said he,
Welcome nephew, welcome dear son to me,
Thanked be he that all this world has wrought,
Thus fairly thee has out of prison brought.
His mother came, and other friends enew,
With full glad will, to feel these tidings true.

Good Robert Boyd, that worthy was and wight,
Would not them train, till he him saw with fight.
From sundry parts they sought to Richardtoun,
Feil worthy folk, that were of great renown.
Thus leave I them in mirth, bills, and pleasance,
Thanking great God for his free happy chance.

THE

THE ACTS and DEEDS of the most Famous and Valiant Champion, Sir *WILLIAM WALLACE*, Knight of *ELLERSLIE*.

The Third BOOK.

CHAP. I.

How *Wallace* revenged the Slaughter of his Father and his Brother on *Lowdoun-hill*.

IN joyous July, when the flowers are sweet,
Digestable, engendring through the heat,
Both herb and fruit, buthes and boughs braid,
Abundantly in every slonk and slaid;
Als bestial, their right course to endure,
Well helped are by working of nature,

On foot and wing aſcending to the hight,
Conſerved well by the maker of might.
Fiſhes in flood refetted really
For mans food, the world to occupy.
But Scotland was ſo waſted many a day
Through war, ſo ſkaith'd, that labour was away.
Victual grew ſcant ere Auguſt could appear,
Through all the land, that food happened full dear:
But Engliſhmen, that riches wanted nane,
By carriage brought their victual full good wane,
Stuffed houſes with wine and good vernage,
Enjoy'd this land as their own heritage,
The kingrike bruik they ruled at their will.
Meſſengers then ſuch tidings brought them till,
And told Piercie, that Wallace living were,
Of his eſcape from their prikon in Air.
They trow'd right well he paſſed was that ſtead,
For Longcaſtle and his two men were dead.
He trow'd the chance that Wallace ſo was paſt.
In every place they greatly were agaſt,
Through prophecy that they had heard before.
Lord Piercie ſaid, What need words more;
But he be ceas'd he ſhall do great marvel;
It were the beſt for King Edward's avail,
Might he him get to be his ſtedfaſt man,
For gold or land, his conqueſt might laſt than;
Methinks by force he may not gotten be,
Wiſe men the ſooth by his eſcape may ſee.
Thus deem they him in many divers caſe.
We leave them here, and ſpeak forth of Wallace.
In Richardtoun he would no longer bide,
For friends counſel, nor thing that might betide.

And when they saw that it availed nought,
His purpose was to venge him all he mought,
On Southeron blood, which had his elders slain,
They let him work his own will into plain.
Sir Richard had three sons, as I you told,
Adam, Richard, and Symon, that were bold;
Adam eldest was growing in courage,
Forward, right fair, and eighteen years of age,
Large of person, both wise, worthy and wight,
Good King Robert in his time made him Knight;
Long time after in Bruce's wars he bade,
On Englishmen many good journey made.
This good Squire with Wallace bown'd to ride,
And Robert Boyd, which would no longer bide
Under thirlage of leges of England,
To that false King he never had made band.
Cleland was there, near cousin to Wallace,
And bade with him in many perilous place;
And Edward Little his sister's son so dear,
Full well graithed into their armour clear.
With their servants from Richardtoun they rode
To Mauchline-muir, and short time there abode;
For friends them told, were bound under trewage,
That Fenwick was sent for Piercie's carriage,
Within short time he will bring it to Air
Out of Carlile, he had receiv'd it there.
That pleased Wallace in his heart greatumly,
Wit ye they were a full glad company.
Toward Lowdoun they bowned them to ride,
And in a shaw, a little there beside,
They lodged them, for it was near the night,
To watch the way as busily as they might.

A good true Scot which hostler-house held there,
Under Lowdoun, mine author did declare,
He saw them come, syne went to them in hye,
Both meat and drink he brought full privily,
And to them told, the carriage into plain,
Their foye-rider was past to Air again,
Left them to come with power of great avail,
They trow'd by then they were in Avendale.
Wallace then said, We will not sojourn here,
Nor change our weed, but our ilk days gear.
At Corsintoun the gate was split that tide,
For that way then behoved they to ride.
Ay from the time he out of prison fare,
Good summer weed daily on him he ware,
Good light harness, from that time, used he ever,
For sudden strike from it he would not sever.
A habergeon under his gown he wore,
A steell cap under his bonnet but more;
His gloves of plate with cloth were cover'd well,
In his doublet a close collar of steel;
His face he kept, for it was ever bare,
With his two hands, the which full worthy were.
Into his weed, when he came in a thrang,
Was no man there on foot might with him gang.
So grown in pith, of power stark and sture,
His terrible dints were awful to endure.
They trusted more in Wallace him alane,
Than in an hundred might be of England tane.
The worthy Scots made there no sojourning,
To Lowdoun-hill past in the gray dawning,
Devis'd the place, and put their horse them fra,
And thought to win, or never home to ga,

Send

Sent two thourrours to vilie well the plain;
But they right soon returned in again,
To Wallace told that they were coming fast,
Then they to ground all kneeling at the last,
With humble hearts they prayed with all their might,
To God above to help them in their right;
Then graith'd they them in harnels hastily,
There feigned none of that good chevalry.
Then Wallace said, Here was my father slain,
My brother als, which does me meikle pain,
So shall my self, or venged be but dread,
The traitor is here was the cause of that deed.
Then hecht they all to bide with hearty will.
By that the power was taking Lowdoun-hill.
The Knight Fenwick convoy'd the carriage,
He had on Scots made many shrewd voyage.
The sun was rising over land shining bright,
The Englishmen so they came to the hight,
Near them he rode, and soon the Scots he saw,
He told his men, and said to them on raw,
Yonder is Wallace, that scaped our prison,
He shall again be drawn through the town;
His head might more, I wot well, please the King,
Than gold, or land, or any worldly thing.
He gart servants bide with the carriage still;
They thought to daunt the Scots at their own will.
Nine score he led in harnels burnisht bright,
And fifty were with Wallace in the right.
Unrebuted the Southeron were in weir,
And fast they came fell awful in effeir.
A manner of dyke of stones they there had made,
Narrowed the way, wherethrough they thicker rode.

The Scots on foot took the field them before,
The Southeron saw their courage was the more;
In prydeful ire they thought over them to ryde,
But otherwise it happened in that tyde.
On either syde together fast they glade,
The Scots on foot great room about them made,
With puncing spears out through plates prest of steel,
The Englishmen that thought to venge them well,
On harnest horse about them rudely rode,
That with unease upon their feet they bode.
Wallace the foremost in the birnie bare,
The grounden spear out through his body share,
The shaft he shook it off the frushing tree,
Divided soon, since no better might be;
Drew their swords syne, both heavy, sharp and lang,
On either syde full cruelly they dang.
Fighting at once into that fellon doubt,
Then Englishmen inviron'd them about,
By force etlyt out through them for to ryde:
The Scots on foot that boldly could abide,
With swords share through habergeons full good,
Upon the fields shot out the schanken blood,
From horse and men, through harnels burnisht been;
A sore assail forsooth there might be seen.
They trusted no life but the latter end,
Of so few folk, great nobleness was kend,
Together bode defending them full fast,
Durst none sever while the most press was past.
The Englishmen, that busy were in weir,
By force ordain'd in sunder them to bear.
Their chief Chiftain fared as fierce as fire,
Through matalent, and very proper ire,

On a great horſe, into his glittering gear,
In fewter caſt a fellon aſper ſpear,
The Knight Fenwick that cruel was and keen,
He had at death of Wallace father been,
And his brother that doughty was and dear,
When Wallace ſaw that falſe Knight was ſo near,
His courage grew in ire as a lion,
To him he ran, and fell freiks he bare down;
As he glade by, an ackward ſtroke him ta,
Thigh and arſon in ſunder gart he ga;
From the courſer he fell on the far ſide,
With a ſtiff ſword Boyd ſticked him that tide.
Ere he was dead, the great preſs came ſo faſt,
Over him to ground they bare Boyd at the laſt.
Wallace was near, and returned again
Him to reſcue, till he roſe off the plain
Wightly him wore, while he a ſword had tane,
Throughout the ſtour thir two in fere are gane.
The remnant then upon them followed faſt,
In their paſſage fell Southeron made agaſt.
Adam Wallace, the heir of Richardtoun,
Struck one Bewmount, a Squire of renown,
On the pelant, with his ſword burniſht bare,
The burniſht blade his haiſe in ſunder ſhare.
The Engliſhmen, though their Chiftain was ſlain,
Boldly they bode, as men of meikle main.
Rich horſe rampant ruſhed freiks under feet,
The Scots on foot gart many loſe the ſweet.
Wight men lighted themſelves for to defend;
Where Wallace came their deed was little kend,
The Southeron part ſo ſtrushed was that tide,
That in the ſtour they might no longer bide.

Wallace indeed he wrought so worthily,
The Squire Boyd, and all their chevalry,
Little and Cleland gart of their enemies die.
The Englishmen took plainly part to flee,
On horses some, to strengths part can sound
To succour them, with many working wound.
A hundred dead in field were leaved there,
And three yeomen that Wallace moan'd far mare,
Two were of Kyle, and one of Cuninghame,
With Robert Boyd to Wallace came from hame.
Fourscore fled, that scaped on Southeron side.
The Scots, in place that boldly could abide,
Spoiled the field, got gold and other gear,
Harnels and horse, which they needed in wear.
The English knaves they gart their carriage lead
To Clyde's forest; when they were out of dread,
They bound them fast with withies sad and sare,
On bowing trees they hanged them right there.
He spared none that able was for weir,
But women and Priests he gart them ay forbear.
When this was done, to their dinner they went,
Of stuff and wine that God had to them sent.
Tenscore of horse they wan that carriage bare,
With flour and wine as meikle as they might fare,
And other stuff that they from Carlile led.
The Southeron part out of the field their fled,
With sorrow sought to the castle of Air,
Before the Lord, and told him of that care,
What good they left, and who in field were slain,
Through wight Wallace that was of meikle main,
And how he had gart all their servants hang.
The Piercie said, If that Squire lasteth lang,

He

He ſhall us exile out of this country clean,
So deſpiteful in war was never ſeen.
In our priſon here laſt when that he was,
Over ſlothfully our keepers let him paſs.
Thus ſtuff over land I find may not well be,
We muſt gar bring our victual by the ſea:
But loſs our men it helpeth us right nought,
Their kin may ban that ever we hither ſought.
Leave I them thus, blaming their ſorry chance,
And more to ſpeak of Scotſmens governance.
When Wallace had well vanquiſht in the plain
The falſe tyrant that had his father ſlain,
His brother als which was a gentle Knight,
Other good men before to death he dight,
He gart deviſe, and provide their victual;
Both ſtuff and horſe, that were of great avail,
To friends about right privily they ſend,
The remnant then full gladly there they ſpend.
In Clyde's wood they ſojourned twenty days,
No Southeron that time was perceiv'd in theſe ways,
But he thol'd death that came in their danger,
The word of him walked both far and near.

CHAP. II.

How Sir *Rannald Crawford* cauſed *Wallace* make Peace with the *Engliſhmen*.

WAllace was known on life living in plain,
Though Engliſhmen thereof had meikle pain.

The Earl Piercie to Glaſgow could he fare,
And with wiſe Lords he held a council there.
When they were met, well more than ten thouſand,
No Chiftain was that time durſt take on hand,
To lead the range on Wallace to aſſail.
He ſpeir'd about, what was the beſt counſel.
Sir Aymer Vallange, a falſe traitor and ſtrong,
In Bothwel dwelt, and there was them among,
He ſaid, My Lord, my counſel will I give,
But ye do it, from ſkaith ye may not live,
Ye muſt take peace, without more tarrying,
As for a time we may ſend to the King.
The Piercie ſaid, Of our trews he'll have none,
An awful Chiftain truly he is one,
He will do more, in faith, ere that he blin;
Southeron to ſlay he thinks it is no ſin.
Sir Aymer ſaid, Trews it behoves to take,
While after for him proviſion we may make;
I know he will do meikle for his kin,
Gentrice and truth reſt always him within.
His uncle Sir Rannald may make this band;
If he will not, recognoſce all his land
Until the time that he this work have wrought.
Sir Rannald was ſoon to that counſel brought;
They charged him to make Wallace at peace,
Or he ſhould paſs to London without leſs.
Sir Rannald ſaid, Lords, ye all know this well,
At my command he will not do a deal,
His worthy kin deſpiteſully ye ſlew,
In priſon ſyne near to the death him threw;
He is at large, and will not do for me,
Though ye therefore, right now ſhould gar me die.

Sir

Sir Aymer said, Thir Lords soon shall send
Unto the King, and make a final end
Of his conquest, forsooth he will it have,
Wallace nor you may not this country save.
Might Edward King get him, for gold or land,
To be his man, then should he bruik Scotland.
The Lords bade cease, Thou exceeds to that Knight
Far more the truth, than it is any right;
The wrong conquest our king desireth ay,
On him or us it shall be seen some day.
Wallace has right, both force and fair fortune,
Ye heard how he escaped our prison.
Thus said that Lord, syne pray'd Sir Rannald fair,
To make this peace, thou Sheriff art of Air,
As for a time we may advised be,
Under my seal I shall be bound to thee
For Englishmen, that they shall do him nought,
Nor to no Scots less it be on them sought.
Sir Rannald wist he might them not gainstand,
Of Lord Piercie he has receiv'd this band.
Piercie was true, and ay of great avail,
Sober in peace, and cruel in battail.
Sir Rannald bowned upon the morn, but bade,
Wallace to seek into Clyde's forest brade;
So he him found bowning to his dinner.
When they had seen this good Knight was so near,
Well he him knew, and told them what he was,
Marvel he had what gart him hither pass,
Made him good chear of meats fresh and fine,
King Edward's self could not get better wine
Than they had there, vernage and venison
Of bestial into full great fusion.

Syne after meat he shew them of his deed,
How he had been into so meikle dread.
Nephew, he said, work part of my counsel,
Take peace a while, as for the more avail,
But you do so, forsooth thou dost great sin,
For they are set to undo all thy kin.
Then Wallace said, to good men him about,
I will no peace for all this fellon doubt,
But if it please better to you than me.
The Squire Boyd him answer'd soberly,
I give counsel, or this good Knight be slain,
Take peace a while, suppose it does us pain.
So said Adam the heir of Richardtoun,
And Cleland als granted to their opinion.
With their consent Wallace this peace has tane,
As his Eme wrought, until ten months were gane.
Their leave they took, with comfort into plain,
Saint John to bring they should meet haill again.
Boyd and Cleland past to their places haine,
Adam Wallace to Richardtoun by name,
And William forth with Sir Rannald can ride,
At his household, in Corsby for to bide.

CHAP. III.

How *Wallace* slew the Buckler-Player in the Town of *Air*.

This peace was cryed in August month mild;
Yet God of battle furious and wild,

Mars

Mars and Juno ay do their buſineſs,
Cauſers of war, wo3kers of wickedneſs;
And Venus alſo the Goddeſs of love,
With old Saturn his courſes to app3ove;
Thir four ſcanſyte of divers complexion,
Battle, debate, envy, and deſtruction,
I cannot deem fo3 their melancholy.
But Wallace well could not in Corsby ly,
Him had rather in travel fo3 to be,
Right fo3e he long'd the town of Air to ſee.
Sir Kannald paſt from home upon a day.
Fifteen he took, and to the town went they,
Covered his face, that no man might him knaw,
Nothing him rought how few enemies him ſaw.
In ſober weed diſguiſed well were they.
An Engliſhman on the gate ſaw he play
At the ſcrymage, a buckler on his hand.
Wallace near by in fellowſhip could ſtand.
Lightly he ſpeir'd, Why, Scot, dare you not p3ieve?
Wallace ſaid, Yea, ſo you would give me leave.
Smite on, he ſaid, I defy thy nation.
Wallace therewith has tane him on the crown,
Through buckler, hand, and the harn-pan alſo,
To the ſhoulders the ſharp ſwo3d gart he go.
Lightly returned to his own men again.
The women cry'd, Our buckler-player is ſlain.
The man was dead, what needs wo3ds mare.
Fell men of arms about him ſembled there,
Sevenſco3e at once againſt ſixteen were ſet:
But Wallace ſoon well with the fo3emoſt met,
With ire and will on the head has him tane,
Through the b3ight helm in ſunder burſt the bane.

Another waithly on the breast he bare,
His burnisht blade throughout the body thare.
Great room he made, his men were fighting fast,
And many a groom they made full low agast;
For they were wight, and well used in war,
Of Englishmen right doldy down they bare.
On their enemies great martyrdom they make,
Their hardy Chiftain so well could undertake,
What Englishman that bode into his gate,
Contrare Scotland made never more debate.
Fell freiks on fold were felled under feet,
Of Southeron blood lay flitked in the street.
New power came from the tatle that tide,
Then Wallace bred, and drew toward a side,
With good will he would eschew turpile,
For he in war was bully, wight and wise.
Harns and heads he helved in sunder fast,
By force out of the thicket preis they past.
Wallace return'd behind his men again,
At the rescue fell ennemes has he slain.
His men all samyn he out of peril brought,
From his enemies, for all the power they mought.
To their hoste they wan but more aboue,
For danger syne to Laglane wood they rode.
Twenty and ten they left into that stead
Of Southeron men that herrynit were to dead.
The remnant again turned that tide,
For in the wood they durst not him abide,
Toward the town they drew with all their main,
Cursing the peace they took before in plain.
The Lord Piercie in heart was greatly griev'd,
His men turpis'd again to him retired,

And

And fell were dead into their armour clear,
Three of his kin that were to him full dear.
When he heard tell of their great grievance,
Their self was cause of this mischieful chance.
Mourning he made, though few Scots it kend.
An herauld then to Sir Rannald he send.
And told to him of all this sudden case,
And charged him take soberty of Wallace,
He should him keep from market-town or fair,
Where he might best be out of their repair.
The Southeron wist that it was wight Wallace
Had them oberset into that sudden case;
Their trews for this they would not break a deal.
When Wallace had this chance eschewed well,
Upon the night from Laglane home he rade,
In chambers soon their residence they made.
Upon the morn, when that the day was light,
Wight Wallace went with Sir Rannald the Knight,
Shew him the writ Lord Piercie had him sent,
Dear son, he said, this were my whole intent,
That you would grant, while thir trews were worn,
No skaith to do to Englishman that is born,
But where I pass daily you bide with me.
Wallace answer'd, Good sir, that may not be,
Right loath I were, dear uncle, you to grieve,
I shall do nought till time I take my leave,
And warn you als ere that I from you pass,
His Eme and he thus well accorded was,
Wallace with him made his continuance,
Ilk wight was blyth to do to him pleasance,
In Corsby thus he resyd them among
Thae sixteen days, suppose him thought it long.

Though they might pleaſe him as a Prince or King,
In his mind yet remain'd another thing.
He ſaw his enemies maſters in this region,
Might not him pleaſe though he were king with crown.
Thus leave I him with his dear friends ſtill,
Of Engliſhmen of ſome part ſpeak I will.

THE

THE

ACTS and DEEDS of the moſt Famous and Valiant Champion,

Sir *WILLIAM WALLACE*, Knight of *ELLERSLIE*.

The Fourth BOOK.

CHAP. I.

How *Wallace* ſlew the Lord *Piercie*'s Soumner.

IN September, the humble month ſweet,
When paſſed by the hight was of the heat,
Uſual and fruit are ripened in abundance,
As God ordains to mans governance.
Sagittarius with his aſper bow,
By the ilk ſign verity ye may know
The changing courſe which makes great difference,
And leaves had loſt their colours of pleaſance.

All worldly things have nought but a ſeaſon,
Both herb and fruit muſt from heaven come down.
In this ilk time a great counſel was ſet
Into Glaſgow where many maſters met,
Of Engliſh Lords to ſtatute this country,
Then charged they all Sheriffs there to be.
Sir Rannald Crawford behov'd that time be there,
For he through right was born Sheriff of Air.
His dear nephew that time with him he took,
William Wallace, as witneſs bears the book;
For he no time ſhould be from his ſight,
He loved him with heart and all his might.
They graith them well without longer abode,
Wallace ſome part before the court forth rode,
With him two men that doughty were in deed;
Overtook the child Sir Rannald's ſoum could lead,
Softly they rode while they the court ſhould knaw,
So ſuddenly at Heſilden he ſaw
The Piercie's ſoum, in which great riches was,
The horſe was tyr'd, and might no further paſs.
Five men were charg'd to keep it well that tide,
Two were on foot, and three on horſe can ride.
The maſter-man at their ſervant can ſpeir,
Who ought this ſoum? the ſooth you to me leir.
The man anſwered withoutten words mair,
My Lord's, he ſaid, which Sheriff is of Air.
Since it is his, this horſe ſhall with us gang
To ſerve our Lord, or elſe methinks great wrang;
Though a ſubject indeed would paſs his Lord,
It is not lowed by no righteous record.
They cut the brace, and let the harneſs fall.
Wallace was near; when he ſik reverſy ſaw,

He ſpake to them with manly countenance,
In fair affoym, he ſaid, but variance,
Ye do us wrong, and it in time of peace,
Of ſik robbery ſuffiſance were to ceaſe.
The Southeron ſhrew in ire anſwer'd him to,
It ſhall be wrought as you may ſee us do,
You gets no mends, what would you words mare.
Sadly adviſ'd Wallace remembred him there
On the promiſe he made his Eme before;
Reaſon him ruled, as then he did no more.
The horſe they took for aventure might befal,
Laid on their ſoum, ſyne forth the way could call.
Their tyred ſoumner ſo they left into plain.
Wallace return'd toward the court again,
On the muir-ſide ſoon with his Eme he met,
And told how they the way for his men ſet;
And were not I was bound in my legiance,
We parted not thus for all the gold in France;
The horſe they reft which ſhould your harneſs bear.
Sir Rannald ſaid, that is but little here,
We may get horſe and other goods in plain,
If men be loſt we get them never again.
Wallace then ſaid, as wiſely God me ſave
Of this great miſs I ſhall amends have,
And neither let for peace nor your pleaſance;
With witneſs here I up-give my legiance,
For cowardly ye like to tyne your right,
Your ſelf ſoon ſyne to death they think to dight.
In wrath therewith away from him he went.
Sir Rannald was wiſe, and caſt in his intent,
And ſaid, I will bide at the Merns all night,
So Engliſhmen may deem us no unright.

If any be dead before us upon caſe,
Then we in law may bide the righteouſneſs.
His lodging took, ſtill at the Merns hade,
Full great mourning he for his nephew made:
But all for nought, what might it him avail,
As into war he wrought not his counſel.
Wallace rode forth, with him two yeomen paſt,
The ſoumner man he followed wonder faſt,
By Eaſt Cathcart he overhy'd them again;
Then knew they well that it was he in plain,
By horſe and weed, that argued them before.
The five to them returned withoutten more.
Wallace to ground from his courſer can glide,
A burniſht brand he braided out that tide,
The maſter man with ſo good will ſtruck he,
Both hat and head he gart in ſunder flee.
Another faſt upon the face he gave,
All dead to ground, but mercy, he him drave.
The third he hit with great ire in that ſtead,
Fey on the field he has him left for dead.
Wallace ſlew three, by that his yeomen wight,
The other two derfly to death they dight.
Syne ſpoiled they the harneſs ere they wend,
Of ſilver and gold abundantly to ſpend.
Jewels they took, the beſt were choſen there,
Good horſe and gear, ſyne on their way can fare.
Then Wallace ſaid, At ſome ſtrength would I be.
Over Clyde that time there was a bridge of tree,
Thither they paſt in all their goodly might,
The day was gone, and coming was the night.
They durſt not well near Glaſgow ſtill abide,
In the Lennox he took purpoſe to ride,

And so he did, syne lodged them that night
As they best mought, while that the day was bright.
To an ostry he went, and sojourn'd there
With true Scots, which all his friends were.
The council met right gladly on the morn,
But fell tidings were brought Piercie before,
His men were slain, his treasure als bereft
With fell Scots, and they no jewels left.
They deem'd about of that dere doubtous case,
The Southeron said, Forsooth it is Wallace.
The Sheriff's court was coming to the town,
And he as one for Scot of most renown.
They gart go seek Sir Rannald in that rage,
But he was then yet still at herbryage.
Some wise men said, Hereof he nothing kend,
The men were slain right at the town's end.
Sir Rannald came by ten hours of the day,
Before Piercie then sere men brought were they;
They followed him of felony that was wrought.
The syle of this could say to him right nought.
They deem'd about of that fell sudden case,
Before the Judge there he deny'd Wallace;
And so he might, he wist not where he was.
From this council my purpose is to pass,
Of Wallace speak, in wilderness so wide,
The Etern God be his governor and guide.

CHAP. II.

How *Wallace* wan the Peel of *Gargunnock*.

Still at the place four days he sojourn'd hail,
While tidings came to him from their council.
Then statute they, in ilk stead of the West,
In their bounds Wallace should have no rest.
His dear uncle great oath they gart him swear,
That he, but leave, should no friendship him bear;
And many other were full wo that day.
Robert the Boyd stole off the town his way,
And Cleland als before with him had been.
They had levir have seen him with their een,
Living in life, as they knew him before,
Than of clear gold a fine million and more.
Boyd weeped sore, said, Our leader is gone,
Among our foes he is set him alone.
Then Cleland said, False fortune changes fast,
Great God ken we had ever with him past.
Edward Little in Annandale is went,
And wist right nought of this new judgment.
Adam Wallace bode still in Richardtoun.
So fell it thus with Wallace of renown,
He with his power parted marvellously,
By fortune chance overturns doubly.
Their piteous moan as then could not be bet,
They wist no whit where that they should him get.
He left the place, where he in lodging lay,
To Earl Malcolm he went upon a day.
The Lennox haill he had still in his hand,
To king Edward he had not then made band.

That

That land is strait, and masterful to win,
Good men of arms that time was it within.
The Lord was traist, the men siker and true,
With weak power they durst him not pursue.
Right glad he was of Wallace company,
Welcom'd him fair with worship reverently;
At his own will desired, if he would,
To bide there still master of his houshould;
Of all his men he should haill Chiftain be.
Wallace answer'd, That were enough for me,
I cannot bide, my mind is set in plain
Waraken to be, or else die in the pain;
Over West country their statute is so strang,
Into the North my purpose is to gang.
Steven of Ireland then in the Lennox was
With wight Wallace, he ordain'd him to pass,
And other als that born were of Argyle.
Wallace still there residence made a while,
While men it wist, and sembled soon him till;
He charged none but at their own good will;
Though they were strangers, yet he could not them dread,
But received all in wars them to lead.
Some part of them was into Ireland born,
That Macfadzan had exil'd forth before,
King Edward's man he was sworn of England,
Of right low birth, suppose he took in hand.
To Wallace there came one that heght Fawdoun,
Melancholy he was of complexion,
Heavy of stature, dour in his countenance,
Sorrowful, sad, ay dreadful, but pleasance.
Wallace receiv'd what man would come him till,
The bodily oath they made him with good will.

Before the Earl, all with a good accord,
And him receiv'd as Captain and their Lord.
His special men, that came with him from hame,
The one hight Gray, the other Kerlie by name,
In his service came first with all their main,
To Lowdoun-hill where that Fenwick was slain;
He them commanded ay next him pursue,
For he them kend right hardy wise and true.
His leave he took right in a fair manner;
The good Earl then he bade him gifts lere.
Wallace would none, but gave of his fell rise,
To poor and rich, upon a goodly wise.
Humble he was, hardy, wise and free,
As of riches he held no property;
Of honour, worship, he was a mirrour kend,
Als he of gold had bundantly to spend.
Upon his foes he wan it worthily.
Thus Wallace past, and his good chevalry.
Sixty he had of likely men at wage,
Through the Lennox he led them with courage.
Above Lekkie he lodg'd them in a vale.
A strength there was, which they thought to assail;
On Gargunnock was bygged a small peel,
That varnisht was with men and victual well,
Within a dyke, both close chamber and hall;
Captain thereof to name he hight Thrilwall.
They led Wallace where that this bygging was,
He thought to assail it further ere he would pass.
Two spies he sent to visie all that land,
Right loath he was the thing to take on hand,
The which, by force, that should go him again,
Rather he had through aventure be slain.

Thir men went forth as it was large midnight,
About that house they spied all at right.
The watchman was heavy, fallen on a sleep,
The bridge was down that the entry should keep,
By labourers late rakelie went in.
Thir men return'd, withoutten noise or din,
To their master, told him as they had seen;
Then graithed soon their men of arms keen.
Sadly on foot unto the house they sought,
And entred in, for letting fand they nought,
Wight men effayed with all their bully cure,
A locked bar was drawn overthwart the door,
But they might not it break out of the waw.
Wallace was griev'd when he sik tarry saw,
Some part amoved, wrathly to it he went,
By force of hands it rais'd out of the stent,
Three yards of breadth als of the wall pull'd out.
Then marvel'd all his men that were about,
How he did more than twenty of them might;
Syne with his foot the yate he strake up right,
While brace and bands he bursted all atanes.
Fear'dly they rose, that were into these wanes.
The watchman had a fellon staff of steel,
At Wallace strake, but he keeped him well,
Rudely from him he reft it in that thrang,
Dang out his harns, syne in the dyke him slang.
The remanent by that were on their feet,
Thus Wallace soon can with the Captain meet,
That staff he had, heavy and forged new,
With it Wallace upon the head him threw,
While bone and brain all into sunder yeed.
His men entred, that worthy were in deed,

In hands hint, and sticked all the lave.
Wallace commanded they should no war-men save.
Twenty and two they sticked in that stead.
Women and bairns, when that the men were dead,
He gart be tane, in stoke house keeped well.
So they without thereof might have no feel.
The dead bodies they put soon out of sight,
Took up the bridge ere that the day was light.
In that place bode four days ere he would pass,
Wist none without how that this matter was.
Spoiled that stead, and took them gaining gear,
Jewels and gold away with them they bear.
When he thought time they shed in the night,
To the next wood they went with all their might.
The Captain's wife, women, and children three,
Pass where they would, for Wallace let them be.
In that forest he liked not to bide,
They bowned them over Forth for to ride.
The moss was strong, to ride then was no boot.
Wallace was wight, and lighted on his foot.
Few horse they had, little thereof they sought,
To save their lives fell strengths often they sought.
Steven of Ireland was their guide that night
Toward Kincardin, syne rested there at right
In that forest, that was both long and wide,
Right from the moss grew to the water-side.
After the Sun Wallace walked about
Upon Teth side, where he saw many rout
Of wild beasts wandering in wood and plain,
Soon at a shot a great hart has he slain.
Flew fire off flint, and graithed them at right,
Suddenly there fresh venison they dight.

Victual they had, both bread, and wine so clear,
With other stuff enough at their dinner.
His staff of steel he gave Kerlie to keep,
Syne passed over Teth water so deep;
Into Strathern they entred suddenly,
In covert past, ere Southeron should them spy.
When that they fand of Scotland's adversours,
Without respite come were their fatal hours.
Whom ever they met was at the English fay,
They slew all down without longer delay.
They spared none that was of English blood,
To death he yeed though he were never so good;
They saved neither Knight, nor Squire, nor Knave.
This was the grace that Wallace to them gave;
But wasted all by worthiness of wear,
Of that party that might wield bow or spear.
Some part by slight, and some through force they slew,
But Wallace thought they stroyed not half enew.
Silver they took, and als gold that they fand,
Other good gear full lightly yeed by hand;
Cutted throats, and into caves them cast,
Put out of sight, for that him thought was best.
At the Blackford, as then they should pass o'er,
A Squire came, and with him bernys four,
To Down should ride, and weened they had been
All Englishmen, that he before had seen,
Tidings to speir he hoped them amang.
Wallace therewith swyth with a sword out slang,
Upon the head he strake with so great ire,
Through bone and brain in sunder share the swyr.
The other four in hands soon were hint,
Deray to death sticked ere they would stint.

Their horse they took, and what them liked best,
Spoiled them bare, syne in the brook them cast.
Of this matter no more tarry they made,
But forth their way passed withoutten bade.

CHAP. III.

How *Wallace* past to *Saint Johnstoun*, and slew the Captain of *Kinclevin*.

Their warlike Scots then all with one assent,
North so over Ern throughout the land they went.
In Methven wood their lodging took that night.
Upon the morn, when that it was day light,
Wallace rose up, went to the forest side,
Where that he saw full fell beasts abide,
Of wild and tame walking abundantlie.
Then Wallace said, This country liketh me,
War-men may do with food that they should have,
But want they meat they rak not of the lave.
Of diet fair Wallace took never keep,
But as it came, welcome was meat and sleep.
Some while he had great sufficience within,
Now want, now has, now lose, and now can win,
Now light, now sad, now blissful, now in bail,
In haste now hurt, now sorrowful, now hail,
Now weilding well, now cold weather, now het,
Now moist, now drought, now wavering wind, now wet.
So far'd with him for Scotland's right full even,
In fell debate six years and months seven.
When he wan peace, and left Scotland in plain,
The Englishmen made new conquest again.

In

In frustrate terms I will not tarry lang.
Wallace again unto his men can gang,
And said, Here is a land of great bundance,
Thanked be God of his high purveyance,
Seven of you fierce graith soon, and go with me,
Right sore I long Saint Johnstoun for to see;
Steven of Ireland, als God of heaven thee save,
Master-leader I make thee of the lave;
Keep well my men, let none out of thy sight,
While I again shall come with all my might;
Bide me seven days into this forest strong,
Ye may get food suppose I dwell so long;
Some part ye have, and God will send us mare.
Thus turned he, and to the town could fare.
The Mayor kept the port of that village
Wallace knew well, and sent him his message.
The Mayor was brought, saw him a goodly man,
Right reverently he has receiv'd them than,
At him he speir'd, All Scots if that they be.
Wallace said, Yea, and it is peace trow we.
I grant, he said, that likes us wonder well,
True men of peace may ay some friendship feel;
What is your name, I pray you tell me it.
Will Malcolmson, he said, since ye would wit,
In Etrick forest has my winning been,
There was I born among the shaws sheen,
Now I desire this North land for to see,
Where I might find better dwelling for me.
The Mayor said, Sir, I speir it for none ill,
But fell tidings oftsyes is brought us till,
Of one Wallace was born into the West,
Our King's men he holds at great unrest,

Martyrs them down, great pity is to see,
Out of the trews, forsooth, we trow he be.
Wallace then said, I here speak of that man,
Tidings of him to you none tell I can.
For him he gart an inn then graithed be,
Where none should come but his own men and he.
His steward Kerlie brought them in fusion
Good thing enough what was into the town.
Als Englishmen to drinking would him call,
And commonly he dealt not therewithall.
In their presence he spended reasonably,
Yet for himself he payed ay bundantly.
On Scotsmen he spended mickle good,
But not his thanks upon the Southeron blood.
Soon he conceiv'd in his wit privily,
Into that land who was of most party.
Sir James Butler, an aged cruel Knight,
Keeped Kinclevin, a castle wonder wight.
His son Sir John then dwelt into the town,
Under-captain to Sir Gerard Heroun.
The women als he visied at the last,
And so an one his eyes he soon can cast,
In the South-gate, of fashion freely and fair;
Wallace to her made privily repair.
So fell it thus, off the town ere he past,
At one accord they happened at the last.
Wallace with her in secret made him glad.
Southeron wist not that he sik pleasance had.
Oft on the night he would say to himself,
This is far worse than any pain of hell,
That thus, with wrong, thir Devils should bruik our land,
And we, with force, may not against them stand,

To

To take this town my power is too small,
Great peril als upon myself may fall;
Set it on fire, it will undo myself,
Or lose my men; there is no more to tell.
The yates are close, the dykes are deep withall,
Though I would swime, forsooth so cannot all.
This matter now herefore I will overslide,
But in this town I may no longer bide.
Als men told him when the Captain would pass
Home to Kinclevin, whereof right glad he was.
His leave he took at her; then off the town,
To Methvin wood, right gladly made him bown.
His horn he hint, and boldly loud can blaw,
His men him heard, and thereto soon can draw.
Right blyth he was, for they were all in feir,
Many tidings at him they would not speir.
He them command to make them ready fast.
In good array out of the wood they past;
Toward Kinclevin they bowned them that tide,
Syne in a vale that near was there beside.
Fast on to Tay his bushment can he draw,
In a dern wood they stelled them full law.
Set scourriours forth the country to espy,
By one at noon three fore-riders went by.
The watch turn'd in to wit what was his will;
He them command in covert to bide still,
If we shall forth, the houle will knowledge have,
And that may soon be warning to the lave,
All force in war do nought but governance.
Wallace was few, but happy ordinance,
Made him feil fyes his adversours to win.
By that the court of Englishmen came in,

Fourſcore and ten well graithed in their gear,
Harniſht on horſe, all likely men of wear.
Wallace ſaw well his number was no ma,
He thanked God, and ſyne the field could ta.
The Engliſhmen marvel'd what they ſhould be;
But when they ſaw they were for a mellie,
In fewter they caſt ſharp ſpears at that tide,
In ire they thought over the Scots to ride.
Wallace and his went cruelly them again.
At the firſt ruſh fell Engliſhmen were ſlain.
Wallace ſtruck one, with his good ſpear of ſteel,
Throughout the coſt, the ſhaft it brake ilk deal;
A burniſht brand in haſte he hinted out,
Thrice upon foot he throng'd through all the rout.
Stern horſe they ſticked ſhould men of arms bear,
Some under feet fulzied were men of wear.
Butler lighted himſelf for to defend,
Wight men of arms which were full worthy kend.
On either ſide fell freiks were fighting faſt.
The Captain bode, though he was ſore agaſt,
Part of the Scots by worthineſs they ſlew.
Wallace was wo, and toward him he drew,
His men dred ſore the Butler bold and keen,
On him he ſought in ire and proper teen;
Upon the head him ſtruck in matalent,
The burniſht blade throughout his baſnet went,
Both bone and brain he burſt through all the weed,
Thus Wallace hand deliver'd them of dread.
Yet fell on field were fighting cruelly;
Steven of Ireland, and all the chevalry,
Into the ſtour did cruelly and well,
And Kerlie als with his good ſtaff of ſteel.

The Engliſhmen, fra their Chiftain was ſlain,
They left the field, and fled in all their main.
Threeſcore were ſlain ere they would leave that ſtead.
The fleeing folk, that wiſt of no remead,
But to the houſe they fled in all their might,
The Scots followed that worthy were and wight.
Few men of fence were left that place to keep,
Women and Prieſts upon Wallace can weep;
For well they wend the fleears was their Lord,
To take him in they made them ready ford,
Let down the bridge, and caſt up the yates wide.
The frayed folk entred and durſt not bide.
Good Wallace ever he followed them ſo faſt,
While in the houſe he entred at the laſt;
The yate he wore, while come was all their rout,
Of Engliſh and Scots he held no man thereout.
The Engliſhmen, that won were in that ſtead,
Withouttten grace they bertnyt them to dead.
The Captain's wife, women, and Prieſts two,
And young children, forſooth they ſav'd no mo,
Held them in cloſe after this ſudden caſe,
For Southeron men ſhould ſiege them in that place;
Took up the bridge, and cloſed the yates faſt,
The dead bodies out of ſight he gart caſt,
Both in the houſe, and without that were dead,
Five of his own to berynes he gart lead.
In that caſtle there ſeven days bode he,
On ilka night they ſpoiled buſily.
To Shortwood-ſhaw led victual and wine wight,
And houſhold-gear, both gold and ſilver bright.
Women, and they that he had granted grace,
When he thought time, they put out of that place.

When they had tane what he liked to have,
Strake down the yates, and set on fire the lave.
Out of windows the stansours all they drew,
Full great iron-work into the water threw;
Buirden doors and locks, into their ire,
All work of tree they burnt up in a fire.
Spoil'd what they might, brake bridge and bulwark down.
To Shortwood-shaw in haste they made them bown,
Choosed a strength, where they their lodging made;
In good effeir a while there still he bade;
Yet in the town no wit of this had they.
The country folk, when it was light of day,
Great reik saw rise, and to Kinclevin they sought,
But wall and stone, more good there found they nought.
The Captain's wife to Saint Johnstoun she yeed,
And to Sir Gerard told this fellon deed;
Als to her son what happened was by tale.
Then deem'd they all that it was wight Wallace;
Als fore-time there he spyed had the town.
Then charged they all they should be ready bown.
Harnisht on horse into their armour clear,
To seek Wallace they went all forth in feir.
A thousand men well garnisht for the weir,
Toward the wood right awful in effeir.

CHAP. IV.

The Battle of *Shortwood-shaw.*

TO Shortwood shaw, and set it all about,
With five stailes that stalwart were and stout;
The sixth they made a fellon range to lead,
Where Wallace was full worthy ay in deed.

The

The ſtrength they took, and bade them hold it ſtill,
On ilka ſide, aſſailie whoſo will.
Sir John Butler into the forreſt went
With two hundred, ſore mov'd in his intent;
His father's death to venge him if he mought,
To Wallace ſoon with men of arms he ſought.
A cleugh there was, whereof a ſtrength they made
With thwart over trees, boldly there abade.
From the one ſide they might iſh to a plain,
Syne through the wood paſs to the ſtrength again.
Twenty he had that noble archers were,
Againſt ſevenſcore of Engliſh bow-men ſare.
Fourſcore of ſpears near hand them bode at right,
If Scots iſhed to help them at their might.
On Wallace ſet a bicker bold and keen;
A bow he bare was big and well beſeen,
And arrows als, both long and ſharp with aw,
No man was there that Wallace bow might draw.
Right ſtark he was, and into ſever gear,
Boldly he ſhot among theſe men of wear.
An angle-head unto the hooks he drew,
And at a ſhot the foremoſt ſoon he ſlew.
Engliſh archers, that hardy were and wight,
Among the Scots bicker'd with all their might;
Their awful ſhot was fellon for to bide,
Of Wallace men they wounded ſore that tide;
Few of them were liker of archery,
Better they were if they got even party,
In field to bide, either with ſword or ſpear.
Wallace perceiv'd his men took meikle dear,
He gart them change, and not ſtand in that ſtead,
He caſt always to ſave them from the dead.

Full great travel upon himself took he,
Of Southeron men fell archers he gart die,
Of Lancashire bow-men were in that place.
A sore archer ay waited on Wallace,
At an open, where he us'd to repare,
At him he drew a siker shot and sare,
Under the chin, through a collar of steel,
On the left side, and hurt his halse some deal.
Astonied he was, but not greatly agast,
Out from his men on him he followed fast,
In the turning, with good will has him tane
Upon the craig, in sunder strake the bane.
Fell more of them no friendship with him fand,
Fifteen that day he shot dead off his hand.
By that his arrows wasted were and gone;
The English archers forsooth they wanted none;
Without they ware there power to renew,
On ilka side to them they could pursue.
William Loran came, with a bousteous stail,
Out of Gowrie on Wallace to assail;
Nephew he was, as it was known in plain,
To the Butler before that they had slain;
To venge his Eme he came with all his might,
Three hundred men he led in arms bright;
To lead the range on foot he made him ford.
Wallace to God his conscience could remord,
Syne comfort them with manly countenance,
Ye see, he said, good sirs, their ordinance,
There is no choice, but either do or die,
We have the right, and happier may it be,
That we shall scape with grace out of this land.
The Loran, by that, was ready at his hand.

By this it was afternoon of the day,
Feil men of wit to council soon yeed they.
The Southeron cast sharply at ilka side,
And saw the wood was neither long nor wide.
Lightly they thought he should hold it so lang,
Five hundred made through it on foot to gang,
Sad men of arms that were of eager will.
Sir Gerard's self without the wood bode still.
Sir John Butler the one side chooseth he,
The other Loran with a few menzie.
Then good Wallace that of help had great need,
Was fifty men in all that fellon dread.
An awful fault the Southeron soon began,
About the Scots fought many likely man,
With bow and spear, and swords made of stiff steel;
On either side no friendship was to feel.
Wallace in ire a burly brand can draw,
Where feil Southeron were sembled upon raw,
To send his men with his dear worthy hand,
The folk were fey that he before him fand.
Throughout the thickest of the press he past,
Upon his enemies he went wonder fast.
Against his dint no weeds might them avail;
Whom he so hit was dead withoutten fail.
Of the fiercest full braithly bare he down,
Before the Scots that were of great renown.
To hold the strength they prest with all their might.
The Englishmen, that worthy were and wight;
Sir John Butler relieved it again,
Sundred the Scots, and did them meikle pain;
The Loran als, that cruel was and keen,
A sore essay forsooth there might be seen.

Then at the ſtrength they might no longer bide,
The range ſo ſtrong came upon either ſide.
In thickeſt wood there made they fell defence,
Againſt their foes ſo full of violence;
Yet fell Southeron there left their life in wed.
To a new ſtrength Wallace and his men fled;
On adverſours they made full great debate,
But help themſelves no ſuccour elſe they wate.
The Southeron als were ſundred then in twin,
But they again together ſoon can win;
Full ſubtilly their ordinance they made,
The range again they bownd but more abade.
The Scots were hurt, and part of them were ſlain;
Then Wallace ſaid, We labour all in vain;
To ſlay Commons it helpeth us right nought,
But their Chiftains, that have them hither brought.
Might we work ſo, that one of them were ſlain,
So ſore eſſay they could not make again.
By this the hoſt approaching was full near;
Thus wrandly they held them yet upon ſtear.
When Wallace ſaw the Southeron were at hand,
Him thought no time there longer for to ſtand,
Right manfully he graithed hath his gear,
Sadly he went againſt theſe men of wear;
Throughout the ſtour full faſt fighting he fought,
With God his grace to venge him if he mought.
Upon the Butler awfully ſtrake he,
Safeguard he got under a bowing tree,
The bough in two he ſtrake above his head,
Als to the ground he fell'd him in that ſtead;
The haill power upon him came ſo faſt,
That they, by force, reſcued him at the laſt.

Lord

Loran was wo, and thither fast can draw.
Wallace return'd, so suddenly him saw;
Out at a side full fast to him he yeed,
He got no girth for all his burnisht weed,
With ire him strake on his gorget of steel,
The trenching blade so pierced every deal
Through plate and stuff, might nought against it stand;
Deadly to death he left him on the land;
Him have they lost though Southeron had it sworn,
For his craig bone was all in sunder shorn.
The worthy Scots full nobly did that day
About Wallace, till he was won away.
He took the strength maugre all their foes will,
Abundantly in bargain bode there still.
The cry soon rose, the bold Loran was dead.
Sir Gerard Heron travented to that stead,
And all the host assembled him about.
At the North side then Wallace issued out,
With him his men, and bowned them to go,
Thanking great God that they were parted so.
To Cargil wood they went that samen night.
Seven of his men that day to death were dight;
In field were left of Southeron fiftscore,
And Loran als, their mourning was the more.
The range in haste they rayed soon again:
But when they saw their travel was in vain,
And he was past, full meikle main they made
To rype the wood, both valley, shank, and shade,
For Butler's gold, Wallace took off before:
But they found nought, though they sought evermore.
His horse they got, but nought else of his gear.
With doleful moan return'd their men of war.

To Saint Johnſtoun, in ſorrow and great care.
Of Wallace forth me likes to ſpeak yet mare.
The ſecond night the Scotſmen could them draw,
Right privily, again to Shortwood-ſhaw,
Took up their goods, which were put out of ſight,
Clothing and ſtuff, both gold and ſilver bright.
Upon their foot, for horſe were tane them fro,
Ere the Sun roſe, to Methven wood they go;
There two days over their lodging ſtill they made,
On the third night they mov'd but more abade.

CHAP. V.

How *Wallace*, ſold to the *Engliſhmen* by his Leman, eſcaped out of *Saint Johnſtoun*.

TO Elchock park full ſuddenly they went,
There in that ſtrength to bide was his intent.
Then Wallace ſaid, he would go to the town;
Arrayed him well into a Prieſt-like gown;
In Saint Johnſtoun diſguiſed can he fare,
To this woman the which I ſpoke of air.
Of his preſence ſhe right rejoyced was,
And ſore in dread, how he away ſhould paſs.
He ſojourn'd there fra noon was of the day
While near the night, ere that he went away.
He tryſted her when he would come again,
On the third day; then was ſhe wonder fain.
Yet he was ſeen with enemies as he yeed;
To Sir Gerard they told of all his deed,
And to Butler, that would have wroken been.
Then they gart take that woman bright and ſheen,

Accuſ'd

Accus'd her loze of relet in that cale.
Feil lyes she lwoze, that she knew not Wallace.
Then Butler laid, We wot well it was he,
And but you tell in hail fire shall you die;
If you will help to bring yon rebel down,
We shall thee make a Lady of renown.
They gave to her both gold and silver bright,
And laid, she should be wedded with a Knight,
Whom she desir'd, that was but marriage.
Thus tempt they her, through counsel and great wage,
That she them told what time he would be there.
Then were they glad; for they desir'd no mare
Of all Scotland, but Wallace at their will.
Thus ordain'd they this pointment to fulfil.
Feil men of arms they graithed hastily
To keep the yates, wight Wallace to espy.
At the set tryst he entred in the town,
Witting nothing of all this falle treasoun.
To her chamber he went but moze abade.
She welcom'd him, and full great pleasance made.
What at they wrought, I cannot graithly say,
Right unperfect I am of Venus play:
But hastily he graithed him to gang.
Then she him took, and speir'd if he thought lang;
She asked him that night with her to bide.
He soon said, Nay, for chance that may betide;
My men are left all at mistrule for me,
I may not sleep this night while I them see.
Then weeped she, and said full oft, Alace,
That I was made, wo wozth the curled cale!
Now have I lost the best man living is;
O feeble mind, to do so foul a mils!

O warpit wit, and wicked variance,
That me has brought to this mischieful chance!
Alace, she said, in world that I was wrought,
If all this pain on myself might be brought!
I have deserv'd to be burnt in a gleid.
When Wallace saw she near off wit could weid,
Into his arms he caught her soberly,
And said, Dear heart, who has misdone ought, I?
May, I, quoth she, have falsly wrought this train,
I have you sold, right now you shall be slain.
She told him of her treason to an end,
As I have said; What needeth more legend?
At her he speir'd, if she forethought it sore.
Wo, yea, she said, and shall do evermore;
My waried weird in world I must fulfil,
To mend this mis I would burn on a hill.
He comfort her, and bade her have no dread.
I will, he said, have some part of thy weed.
Her gown he took on him, and courches als.
Will God I shall escape this treason falls,
I thee forgive. Withoutten words mare,
He kissed her, syne took his leave to fare.
His burly brand, that help'd him oft in need,
Right privily he hid under that weed.
To the South yate, the gainest way, he drew,
Where that he found of armed men enew.
To them he told, dissembled countenance,
To the chamber, where he was upon chance,
Speed fast, he said, Wallace is locked in.
From him they sought withoutten noise or din,
To that same house, about them can them cast.
Out of the yate then Wallace got full fast,

Right

Right glad in heart; when that he was without
Right fast he yeed, a stour pace and a stout.
Two him beheld, and said, We will go see,
A stalwart queyn, forsooth, yon seems to be.
Him they followed through the South inch these two.
When Wallace saw with them there came no mo,
Again he turn'd, and has the foremost slain.
The other fled; then Wallace, with great main,
Upon the head, with his sword, has him tane,
Left them both dead, syne to the strength is gane.
His men he got, right glad when they him saw;
To their defence in haste he gart them draw;
Devoided him soon of the woman's weed.
Thus scaped he out of that fellon dread.

THE

THE

THE

ACTS and DEEDS of the most Famous and Valiant Champion,

Sir *WILLIAM WALLACE*, Knight of *ELLERSLIE*.

The Fifth BOOK.

CHAP. I.

The Battle of *Black-Ern* Side; and how *Wallace* new *Fawdoun*, and Sir *John Butler*.

THE dark region appearing wonder fast,
In November, when October was past,
The day failed through right course worthit short,
To banisht men that is no great comfort;
With their power in paths worthis gang,
Heavy they think when that the night is lang.

Thus good Wallace ſaw the night's meſſenger,
Phebus had loſt his fiery beams ſo clear.
Out of the wood they durſt not turn that tide,
For adverſours that in their way would bide.
Wallace them told that new war was on hand,
The Engliſhmen were off the town comand.
The door they brake, where they trow'd Wallace was,
When they him miſs'd, they bowned them to paſs.
In this great noiſe the woman gat away,
But to what ſtead I cannot graithly ſay.
The Southeron ſought right ſadly from that ſtead,
Through the South inch, and found thir two men dead.
They knew by that Wallace was in the ſtrength,
About the park they ſet on breadth and length,
With ſix hundred well graithed in their arms,
All likely men, to wake them of their harms.
An hundred men chatged in arms ſtrong,
To keep a hound that they had them among;
In Gelderland there was that bratchel bred,
Siker of ſcent to follow them that fled;
So was ſhe us'd in Eſk and Liddiſdail,
While ſhe got blood no fleeing might avail.
Then ſaid they all, Wallace might not away,
He ſhould be theirs for ought that he do may.
The hoſt they dealt in divers parts that tide.
Sir Gerard Heroun in the ſtall can bide.
Sir John Butler the range he took him till,
With three hundred which were of hardy will;
Into the wood upon Wallace they yeed.
The worthy Scots, that were in meikle dread,
Sought to a place for to have iſſued out,
And ſaw the ſtall inviron'd them about;

Againſt

Against them went with hideous strokes and strong,
Great noise and din was raised them among.
Their cruel deed was marvellous to ken,
When forty match'd against three hundred men.
Wallace so well upon him took that tide,
Through the great press he made a way full wide;
Helping the Scots with his dear worthy hand,
Fell foe-men he left key upon the land.
Yet Wallace lost fifteen into that stead,
And forty men of Southeron part were dead.
The Butler's folk so frushed were indeed,
The hardy Scots to strengths throughout them yeed.
Unto Tay side they hasted them full fast,
In will they were the water to have past;
Half could not swim that then with Wallace was,
And he would not leave one, and from him pass;
Better him thought in peril for to be
Upon the land, than wilfully to see
His men to drown, where rescue might be none;
Again in ire to the field are they gone.
Butler, by then, had put his men in ray,
On them he set with awful hard essay,
On either side, with weapons stiff of steel.
Wallace again no friendship let them feel.
But do or die they wist of no succour,
Thus fend they long into that stalward stour.
The Scots Chiftain was young, and in a rage,
Used in war, and fought with hie courage;
He saw his men of Southeron take great wrang,
Them to revenge all dreadless can he gang;
For many of them were bleeding wonder sare;
And he could see no help appearing there,

But their Chiftain were put out of their gate,
The brave Butler ſo boldly made debate.
Through the great preſs Wallace unto him ſought,
His awful deed he eſchew'd as he mought,
Under an oak, with men about him ſet.
Wallace might not a great ſtroke on him get;
Yet ſhed he them, a full void flop was made.
The Scots went out, no longer there abade.
Steven of Ireland, which hardy was and wight,
To help Wallace he did great prize and might;
With true Kerlie doughty in many deed,
Upon the ground feil Southeron gart they bleed.
Sixty were ſlain of Southeron in that place,
And nine of Scots there tint were through that caſe.
Butler's men ſo deſtroyed were that tide,
Into the ſtour he would no longer bide.
To get ſupply he ſought unto the ſtail,
Thus loſt he there an hundred of great bail.
As they were beſt arraying Butler's rout,
Betwixt parties then Wallace iſſued out;
Sixteen with him they graithed them to go,
Of all his men he had leaved no moe.
The Engliſhmen have miſſed him, in hie
The hound they took, and followed haſtily.
At the Gask wood full fain he would have been;
But this ſlouth watch, which ſiker was and keen,
On Wallace foot follow'd ſo fellon faſt,
While in their ſight it proached at the laſt.
Their horſe were wight, had ſojourn'd well and lang;
To the next wood two miles they had to gang,
Of upwith eard; they went with all their might,
Good hope they had, for it was near the night.

Fawdoun tyred, and said, he might not gang.
Wallace was wo to leave him in that thrang.
He bade him go, and said the strength was near;
But he therefore would not faster him fear.
Wallace in ire on the craig can him ta,
With his good sword, and strake the head him fra.
Dreadless to ground deftly he dushed dead.
From him he lap, and left him in that stead.
Some deem it to ill, and other some to good;
And I say here, into this terms rude,
Better it was what he did, as thinks me;
First, to the hound it might great stopping be,
Als Fawdoun was holden at suspicion,
For he was holden of brokill complexion.
Right stark he was, and had but little gone,
Thus Wallace wist. Had he been left alone,
If he were false, to enemies he would ga,
If he were true, the Southeron would him sla;
Might he do ought but tine him as it was.
From this question now shortly will I pass.
Deem as ye list, ye that best can and may,
I but rehearse as my author will say.
The stars, by then, began for to appear,
The Englishmen were coming wonder near;
Five hundred haill were in their chevalry.
To the next strength then Wallace could him hie.
Steven of Ireland, unwitting of Wallace,
And good Kerlie, bade still near hand that place,
At the muir-side, into a scroggy slade,
By East Duplin, where they this tarry made.
Fawdoun was left beside them on the land;
The power coming suddenly him fand;

For their slouth-hound the graith gate to him yeed,
Of other tread she took as then no heed.
The slouth stopped, at Fawdoun still she stood,
No further would, fra time she fand the blood.
Englishmen deem'd, for else they could not tell,
But that the Scots had fought among themsell.
Right wo they were that losed was their scent.
Wallace two men among the host inwent,
Dissembled well, that no man should them ken,
Right in effeir, as they were Englishmen.
Kerlie beheld unto the bold Heroun,
Upon Fawdoun as he was looking down,
A subtil stroke upward him took that tide,
Under the cheeks the grounden sword gart glide,
By the mail good, both halse and his craig-bane
In sunder strake; thus ended that Chiftain.
To ground he fell, fell folk about him throng,
Treason they cry'd, traitors are us among.
Kerlie, with that, fled out soon at a side,
His fellow Steven then thought no time to bide.
The fray was great, and fast away they yeed,
Both toward Ern; thus scaped they that dread.
Butler for wo of weeping might not stint.
Thus rakelesly this good Knight have they tint.
They deemed all that it was Wallace men,
Or else himself, though they could not him ken;
He is right near, we shall him have but fail,
This feeble wood may little him avail.
Forty there past again to Saint Johnstoun,
With this dead corps, to burying made it bown.
Parted their men, syne divers ways they rode,
A great power at Duplin still there bode.

To

To Dalwryeth the Butler paſt but let,
At ſundry fords the gate they unbeſet,
To keep the wood while it was day they thought.
As Wallace thus in the thick foreſt ſought,
For his two men in mind he had great pain,
He wiſt not well, if they were tane or ſlain,
Or ſcaped haill by any jeopardy.
Thirteen were left with him, no more had he;
In the Gask-hall their lodging have they tane,
Fire got they ſoon, but meat then had they nane;
Two ſheep they took beſide them of a fold,
Ordain'd to ſup into that ſeemly hold;
Graithed in haſte ſome food for them to dight:
So heard they blow rude horns upon hight.
Two ſent he forth to look what it might be;
They bode right long, and no tidings heard he,
But bouſteous noiſe ſo hyrely blowing faſt;
So other two into the wood forth paſt.
None came again, but bouſteouſly can blaw,
Into great ire he ſent them forth on raw.
When that alone Wallace was leaved there,
The awful blaſt abounded meikle mare;
Then trow'd he well they had his lodging ſeen;
His ſword he drew of noble metal keen,
Syne forth he went where at he heard the horn.
Without the door Fawdoun was him before,
As to his ſight, his own head in his hand;
A croſs he made when he ſaw him ſo ſtand.
At Wallace in the head he ſwakked there,
And he in haſte ſoon hint it by the hair,
Syne out again at him he could it caſt,
Into his heart he greatly was agaſt.

Right well he trow'd that was no ſpꝛit of man,
It was ſome Devil, that ſik malice began.
He wiſt no wale there longer foꝛ to bide,
Up thꝛough the hall thus wight Wallace can glide,
To a cloſe ſtair, the boards they rave in twin,
Fifteen foot large he lap out of that inn.
Up the water he ſuddenly could fare,
Again he blink'd what pearance he ſaw there,
He thought he ſaw Fawdoun that ugly fyre,
That haill hall he had ſet into a fire;
A great rafter he had into his hand.
Wallace as then no longer would he ſtand.
Of his good men full great marvel had he,
How they were tint thꝛough his fell fantaſie.
Truſt right well that all this was ſooth indeed,
Suppoſe that it no point be of the creed.
Power they had with Lucifer that fell,
The time when he parted from heaven to hell.
By ſik miſchief if his men might be loſt,
Dꝛowned oꝛ ſlain among the Engliſh hoſt;
Oꝛ what it was in likeneſs of Fawdoun,
Which bꝛought his men to ſudden confuſion;
Oꝛ if the man ended in ill intent,
Some wicked ſpꝛit again foꝛ him pꝛeſent.
I cannot ſpeak of ſik divinity,
To Clerks I will let all ſik matters be:
But of Wallace, now foꝛth I will you tell.
When he was won out of that peril fell,
Right glad was he that he had ſcaped ſa,
But foꝛ his men great mourning can he ma.
Flait by himſelf to the Maker above,
Why he ſuffer'd he ſhould ſik paining pꝛove.

Rig

He wist not well if that it was God's will;
Right or wrong his fortune to fulfil,
Had he pleas'd God, he trow'd it might not be,
He should him thole in sik perplexitie.
But great courage in his mind ever drave,
Of Englishmen thinking amends to have.
As he was thus walking by him alone
Upon Ern side, making a piteous moan,
Sir John Butler, to watch the fords right,
Out from his men of Wallace had a sight;
The mist again to the mountains was gone,
To him he rode, where that he made his mone.
On loud he speir'd, What art thou walks that gate?
A true man, Sir, though my voyage be late;
Erands I pass from Down unto my Lord,
Sir John Sewart, the right for to record,
In Down is now, newly come from the King.
Then Butler said, This is a selcouth thing,
You lied all out, you have been with Wallace,
I shall thee know, ere you come off this place.
To him he start the courser wonder wight,
Drew out a sword, so made him for to light.
Above the knee good Wallace has him tane,
Through thigh and brawn in sunder strake the bane.
Deadly to dead the Knight fell on the land.
Wallace the horse soon seized in his hand,
An ackward stroke syne took him in that stead,
His craig in two; thus was the Butler dead.
An Englishman saw their Chiftain was slain,
A spear in rest he cast with all his main,
On Wallace drave, from the horse him to bear;
Warily he wrought, as worthy man in wear.

The ſpear he wan withoutten moꝛe abode,
On hoꝛſe he lap, and thꝛough a great rout rode;
To Dalwryeth he knew the foꝛd full well;
Befoꝛe him came feil ſtuffed in fine ſteel.
He ſtrake the firſt, but bade, on the blaſoun,
While hoꝛſe and man both fleet the water down.
Another ſoon down from his hoꝛſe he bare,
Stamped to ground, and dꝛown'd withoutten mare.
The third he hit in his harnels of ſteel,
Thꝛoughout the coſt, the ſpear it bꝛake ſome deal.
The great power then after him can ride.
He ſaw no waill there longer foꝛ to bide.
His burniſht bꝛand bꝛaithly in hand he bare.
Whom he hit right they followed him na mare.
To ſtuff the chaſe feil freiks followed faſt,
But Wallace made the gayeſt ay agaſt.
The muir he took, and thꝛough their power yeed,
The hoꝛſe was good, but yet he had great dꝛead
Foꝛ failing ere he wan unto a ſtrength.
The chaſe was great, ſkail'd over bꝛeadth and length,
Thꝛough ſtrong danger they had him ay in ſight.
At the Blackford there Wallace down can light,
His hoꝛſe ſtuffed, foꝛ way was deep and lang,
A large great mile wightly on foot could gang.
Ere he was hoꝛs'd riders about him caſt,
He ſaw full well long ſo he might not laſt.
Sad men indeed upon him can renew,
With returning that night twenty he ſlew.
The fierceſt ay rudely rebuted he,
Keeped his hoꝛſe, and right wiſely can flee,
While that he came the mirkeſt muir amang.
His hoꝛſe gave over, and would no further gang.

Wallace on foot took him with good intent,
The horse he strake, ere that he further went,
His hough-sinews he cutted all atanes,
And left him thus beside the standing stanes,
For Southeron men no good should of him win.
In heath heather Wallace and they can twin.
Through that down unto Forth he sadly sought;
But suddenly then came into his thought,
Great power walk'd at Stirling-bridge of tree,
Sighing he said, No passage is for me,
For want of food, and I have foughten lang,
On war-men now me thinks no time to gang.
At Cambuskenneth I shall the water till,
Let God above do with me what he will.
Into this land I may not long abide.
Tarry he made some part upon Forth's side,
Took off his weed, and graithed him but mare,
His sword he bound, that wonder sharply share,
Among his gear, on his shoulders aloft,
Thus in he went, to great God praying oft,
Of his high grace the cause to take on hand.
Over the water he swam to the South land,
Array'd him soon, the season was right cold,
For Pisces was into his days of old.
Overthwart the Carse to the Torwood he yeed,
A widow there dwelt helped him in need,
Thither he came ere day began to daw,
To a window, and privily could caw.
They speir'd his name, but tell them would he nought,
While she herself near to his language sought.
From time she wist that it was wight Wallace,
Rejoyc'd she was, and thank'd God of his grace.

She speired soon, why he was him alone.
Mourning, he said, as now men have I none.
She asked him, where that his men should be.
Fair Dame, he said, go get some meat for me,
I have fasted since yesterday at morn;
I dread full sore that my men be forlorn,
Great part of them to death I did see dight.
She got him meat in all the haste she might.
A woman he call'd, and als with her a child,
Syne bade them pass again these ways wild,
To the Gask-hall, there tidings for to speir,
If part were left of his men into feir;
And she should find a horse soon in her gate;
He bade them see if that place stood in state:
Thereof to hear he had full great desire,
Because he thought that it was all in fire.
They passed forth withoutten tarry mare.
Him for to rest Wallace remained there.
Refresh'd he was with meat, drink, and with heat,
Which caused him through natural course to weit
Where he should sleep, in sikerness to be.
The widow had then of her own sons three;
First two of them she sent to keep Wallace,
And gart the third go soon to Dunipace,
And told his Eme, that he was happened there.
The Parson yeed to see of his welfare.
Wallace to sleep lay down in the wood-side,
The two young men without near him could bide.
The Parson came near, and their manner saw,
They beckned him to what stead he should draw.
The rone was thick that Wallace sleeped in;
About he yeed, and made but little din,

So at the last of him he had a sight,
Full privily how that his bed was dight.
He him beheld, and said syne to himself,
Here is a marvel, who likes it to tell,
This same person, by worthiness of hand,
Trows for to stop the power of England,
Now false fortune, the miswerker of all,
By aventure, has given him a fall,
That he is left without supply of ma,
A cruel wife with weapons might him sla.
Wallace him heard, when his sleep overpast,
Fiercely he rose, and said to him as fast,
You lied, false Priest, were you a foe to me,
I would not dread sik other ten as thee;
I have had more since yesterday at morn,
Than sik sixty were sembled me before.
His Eme him took, and went forth with Wallace;
He told to him of all his painful case.
This night, he said, I was left me alone,
In fell debate with enemies many one;
God at his will my life did ay to keep,
Over Forth I swam that awful is and deep;
What I have had in war before this day,
Prison and pain, to this night was but play;
So beat I am with strokes sad and sore,
The chill water urned me meikle more;
After great blood through heat and cold was brought,
That of my life almost I nothing rought.
I moan far more the tinsel of my men,
Nor for myself, might I suffer sik ten.
The Parson said, Dear son, you may see well,
Longer to strive it helpeth no a deal,

Thy men are loſt, and none with thee will riſe,
For God's ſake work as I ſhall now deviſe;
Take a lordſhip, whereon that you may live,
King Edward would great lands unto thee give.
Uncle, he ſaid, of ſik words na mare,
This is nothing but eiking of my care;
I like better to ſee the Southeron die,
Than gold or land that they can give to me;
Truſt ye right well of war I will not ceaſe,
While time that I bring Scotland into peace,
Or die therefore, in plain to underſtand.
So came Kerlie, and good Steven of Ireland,
The widow's ſon to Wallace he them brought.
Fra they him ſaw of no ſadneſs they rought;
For perfect joy they weep'd with all their een,
To ground they fell, and thanked heaven's Queen:
Als he was glad for reſcue of them two,
Of his fierce men living were left no moe.
They told him then that Sir Gerard was dead,
How they had well eſcaped off that ſtead;
Through the Ochel they had gone all that night,
To Queenſferry, ere that the day was bright;
How a true Scot, for kindneſs of Wallace,
Brought them ſoon over, ſyne kend them to that place.
Als Kerlie wiſt, if Wallace living were,
Near Dunipace that he ſhould find him there.
The Parſon gart good purveyance for them dight;
In the Torwood they lodged all that night,
While the woman, that Wallace North had ſend,
Return'd again, and told him to an end,
What Engliſhmen in the way ſhe found dead,
Fell were fallen fey in many ſundry ſtead.

The

The horſe ſhe ſaw that Wallace had bereft,
And the Gask-hall ſtanding as it was left,
Withoutten harm, not ſtir'd of it a ſtone;
But of his men good tidings ſhe got none.
Thereof he grieved greatly in that tide,
In forreſt then he would no longer bide.
The widow gave him part of ſilver wight,
Two of her ſons, that worthy were and wight;
The third ſhe held, becauſe he lacked age,
In war as then might not win vaſſalage.
The Parſon then got them good horſe and gear,
But wo he was his mind was all in wear.
Thus took he leave without longer abode,
In Dundaff muir that ſamen night he rode.
Sir John the Graham, which Lord was of that land,
An aged knight, had made none other band,
But purchaſt peace in reſt he might bide ſtill,
Tribute he paid full ſore againſt his will.
A ſon he had, both wiſe, worthy and wight,
Alexander the Fierce at Berwick made him knight,
When ſhewn was of battle to have been,
Betwixt the Scots, and the bold Piercie keen;
This young Sir John right noble was in wear,
On a broad ſhield his father gart him ſwear,
He ſhould be true to Wallace in all thing,
And he to him, while life might in them reign.
Three nights there Wallace bode out of all dread,
Reſted him well, ſo had he meikle need;
On the fourth day he would no longer bide,
Sir John the Graham bowned with him to ride;
And he ſaid, Nay, as then it ſhould not be,
A plain part yet I will not take on me;

I have tint men through my own rakles deed,
A burnt child als more fore the fire will dread;
Friends have I some part into Clydesdale,
I will go see what they may me avail.
Sir John answer'd, I will your counsel do,
When you see time send privily me to,
Then I shall come with all my power in haste;
He him betook unto the Holy Ghast,
Saint John to bargh they should meet haill and sound.
Out of Dundaff he and thir four could found.
In Bothwel muir that night remained he,
With one Crawford that lodg'd him privily.
Upon the morn to the Gilbank he went,
Receiv'd he was with many glad intent;
For his dear Eme, young Auchinleck dwelt there,
Brother he was to the Sheriff of Air.
When old Sir Rannald to his death was dight,
Then Auchinleck wedded that Lady bright,
And children got, as stories will record,
Of Lesmahago, for he held of that Lord;
But he was slain, great pity was the mare,
With Piercie's men, into the town of Air;
His son dwelt still, then nineteen years of age,
And bruiked haill his father's heritage;
Tribute he paid, for all his lands brade,
To Piercie Lord, as his brother had made.
I leave Wallace with his dear uncle still,
Of Englishmen yet something speak I will.
A messenger soon through the country yeed,
To Lord Piercie they told this fellon deed;
Kinclevin was burnt, broken and casten down,
The Captain dead of it, and Saint Johnstoun;

The Loran als at Shortwood-shaws sheen;
Into that land great sorrow has been seen,
Through wight Wallace, that all this deed has done,
The town he spy'd, and that forethought we soon.
Butler is slain, with doughty men and dear.
In asper speech the Piercie them can speir,
What word of him, I pray you graithly tell.
My Lord, he said, right thus the case befel.
We know for truth he was left him alone,
And, as he fled, he slew full many one;
The horse we found that him that gate could bear,
But of himself no other word we hear;
At Stirling-bridge we wate he passed nought,
To death in Forth he may for us be brought.
Lord Piercie said, Now soothly that were sin,
So good of hand is none this world within;
Had he tane peace, and been our King his man,
The haill empire he might have conquest than;
Great harm it is, that thus our Knights are dead,
We must gar see for others in their stead.
I trow not yet that Wallace loted be,
Our Clerks do say, He shall gar many die.
The messenger said, All that sooth hath been,
Many hundred, that cruel were and keen,
Since he began, are lost without remead.
The Piercie said, Forsooth he is not dead;
The crooks of Forth he knoweth wonder well,
He is on life, that shall our nation feel;
When he is stress, then can he swim at will,
Great strength he has, both wit and grace theretill.
A messenger the Lord charged to wend,
And this command in writ with him he send.

Sir John Sewart great Sheriff then he made,
Of Saint Johnſtoun, and all theſe lands hade.
Into Kinclevin there dwelled none again,
There was left nought but broken walls in plain.
Leave I them thus ruling the lands there,
And ſpeak I will of Wallace glad welfare.
He ſent Kerlie to Sir Rannald the Knight,
To Boyd and Blair that worthy were and wight,
And Adam als, his couſin good Wallace,
To them declared all his painful caſe,
Of his eſcape out of that company.
Right wonder glad was this good chevalry;
From time they wiſt that Wallace living was,
Good expences to him they made to paſs.
Maſter John Blair was oft in that meſſage,
A worthy Clerk, both wiſe and als right ſage,
Levyt he was before in Paris town,
Among maſters of ſcience and renown.
Wallace and he at home in ſchool had been;
Soon afterward, as verity is ſeen,
He was the man that principal undertook,
That firſt compil'd in dyte the Latin book
Of Wallace life, right famous of renown;
And Thomas Gray Parſon of Libertoun.
With him they were, and put in ſtory all,
Oft one or both, meikle of his travel;
And therefore here I make of them mention.
Maſter John Blair to Wallace made him bown;
To ſee him haill his comfort was the more,
As they full oft together were before.
Silver and gold they gave him for to ſpend,
So did he them freely, when God it ſend.

Of good welfare as then he wanted none.
Engliſhmen wiſt he was left him alone,
Where he ſhould be was none of them could ſay,
Drowned or ſlain, or eſcaped away;
Therefore of him they took but little heed;
They knew him not, the leſs he was in dread.
All true Scots great favour to him gave,
What good they had, he miſter'd not to crave.

CHAP. II.

How *Wallace* ſpoke his Love in *Lanerk*; and how the *Engliſhmen* cutted his Horſes Tails in *Lochmabane*.

The peace laſted that Sir Rannald had tane,
These four months it ſhould not be outgane.
This Chriſtmas then Wallace remained there,
In Lanerk oft to ſport he made repare.
When that he went from Gilbank to the town,
And he found men of that falſe nation,
To Scotland they did never grievance mare;
Some ſticked they, ſome throats in ſunder ſhare.
Feil were found dead, but none wiſt who it was;
Whom he handled, he let no further paſs.
There Heſilrig dwelt, that curſed Knight to waill,
Sheriff he was then of all theſe lands haill,
Fellon, outrage, deſpiteful in his deed,
Many of him therefore had meikle dread.
Marvel he thought who durſt his people ſla,
Without the town he gart great number ga.

When Wallace saw that they were moze than he,
Then did he nought but saluft courteouſly;
Als his four men bare them ſo quietlyk,
No Southeron could deem them mis pur no tyk.
In Lanerk dwelt a gentlewoman there,
A maiden mild, as my book will declare,
Eighteen years old, oz little moze of age,
Als born ſhe was to part of heritage;
Her father was of woꝛſhip and renown,
And Hew Braidfoot he heght of Lamingtoun,
As feil others were in the country call'd,
Befoꝛe time they gentlemen were of ald:
But this good man, and als his wife, was dead,
The maiden then wiſt of no other rede,
But ſtill ſhe dwelt in tribute in the town,
And purchaſt had King Edward's pꝛoteftion;
Servants with her, of friends at her own will,
Thus lived ſhe without deſire of ill;
A quiet houſe, as ſhe might hald in wear,
Foꝛ Heſilrig had done her meikle dear;
Slain her bꝛother, which eldeſt was and heir.
All ſuffer'd ſhe, and right lowly her bare,
Amiable, ſo benign, ware and wiſe,
Courteous and ſweet, fulfilled of gentrice,
Well rul'd of tongue, right haill of countenance,
Of virtues ſhe was woꝛthy to advance,
Humbly her held, and purchaſt a good name,
Of ilka wight ſhe keeped her from blame,
True right wiſe folk a great favour her lent.
Upon a day to the kirk as ſhe went,
Wallace her ſaw, as he his eyes can caſt,
The pꝛint of love him punced at the laſt,

So

So alperly, through beauty of that bright,
With great uneale in preſence bide he might.
He knew full well her kindred and her blood,
And how ſhe was in honeſt uſe and good.
Whiles would he think to love her over the lave,
And other whiles he thought on his diſſave,
How that his men were brought to confuſion,
Through his laſt love he had in Saint Johnſtoun;
Then would he think to leave and let overſlide,
But that thought long in his mind might not bide.
He told Kerlie of his new lufty bail,
Syne asked him of his true beſt counſel.
Maſter, he ſaid, as far as I have feel,
Of likelineſs it may be wonder well,
Since you ſo love, take her in marriage,
Goodly ſhe is, and als has heritage;
Suppoſe that you in loving feel amiſs,
Great God forbid it ſhould be ſo with this.
To marry thus I cannot yet attend,
I would of war firſt ſee a final end.
I will no more alone to my love gang,
Take tent to me, for dread we ſuffer wrang;
To proffer love thus ſoon I would not prieve,
Might I leave off, in war I like to live.
What is this love? nothing but fooliſhneſs,
It may reave men of wit and ſtedfaſtneſs.
Then ſaid he thus, This will not graithly be,
Amours and war atanes to reign in me;
Right ſooth it is, ſtood I in bliſs of love,
In deeds of war I ſhould the better prove;
But well I wot, where great earneſt is in thought,
It letteth war in wiſeſt ways be brought.

Unless it be, but only to a deed,
Then he that thinketh on his love to speed,
He may do well have he fortune and grace,
But this stands all into another case;
A great kinrik with feil foes overset,
Right hard it is for me amends to get,
Atanes of them, and work the observance,
Which belongs to love, and his frivol chance;
Sample I have of this me forethinks fore,
I trow to God it shall be so no more,
The truth I know of this; and her lineage,
I knew not her, therefore I lost a gage.
To Kerlie he thus argued in this kind,
But great desire remained in his mind,
For to behold that freely of fassoun.
A while he left, and came not to the town,
On other things he made his wit to walk,
Proving if he might of that languor slake.
When Kerlie saw he suffer'd pain for thy,
Dear sir, he said, you live in sluggardy,
Go see your love, then shall ye get comfort.
At his counsel he walked for to sport,
Unto the Kirk where she made residence.
She knew him well, but as of eloquence,
She durst not well in presence to him kyth,
Full fore she dred that Southeron would him myth;
For Hesilrig had a matter new begun,
And her desir'd in marriage to his son.
With her maiden thus Wallace she besought
To dine with her, and privily him brought
Through a garden she had gart work of new,
So Englishmen not of their meeting knew.

Then kissed he this goodly with pleasance,
Syne her besought right heartly of quaintance.
She answer'd him, with humble wordis and wise,
Were my quaintance right worthy for to prise,
You shall it have, as God me save in saul,
But Englishmen do gar our power fail,
Through violence of them and their barnage,
That have well near destroyed our lineage.
When Wallace heard her plainzie piteously,
Grieved in heart he was right greatumly;
Both ire and love him set into a rage,
But not for this he sobered his courage;
Of his matter he told, as I said air,
To that goodly, how love him strained sare.
She answer'd him right reasonably again,
And said, I shall to your service be bain,
With all pleasance, in honest causes haill,
And I trust ye would not set to assail,
For your worship, to do me dishonour,
And I a maid, and stand in many stour,
From Englishmen to save my womanhead,
And cost has made to keep me from their dread;
With my good will I will no Leman be
To no man born, therefore methinks should ye
Desire me nought but into goodliness.
Perchance you think I were too low percase
For to attend to be your righteous wife,
In your service I would use all my life;
Here I beseech, for your worship in arms,
That ye charge me with no ungodly harms,
But me defend, for worship of your blood.
When Wallace well her true tale understood,

As in a part him thought it was reason,
Of her desire this for to conclusion.
He thanked her, and said, If it might be,
Through God his will, that our kinrike were free,
I would you wed with all hearty pleasance,
But at this time I may not take sik chance;
And for this cause none other now I crave,
A man in war may not all pleasance have.
Of their talk then I can tell you na mare
To my purpose, what band that they made there,
Conclude they thus, and syne to dinner went;
The sore grievance remain'd in his intent,
Lois of his men, and lusty pain of love,
His leave he took at that time to remove.
Syne to Gilbank he past ere it was night;
Upon the morn, with his four men, him dight,
To the Tor-head without resting he rode,
Where his nephew Thom Halliday abode,
And Edward Little als, his cousin dear,
Which was full blyth when he wist him so near,
Thanking great God that sent him safe again;
For many deem'd he was in Strathern slain.
Good chear they made all out these days three.
Then Wallace said, that he desir'd to see
Lochmabane town, and Southeron that were there;
On the fourth day they bowned them to fare.
Sixteen he was of goodly chevalry,
In the Knockwood he leaved all but three.
Thom Halliday went with him to the town,
Edward Little and Kerlie made them bown;
To an office Thom Halliday led them right,
And gave command their dinner should be dight.

To

To hear a mass in good intent they yeed,
Of Englishmen they trow'd there was no dread.
One Clifford came, was Eme's son to the Lord,
And four with him, the truth for to record;
Who ought these horse, in great heithing he askt,
He was full shie, and eke had many cast.
The good-wife said, to have pleased him best,
Four gentlemen are come out of the West.
What Devil them made so gayly for to ride,
In faith with me a wad there must abide,
Thir lewd Scots have learned little good,
Lo all thir horse are shent for fault of blood.
Into great scorn withoutten words mare,
The tails all off these four horses they share.
The good-wife cry'd, and piteously could greet.
So Wallace came, and could the Captain meet,
A woman told how they his horse had shent,
For proper ire he grew in matalent.
He followed fast, and said, Good friend, abide,
Service to take for thy craft in this tide,
Marshal thou art without command of me,
Reward again, methinks, I should pay thee;
Since I of late now came out of the West,
In this country, a barber of the best,
To cut and shave, and that one wonder good,
Now ye shall feel how I use to let blood.
With his good sword the Captain has he tane,
While horse again he marshal'd never ane.
Another soon upon the head strake he,
While chafts and cheeks upon the gate can flee.
By that his men the other two had slain,
Their horse they took, and graithed them full bain,

Out of the town, for dinner bode they none,
The wife he paid, that made so piteous moan.
Then Englishmen, from their Chiftain was dead,
To Wallace fought from many sundry stead.
From the castle came cruel men and keen.
When Wallace has their sudden sembly seen,
Toward some strength he bowned him to ride,
For then him thought it was no time to bide.
Their horse bled fast, that gart him dreading have;
Of his good men he would have had the lave.
To the Knockwood withoutten more they rade,
But into it no sojourning he made;
That wood as then was neither thick nor lang.
His men he gat, syne lighted for to gang
Toward a height, and led their horse a while.
The Englishmen were them within a mile,
On fresh horses riding full haftily,
Sevenscore and more were in their chevalry.
The Scots lap on, when they their power saw,
Fraward the South they thought it time to draw.
Then Wallace said, It is no wit in weir,
With our power to bide them bargain here;
Yon are good men, therefore I red that we,
Hithermore seek, while God send some supply.
Halliday said, We shall do your counsel,
But sore I dread that thir hurt horse will fail.
The Englishmen in burnisht armour clear,
By then to them approached wonder near.
Horsed archers shot fast and would not spare,
Of Wallace men they wounded two full sare.
In ire he grew, when that he saw them bleed,
Himself return'd, and on them soon he yeed.

Sixteen with him that worthy were in war,
Of the foremost right freshly down they bare.
At that return fifteen in field were slain,
The lave fled fast to their power again.
Wallace followed, with his good chevalry,
Thom Halliday in war was full busy.
A bushment saw that cruel was to ken,
Two hundred haill of well graith'd Englishmen.
Uncle, he said, our power is too smaw,
Off this plain field I counsel you to draw,
Too few we are against yon Southeron stail.
Wallace relievd full soon at his counsel.

CHAP. III.

How *Wallace* slew *Hew* of *Moreland.*

At the Tor-head full fain they would have been,
But Englishmen well have their purpose seen,
In plain battle they followed hardily;
In danger thus they held them awfully.
Hew of Moreland on Wallace followed fast,
He had before made many Scots agast,
Holden of war he was the worthiest man
In North England with them was living than,
In his armour well forged of fine steel,
A noble courser bare him both fast and well.
Wallace return'd beside a burly oak,
And on him set a fellon siker stroak,
Both collar-bone, and shoulder-blade in two,
Through the mid-cost the good sword gart he go;

His ſpear he wan, and als his courſer wight,
Syne left his own, for he had loſt his might.
For lack of blood he might no further gang.
Wallace on horſe, the Southeron men among,
His men relieved, that doughty were in deed,
Him to reſcue out of that felloun dread,
Cruel ſtrokes forſooth there might be ſeen,
On either ſide, while blood ran on the green,
Right perilous the ſembly was to ſee.
Hardy and hot continued this mellie,
Skew and reskew of Scots and Engliſh alſe,
Some carved hawin in ſunder, ſome the halſe,
Some hurt, ſome hint, ſome deerly dung to dead.
The hardy Scots ſo ſtirred in that ſtead,
With Halliday on foot that boldly bade,
Among Southeron a full great room they made.
Wallace on horſe, in hand a noble ſpear,
Out through them rode, as good Chiftain in wear.
Three ſlew he there ere that his ſpear was gane,
Then his good ſword in hand ſoon has he tane,
Hewed on hard with dightis ſad and ſore,
What one he hit grieved the Scots no more.
Frae Southeron men by natural reaſon knew,
How with a ſtroke a man he ever ſlew,
They marvelled he was ſo meikle of main,
For their beſt man ill that kind he had ſlain,
That his great ſtrength againſt him helped nought,
And none other ill contrare Wallace fought;
Then ſaid they all, laſte he in ſtrength untane,
This haill kinryke he will win him alane.

CHAP

CHAP. IV.

How *Grayſtock* followed *Wallace* with three hundred men, and Sir *John* the *Graham* reſcued him, and ſlew *Grayſtock*.

They left the field, ſyne to their power fled,
And told their Lord how ill the foremoſt ſped,
Which Grayſtock hight, was new come in the land,
Therefore he trow'd none durſt againſt him ſtand;
Wonder he thought when that he ſaw that ſight,
Why his good men for ſo few took the flight.
At that return twenty in field were tint,
And Moreland als, therefore he would not ſtint,
But followed faſt with three hundred but dread,
And ſwore he ſhould be venged on that deed.
The Scots wan horſe, becauſe their own could fail,
In fleeing ſyne choos'd them the moſt avail.
Out of that field thus wight Wallace is gone,
Of his good men he had not loſed one;
Five wounded were, yet blythly forth they rode.
Wallace a ſpace behind them ay he bode,
And Halliday prov'd well in many place,
Sib ſiſter's ſon he was to good Wallace.
Warily they rode, and held their horſe in end,
For they trowed well Southeron would offend.
With haill power atanes on them to ſet;
But Wallace caſt their power for to let;
To break their ray he buſied him full faſt.
Then Engliſhmen ſo greatly were agaſt,
That none of them durſt ruſh out of the ſtall,
All in array held them together haill.

The Southeron saw how that so handonly,
Wallace abode near hand their chevalry.
By Moreland's horse they knew him wonder well,
Past to their Lord, and told him everilk deal.
Lo Sir, said they, forsooth yon same is he,
That with his hand has gart so many die;
Hath his horse grace upon his feet to bide,
He dreads not through five thousand for to ride;
We rede you cease, and follow him no more,
For dread that we repent it syne full sore.
He blamed them, and said, Men well may see,
Cowards ye are, that for so few would flee.
For their counsel yet would he leave them nought,
In great ire he upon them sadly sought,
Wailing a place where he might bargain make.
Wallace was wo upon him for to take,
And he so few, to bide them on a plain;
At Queensberry he would have been full fain.
Upon himself he took full great travail
To fend his men, if that might ought avail.
A sword he drew, right man-like him to wear,
Ay waiting fast if he might get a spear.
Now here, now there, before them to and fro,
His horse gave over, and might no further go,
Right at the skirt of Queensberry befell;
But upon grace, as my author will tell,
Sir John the Graham, that worthy was and wight,
To the Tor-head came on the other night,
Thirty with him of noble men at wage,
The first daughter he had in marriage
Of Halliday was nephew to Wallace,
Tidings to speir Sir John past off that place,

With

With men to speak, where they a tryst had set,
Right near the stead where Scots and English met.
One Kirkpatrick, that cruel was and keen,
In Eskdale wood that half a year had been.
With Englishmen he could not well accord,
Of Torthorowald he Baron was and Lord.
Of kin he was to Wallace mother dear,
Of Crawford side, that mid-ward had to stear;
Twenty he had of worthy men and wight.
By then Wallace approached to their sight.
Sir John the Graham, when he the counter saw,
On them he rode, and stood but little aw;
His Good-father he knew right wonder well,
Cast down his spear, and feigned not a deal.
Kirkpatrick als, with worthy men in wear,
Fifty in front atanes then down they bear;
Through the thickest of three hundred they rade,
On Southeron men full great slaughter they made.
Them to rescue that were in fellon throng,
Wallace on foot the great power among,
Good room he gat through help of God his grace.
The Southeron fled, and left them in that place.
Horses they wan to stuff the chase good speed,
Wallace and his that doughty were in deed.
Graystock took flight on stern horse and stout,
An hundred held together in a rout.
Wallace on them full sadly could pursue,
The fleeing well of Englishmen he knew,
That ay the best would pass with their Chiftain;
Before him he found good Sir John the Graham,
Ay striking down whom he might overby.
Then Wallace said, This is but vast folly,

Commons to ſlay, where Chiftains go away;
Your horſe are freſh, therefore do as I ſay.
Good men you have, are yet in noble ſtate,
To yon great rout, for God's love, hold your gate,
Sunder them ſoon, we ſhall come at your hand.
When Sir John did his tale well underſtand,
Of none other from thencefoyth took he heed,
To the foremoſt he followed with good ſpeed.
Kirkpatrick als conſidered their counſel,
They charg'd their men to follow on the ſtail.
At his command full ſoon with them they met.
Sad ſtrokes and ſore upon them ſadly ſet.
Sir John the Graham to Grayſtock faſt he ſought,
His prys peſant then helped him right nought;
Upon the craig a graith ſtroke gat him right,
The buirly blade was broad, and burniſht bright,
In ſunder carv'd the mailzies of fine ſteel,
Through bone and brawn it pierced ever ilk deal;
Dead with that dint to the eard down he drave.
By that Wallace was ſembled with the lave,
Derfly to death feil freiks there did he dight,
Roſe never again what one that he hit right.
Kirkpatrick then, Thom Halliday, and their men,
Their doughty deed was noble for to ken.
At the Knockhead the bold Grayſtock was ſlain,
And many men which were of meikle main.
To ſave their life part in the wood is paſt,
The Scotſmen then relevit together faſt.
When that Wallace with Sir John Graham was met,
Right goodly he with humbleneſs him gret;
Pardon he ask'd of the reproof before,
Into the chaſe, and ſaid, he ſhould no more

Formatio

Formation make of him that was so good.
When that Sir John Wallace well understood,
Do away, he said, thereof as now na mare,
You did full right, it was for our welfare,
Wiser in war you are all out than I,
Father in arms you are to me for thy.
Kirkpatrick syne, that was his cousin dear,
He thanked him right on a good manner.
Not one was lost of all their chevalry;
Sir John the Graham to them came happily.
The day was down, and proaching was the night,
At Wallace they asked his counsel right.

CHAP. IV.

How *Wallace* wan *Lochmabane* House.

He answer'd thus, I speak but with your leave,
Right loath I were any good man to grieve,
But this I say, in terms short for me,
I would assail, if ye think it may be,
Lochmabane house, which now is left alone,
For well I wot power in it is left none;
Carlavrock als yet Maxwel has in hand;
If we had thels, they might be both a wand
Against Southeron that now have our country,
Say what ye will, this is the best thinks me.
Sir John the Graham gave first his good consent,
Syne all the lave, right with a haill intent.
To Lochmabane right hastily they ride,
When they came near not half a mile beside,
The night was mirk, to counsel are they gone,
Of moon or star appearance was there none.

Then Wallace ſaid, Methinks the land at reſt,
Thom Halliday, you know this country beſt;
I hear no noiſe of feil folk here about,
Therefore I trow we are the leſs in doubt.
Halliday ſaid, I will take one with me,
And ride before the manour for to ſee.
Watſon he called, With me make thee bown,
With them you was a neighbour of this town.
I grant I was with them againſt my will,
Mine intent is ever to do them ill.
Unto the yate thir two pertly forth rode,
The porter came without longer abode,
At John Watſon ſoon tidings he could aſk,
Open he bade, the Captain coming was,
The yate, but more, unwiſely up he drew.
Thom Halliday ſoon by the craig him threw,
And with a knife he ſticked him to dead,
In a dark hole caſt him down in that ſtead.
John Watſon ſyne has hint the keys in hand,
The power then with Wallace was comand;
They entred in, before them found no mo,
Except women, and ſimple ſervants two,
In kitching ſcudlers long time had they been,
Soon were they ſlain. When the Lady had them ſeen,
Grace, ſhe cryed, for him that died on tree.
Then Wallace ſaid, Madam, your noiſe let be,
To women yet we do but little ill,
And no young child do we like for to ſpill.
I would have meat, Halliday, what ſayſt thou;
For faſting folk to dine good time were now,
Great purveyance was ordain'd them before,
Both bread and ale, good wine and other ſtore.

To meat they bown'd, for they had fasted lang,
Good men at arms into the close gart gang.
Part fleeing folk, on foot that from them glade,
On the Knock-head, where great mellie was made,
Ay as they came John Watson let them in,
And done to dead withoutten noise or din,
No man left there that was of England born.
The castle well they visied on the morn,
For Johnston sent, a man of good degree,
Second daughter forsooth wedded had he
Of Halliday, dear nephew to Wallace,
Great Captain they then made him of that place.
They left him there into a good array,
Syne issued forth upon the second day.
Women had leave in England for to fare.
Sir John the Graham and good Wallace could care
To the Tor-head, and lodged all that night;
Upon the morn the sun was at the hight,
After dinner they would no longer bide,
Their purpose took in Crawford muir to ride.
Sir John the Graham, with Wallace that was wight,
Thom Halliday, again returned right
To the Tor-hall, and there remain'd but dread.
No Southeron wist principal who did this deed.
Kirkpatrick past into Eskdale woods wide,
In safety there he thought he should abide.
Sir John the Graham, and good Wallace in fest,
With them forty of men in arms clear,
Through Crawford muir, as then they took the way,
On Englishmen their mind remained ay.

CHAP. V.

How *Wallace* slew the Captain of the Castle of *Crawford*, and wan the Castle thereof.

FRom Crawford-John the water down they ride,
Near hand the night they lighted upon Clyde;
Their purpose took into a quiet vale.
Then Wallace said, I would we might assail
Crawford castle, with some good jeopardie,
Sir John the Graham, how say you best may be?
This good Knight said, If the men were without,
To take the house there is but little doubt.
A Squire then ruled that Lordship haill,
Of Cumberland born, his name was Martindale.
Then Wallace said, Myself will pass in feir,
And one with me, of harbery for to speir;
Follow on nigh, if that we mister ought.
Edward Little with his master forth sought
To an ostry, and with a woman met.
She told to them, that Southeron there were set;
If ye be Scots, I counsel you pass by,
For, if they may, ye'll get ill harbery;
At drink they are, so have they been right long,
Great word there is of Wallace them among;
They trow that he has found his men again,
At Lochmabane fell Englishmen are slain,
That house is tint, that gars them be full wo,
I trow to God that they shall soon tine mo.
Wallace speir'd, of Scotland if she be.
She said him, Yea, and I think yet to see
Sorrow on them, through help of God his grace.
He asked her, who was into that place.

No man of fence is left that houſe within,
Twenty are here making great noiſe and din.
Alace, ſhe ſaid, if I might once but ſee,
The worthy Scots moſt maſter in it be.
With this woman he would no longer ſtand,
A beckon he made, Sir John came at his hand.
Wallace went in, and ſaid, Benedicite.
The Captain ſpeir'd, What bellamy may you be.
That comes ſo grim, ſome tidings to us tell,
Thou art a Scot, the Devil thy nation quell.
Wallace braid out his ſword withoutten mare,
Into the breaſt the brim Captain he bare,
Throughout the coſt, and ſticked him to dead.
Another he hit atkward on the head;
Whoever he ſtrake he burſted bone and lyre,
Feil of them dead fell thwart over in the fire.
Haſty payment he made them on the floor,
And Edward Little keeped well the door.
Sir John the Graham full fain would have been in,
Edward him bade at the caſtle begin,
For of thir folk we have but little dread.
Sir John the Graham faſt to the caſtle yeed.
Wallace rudely ſik routs unto them gave,
Theſe twenty men deerly to death they drave;
Fifteen he ſtrake, and fifteen has he ſlain,
Edward ſlew five which was of meikle main.
To the caſtle Wallace had great deſire.
By that Sir John had ſet the yate on fire;
None were therein that great defence could ma,
But women faſt were weeping into wa.
Without the place an old bulwark was made,
Wallace yeed over without longer abade,

The women soon he saved from the dead,
Weak folk he put, and bairns out of that stead.
Of purveyance they found little or none,
Before that time their victual was all gone;
Yet in that place they lodged still that night,
From ostlaries brought sik goods as they might.
Upon the morn the house they spulzied fast,
All things they dought out of that place they cast.
Tree-work they burnt, that was into these wanes,
Walls brake they down that stalwart were of stanes.
Spoil'd what they might, syne would no longer bide,
Unto Dundaff that same night did they ride,
And lodged there with mirth and great pleasance,
Thanking great God that lent them sik a chance.

THE ACTS and DEEDS of the moſt Famous and Valiant Champion, Sir *WILLIAM WALLACE*, Knight of *ELLERSLIE*.

The Sixth BOOK.

CHAP. I.

How *Wallace* was betaken with Love, and troubled with War.

THEN paſſed were the octaves of Februar,
So part of March of right digeſtion;
Appeared then the laſt month of Ver,
The ſign of ſummer with his ſweet ſeaſon.
By that Wallace off Dundaff made him bown;
His leave he took, and to Gilbank can fare.
The rumour roſe through Scotland up and down,
With Engliſhmen, that Wallace living were.

Into April, when clothed is but ween,
The able ground, by working of nature,
And woods have won their worthy weed of green,
When Nympheus, in building of his bour,
With oyl and balm fulfill'd of sweet odour,
Famous matters, as they are wont to gang,
Walking their course in every casual hour,
To glad the hunter with his merry sang.
In this same time to him approached new
His lusty pain, the which I spake of ayr,
By love's cause, he thought for to pursue
In Lanerk town, and thither can he fare;
At residence a while remained there
In her presence as I said of before;
Though Englishmen were griev'd at his repair,
Yet he desir'd the thing that set him sore.
The fire of love ruled him on sik ways,
He liked well with that goodly to be.
Whiles would he think of danger for to rise,
And other whiles out of her presence flee.
To cease of war it were the best for me,
Thus win I nought but sadness on each side.
Shall never man this cowardice see in me,
To war I will, for chance that may betide.
What is this love? it is but great mischance,
That me would bring from arms utterly;
I will not lose my worship for pleasance,
In war I think my time to occupy,
Yet her to love I will not let for thy,
More shall I desire her friendship to reserve,
From this day forth, than ever before did I,
In feir of war, whether I live or starve.

What

What should I say, Wallace was plainly set
To love her best in all this world so wide,
Thinking he should of his desire to get;
And so befel by concord in a tide,
That she was made at his command to bide,
And thus began the stinting of this strife,
Beginning band, with great witness beside,
Mine author says, she was his righteous wife.
Now live in peace, now live in good concord,
Now live in bliss, now live in haill pleasance,
For she by choice has both her Love and Lord.
He thinks also love did him high advance,
So evenly held by favour the ballance,
Since he at will may lap her in his arms.
She thanked God of her free happy chance,
For in his time he was the flower of arms.
Fortune him shew'd her figured double face,
Feil syse ere then he had been set above.
In prison now, deliver'd now through grace,
Now at unease, now into rest and ruff;
Now well at will, weilding his pleasant love,
Als thought himself out of adversitie,
Desiring ay his manhood for to prove,
In courage set upon the stages hie.
The very truth I cannot graithly tell
Into this life how long that they had been;
Through natural course of generation fel,
A child was chevit thir two lovers between,
Which goodly was, a maiden bright and sheen;
So further forth, by even time of her age,
A Squire Schaw, as that full well was seen,
This lyflat man her got in marriage.

Right goodly men came of this Lady young.
Further as now of her I speak na mare;
But Wallace forth unto his war can run,
He might not cease, great courage so him bare;
Southeron to slay for dread he would not spare,
And they oftsyes fell causes to him wrought,
From that time forth, which moved him so sare,
That never in world out of his mind was brought.
Now leave thy mirth, now leave thy haill pleasance,
Now leave thy bliss, now leave thy childish age,
Now leave thy youth, now follow thy hard chance,
Now leave thy lust, now leave thy marriage,
Now leave thy love, or thou shalt lose a gage
Which never in earth shall be redeem'd again;
Follow fortune, and all her fierce outrage,
Go live in war, go live in cruel pain.
Fy on fortune, fy on thy frivole wheel,
Fy on thy trust, for here it has no laste,
Thou Wallace hast transfigur'd out of his well,
When he trusted for to have lived best,
His pleasance here to him was but a jest;
Through thy fierce course, that has no hap to ho,
Him you overthrew out of his liking rest,
From great pleasance, to travel, war and wo.
What is fortune, who dives the date so fast?
We wot there is both well and wicked chance;
But this false world, with many double cast,
In it is nought but very variance,
It is nothing to heavenly governance.
Then pray we all to the Maker above,
Which has in hand of justice the balance,
That he us grant of his dear lasting love.

Here co

Hereof as now further I speak na mare,
But to my purpose shortly will I fare.

CHAP. II.

How *Hesilrig* and Sir *Robert Thorn* set on *Wallace* in *Lanerk* Town, and slew his Love.

Twelve hundred years, thereto ninety and seven,
From Christ was born, the righteous King of heaven,
William Wallace into good liking goes,
In Lanerk town among his mortal foes.
The Englishmen, that ever false have been,
With Hesilrig which cruel was and keen,
And Robert Thorn, a fellon subtil knight,
They found the way by what means best they might,
How that they should make contrare to Wallace,
By argument, as he came upon case,
On from the kirk, that was without the town,
While their power might be in harness bown.
Sir John the Graham, both hardy wise and true,
To Lanerk came, good Wallace to pursue,
Of his welfare, as he full oft had seen,
Good men he had in company fifteen,
And Wallace nine, they were no feirs mo;
Upon the morn unto the Mass they go,
They and their men graithed in goodly green,
For the season sik use full long has been.
When sadly they had said their devotion,
One argued them, as they went through the town,
The starkest man that Hesilrig then knew,
And als he had of lightly words enew.

He saluſt them, as it were but in scorn,
Dieu garde, Good day, Bon Seigneour, and, Good morn.
Whom scorns thou? quoth Wallace, Who leer'd thee?
Why, Sir, he said, come you not new over sea?
Pardon me then, for I wend you had been,
An ambassade to bring an uncouth Queen.
Wallace answer'd, Sik pardon as we have
In use to give, thy part thou shalt not crave.
Since ye are Scots, yet saluſt shall ye be,
Good even, Dauch Lard, bath louth banzoth a de.
More Southeron men to them assembled near.
Wallace as then was loath to make a stear.
One made a scrip and tit at his long sword.
Hold still thy hand, quoth he, and speak thy word.
With thy long sword thou makeſt meikle boast.
Thereof, quoth he, thy Dame made little cost.
What cause hast thou to wear that goodly green?
My moſt cause is but for to make thy teen.
What should a Scot do with so fair a knife?
So said the Priest that last jangled thy wife;
That woman long has stiled him so fair,
While that his child worthit to be thine heir.
Methinks, quoth he, thou drivest me to scorn,
Thy Dame has been japped ere thou wast born.
The power then assembled them about.
Two hundred men that stalwart were and stout.
The Scots then saw their power was comand,
Sir Robert Thorn and Heſilrig at hand,
The multitude with weapons burnisht been.
The worthy Scots, which cruel were and keen,
Among the Southeron sik dints gave that tide,
While blood on breid burſted from wounds wide.

Wallace

Wallace in stour was cruelly fightand,
From a Southeron he smote off the right hand,
And when that carl of fighting might na mare,
With the left hand in ire held a buckler.
Then from the stump the blood out spurged fast,
In Wallace face abundantly can out cast.
Into great part it marr'd him of his sight.
Sir John the Graham a stroke has tane him right,
With his good sword, upon the Southeron syre,
Derfly to death dzave him into that ire.
The peril was right awful, hard and strong,
The stour endured marvellous and long.
The Englishmen gathered so fellon fast,
The worthy Scots the gate left at the last.
When they had slain and wounded many man,
To Wallace inn, the gainest way they can,
They passed soon, defending them right well,
He and Sir John, with swords of temper'd steel,
Behind their men, while they the gate had tane.
The woman then, which was full will of wane,
The peril saw, with fellon noise and din,
Set up the yate, and let them enter in.
Through to a strength they passed off that stead.
Fifty Southeron upon the gate were dead.
This fair woman did business and her might,
The Englishmen to tarry with a slight,
While that Wallace unto the wood was past;
Then Cartlane crags they pursued full fast.
When Southeron saw that scaped was Wallace,
Again they turn'd, the woman took on case,
Put her to death, I cannot tell you how,
Of sik matter I may not tarry now,

Where great dole is, but redeeming again,
Newing of it is but eiking of pain.
A true woman, had served her full lang,
Out of the town the gainest way can gang,
To Wallace told how all this deed was done,
The painful wo sought to his heart full soon;
Were not for shame he had sought to the ground,
For bitter bail that in his breast was bound.
Sir John the Graham, both wise, gentle and free,
Great mourning made, that pity was to see;
And als the lave that were assembled there,
For pure sorrow weeped with hearts full sare.
When Wallace felt their courage was so small,
He feigned him for to comfort them all.
Cease, men, he said, this is a bootless pain,
We cannot now chevis her life again.
Uneale a word he might bring out for teen,
The bailful tears burst braithly from his eyn.
Sighing, he said, Shall never man me see
Rest into ease, while this deed wroken be,
The sakeless slaughter of her both blyth and bright,
That I avow to the Maker of might,
That of that nation I will never forbear,
Young nor old, that able is for wear;
Priests nor women I think not for to sla,
In my default but they me causing ma.
Sir John, he said, let all this mourning be,
And for her sake there shall ten thousand die;
Where men may weep, there courage is the less,
It slakes the ire of wrong they should redress.

CHAP.

CHAP. III.

How *Wallace* slew *Hesilrig*, and burnt Sir *Robert Thorn*, and Twelvescore *Englishmen*, in *Lanerk*.

Of their complaint as now I speak na mare,
But of Auchinleck of Gilbank dwelling there.
When he heard tell of Wallace's veration,
To Cartlane wood with ten men made him bown,
Wallace he found some part within; that night
To Lanerk town in all haste they them dight.
The watch of them as then had little heed,
Parted their men, and divers gates they yeed.
Sir John the Graham, and his good company,
To Sir Robert of Thorn full fast they hy.
Wallace and his to Hesilrig soon past,
In a high house where he was sleeping fast,
Strake at the door with his foot hardily,
Till bar and brace in the floor he gart ly.
The Sheriff cry'd, Who makes that great deray?
Wallace, he said, that thou hast sought all day,
The woman's death, will God, thou shalt dear buy.
Hesilrig thought it was no time to ly,
Out of that house full fain he would have been.
The night was mirk, yet Wallace has him seen,
Fiercely him strake, as he came, in great ire,
Upon the head, bursted through bone and lyre,
The shearing sword glade to his collar-bone,
Out over the stair among them is he gone.
Good Auchinleck trow'd not that he was dead,
Thrice with a knife stacked him in that stead.
The cry about rose rudely on the street,
Feil of the lave were fulzied under feet.

Young Heſilrig and wight Wallace are met,
A ſiker ſtroke William has on him ſet,
Deadly to death off the ſtair dang him down.
Many they ſlew that night in Lanerk town.
Some grates they lap, and ſome ſticked within,
Affear'd they were with hideous noiſe and din.
Sir John the Graham had ſet the houſe in fire,
Where Robert Thorn was burnt up bone and lyre.
Twelvescore they ſlew that were of England born,
Women they left and Prieſts upon the morn
To paſs their way, of bills and goods right bare,
And ſwore that they again ſhould come na mare.
When Scots had heard thir fine tidings of new,
Out of all parts to Wallace faſt they drew,
Plenisht the town, which was their heritage.
Thus Wallace ſtrove againſt that great barnage,
So he began, with ſtrength and ſtalwart hand,
To chevis again ſome rooms of Scotland.
The worthy Scots, that ſembled to him there,
Choos'd him their Chief, their Chiftain and Leader.
Aymer Vallange, a ſubtil tyrant Knight,
In Bothwel dwelt, King Edward's man full right.
Murray was out, though he was righteous Lord
Of all that land, as true men will record;
Into Arran he was dwelling that tide,
And other men durſt not in this land bide;
But this falſe Knight in Bothwel winning was;
A man he gart ſoon to King Edward paſs,
And told him haill of Wallace ordinance,
How he had put his people to miſchance,
And plainly was riſing again to reign.
Grieved thereat right greatly was the King;

Through

Throughout all England he gart his doers cry,
Power to get, and said, he would plainly
In Scotland pass, that realm to statute new.
Feil men of war to him full fast they drew.
The Queen felt well how that his purpose was,
To him she went, on knees syne can him ask,
He would desist, and not in Scotland gang,
He should have dread to work so fellon wrang;
Christians they are, yon is their heritage,
To reave that crown it is a great outrage.
For her counsel at home he would not bide,
His Lords them let in Scotland for to ride.
A Scotsman then that dwelt with King Edward,
When he heard tell that Wallace took sik part,
He stole from them as privily as he may;
Into Scotland he came upon a day,
Seeking Wallace he made him ready bown.
This Scot was born in Kyle at Richardtoun,
All England coast he knew it wonder well,
From Hull about to Bristow everilk deal;
From Carlile through Sandwich that royal stead,
From Dover over unto Saint Bay's Head;
In Pickardie and Flanders he had been,
All Normandy and France haill he had seen;
A pursevant to King Edward in wear,
But he could never gar him his arms bear;
Of great stature, and some part gray was he,
The Englishmen call'd him Vot Grymysbe.
To Wallace came, and into Kyle him fand,
He told him haill the tidings of England.
They turn'd his name, from time that they him knew,
And call'd him Jop, of ingyne he was true;

In all his time good ſervice in him fand,
And gave him to bear the arms of Scotland,
Wallace again in Clydſedale ſoon he rode,
And his power ſembled without abode.
He gart command, who that his peace would take,
A free remit he ſhould gar to them make,
For all kind deed that they had done before.
The Peircie's peace and Sir Rannald's was worn.
Feil to him drew that boldly durſt abide,
Of Wallace kin, from many divers ſide.
Sir Rannald then ſent him his power haill,
Himſelf durſt not be known in battail
Againſt Southeron, for he had made a band,
Long time before, to hold of them his land.
Adam Wallace paſt out of Richardtoun,
And Robert Boyd, with good men of renown.
Of Cuninghame and Kyle came men of vail,
To Lanerk ſought, on horſe a thouſand haill.
Sir John the Graham, and his good chevalry,
Sir John of Tinto, with men that he might be,
Good Auchinleck, that Wallace uncle was,
Many true Scot with that Chiftain could paſs,
Three thouſand haill of likely men in wear,
And feil on foot, which wanted horſe and gear.

CHAP. IV.

How *Wallace*, with Three thouſand Men, defeat King *Edward* with Sixty thouſand, at *Biggar*.

The time by this was coming upon hand;
The awful hoſt, with Edward of England,

To Biggar town, with sixty thousand men,
In war-weeds that cruel were to ken.
They planted the field with tents and pallions,
Where clarions blew full many mighty sounds,
Plenisht that place with good victual and wine,
In carts brought their purveyance full fine.
The awful King gart two Heraulds be brought,
Gave them command, in all the haste they mought,
To charge Wallace, that he should come him till,
Without promise, and put him in his will;
Because we wot he is a gentleman,
Come in my grace, and I shall save him than;
As for his life I will upon me take;
And after this, if he could service make,
He shall have wage that may him well suffice.
That rebel weens, though he has done surprise
To my people oft upon aventure,
Against me now he may not long endure.
To this proffer if he gainstanding be,
Here I avow he shall be hanged hie.
A young Squire then was there named Sir Hew,
He thought that he disguised would pursue,
Wallace to see, that took so high a part,
Born sister's son he was to King Edward.
A coat of arms he took on him but bode,
With the Heraulds full privily he rode
To Tinto-hill, withoutten residence,
Where Wallace lay, with his folk, at defence.
A likely host, as of so few, they fand;
To him they sought, and would no longer stand.
If you be he that ruleth all this thing,
Credence we have brought from our worthy King.

Then Wallace gart three Knights unto him call,
Syne read the writ in presence of them all.
To them he said, Answer ye shall not crave,
By writ or word, which likes you best to have.
In writ, they said, it were the likeliest;
Then Wallace thus began to byte in haste.
" Thou reaver King, who chargest me through rase,
" That I should come, and put me in thy grace;
" If I gainstand, thou heghtest to hang me,
" I vow to God, if ever I may take thee,
" Thou shalt be hang'd, an example to give
" To Kings of rest, as long as I may live.
" Thou proffereſt me thy wages for to have,
" I thee defie, thy power, and all the lave
" That help thee here, of thy false nation,
" Will God thou shalt be put off this region,
" Or die therefore, contrare though thou hadst sworn,
" Thou shalt us see before nine hours the morn,
" Battle to give, maugre of all thy kin,
" For falsly thou seekest our realm to win.
This writ he gave to the Heraulds but mare,
And good reward he gart deliver them there.
But Jop knew well the Squire young Sir Hew,
And told Wallace, for he was ever true;
Then he commanded, that they should them take,
Himself began sore arguling to make.
Squire, he said, since thou hast feigned arms,
On thee shall fall the first part of thir harms,
Sample to give to all thy false nation.
Upon the hill he gart them set him down,
Strake off his head, ere they would further go.
To the Herauld said syne withoutten ho,

Because to arms thou art false and mainswoin,
Through thy cheek thy tongue shall be out-shoin.
When that was done, then to the third said he,
Arms to judge thou shalt never graithly see.
He gart a Smith, with his turkels right there,
Pull out his eyes, syne gave them leave to fare.
To your false King thy fellow shall thee lead,
With my answer turse him his nephew's head,
Thus soie I mead thy King, and all his host.
His dumb fellow him led unto their host.
When King Edward his herauids thus had seen,
In proper ire he war'd near wood for teen,
That he wist not on what ways him to weak,
For sorrow almost a word he might not speak.
A long while he stood wrything in a rage,
On loud he said, This is a fell outrage,
This deed to Scots full dear it shall be bought,
So despiteful in world was never wrought.
Off this region I think not for to gang,
While time that I shall see that rebel hang.
Let I him thus into his sorrow dwell,
Of the good Scots shortly I will you tell.
Forth from his men then Wallace raked right,
To him he call'd Sir John Tinto the Knight,
And let him wit, to visie he would go
The English host, and bade him tell no mo,
Whatever they speir'd, while that he came again.
Wallace disguis'd thus bowned over the plain.
Betwixt Culter and Biggar as he past,
He was aware where a work-man came fast,
Driving a mare, and pitchers for to sell.
Good friend, he said, in truth wilt thou me tell,

With this chaffare where paſſeſt thou truly.
To any, Sir, who liketh for to buy,
It is my craft, and I would ſell them fain.
I will them buy, ſo God me ſave from pain;
What price, let hear, I will take them ilk ane.
But half a mark, for ſik price have I tane.
Twenty ſhillings, ſaid Wallace, thou ſhalt have;
I will have more, pitchers and all the lave;
Thy gown and hoſe in haſte put off thee ſyne,
And make a change, for I ſhall give thee mine,
And thy old hood, becauſe it is thread-bare.
The man ween'd well that he had ſcorn'd him there.
Do, tarry not, it is ſooth I thee ſay.
The man caſt off his feeble weed of gray,
And Wallace his, and paid ſilver in hand.
Pals on, he ſaid, thou art a proud merchant.
The gown and hoſe in clay that clagged was,
The hood heckled, and made him for to pals.
The whip he took, ſyne forth the mare can call,
Attour the bray the upmoſt pot gart fall,
Brake on the ground. The man leugh at his fare,
But thou beware, thou tines of thy chaffare.
The Sun by then was paſſed out of ſight,
The day over-went, and coming was the night.
Among the Southeron full buſily he paſt,
On either ſide his eyes began to caſt,
Where Lords lay, and had their lodging made,
The King's pallion whereon the leopard bade,
Spying full faſt, where his avail might be,
And could well wink, and look up with one eye.
Some ſcorned him, ſome glied carle call'd him there,
Grieved they were for their Heraulds miſfare.

Som

Some speir'd at him, how sold he of the best.
For sorty penies, he said, while they may laste.
Some brake a pot, some pricked at his eye.
Wallace fled out, and privily let them be.
Unto his host again he past full right.
His men by then had tane Tinto the Knight,
Sir John the Graham gart bind him wonder fast,
For he wist weil he was with Wallace last.
Some bade burn him, some hang him in a cord,
They swore that he deceived had their Lord.
Wallace by this was entred them among,
To him he yeed, and would not tarry long;
Syne he gart loose him out of these bands new,
And said, he was both sober, wise and true.
To sup soon they bowned but more abade,
He told to them what market he had made,
And how that he the Southeron saw full weil.
Sir John the Graham displeased was some deal,
And said to him, Not Chiftain-like it was,
Through wilfulness, in sik peril to pass.
Wallace answer'd, Ere we win Scotland free,
Both you and I in more peril must be,
And many other, the which full worthy is.
Now of a thing we do some part amiss,
A little sleep I would fain that we had,
With yon men syne look how we may us glade.
The worthy Scots took good rest while near day,
Then rose they up, to ray soon ordain'd they;
The hill they left, and to a plain are gane,
Wallace himself the vanguard he has tane;
With him was Boyd and Auchinleck but dread,
With a thousand of worthy men in weed.

As many syne in the mid-ward put he,
Sir John the Graham he gart their leader be;
With him Adam young Lord of Richardtoun,
And Somervel a Squire of great renown.
The third thousand in the rere-ward he dight,
To Walter gave of Newbigging the Knight;
With him Tinto that doughty was in deed,
And David son of Sir Walter to lead.
Behind them near the footmen gart he be,
And bade them bide, while they their time might see;
Ye want weapons and harnels in this tide,
The first counter ye may not them abide.
Wallace gart soon the Chiftains to him call,
This charge he gave, for chance that might befal,
To take no heed to gear, nor of pillage,
For they will flee as wood men in a rage;
Win first the men, the goods syne ye may have,
Then take no tent of covetice to crave.
Through covetice some lose both goods and life,
I you command forbear sik in our strife;
Look that ye save no Lord, Captain, nor Knight,
For worship work, and for our elders right.
God bless us all, may we in sik voyage
Put thir false folk out of our heritage.
Then they inclined all with goodly will,
His plain command they hecht for to fulfil.
On the great host thir parties fast can draw.
Coming to them, out of the South, they saw
Three hundred men into their armour clear,
The gainest way to them approached near.
Wallace said soon, They are no Englishmen,
For by this host the gates full well they ken.

Thom Halliday these men he guided right,
From Annandale he had them led that night;
His two good sons, Wallace and Rutherford.
Wallace was blyth when that he heard this word,
So was the rest of his good chevalry.
Jarden came there into their company,
And Kirkpatrick before in Eskdale was,
A wing they were in Wallace host to pass.
The English watch that night had been on steir,
Drew to their host right as the day can peir.
Wallace knew well, for he before had seen,
The King's pallion, where it had busked been.
Then with rich noise the Scots upon them rade,
The first counter so great abasing made,
That all the host was stonisht of that fight,
Full many one derely to death were dight;
Feil of them were as then out of aray,
The more hasty and awful was the fray.
The noise rushed through strokes that they on dang.
The rumour rose so rudely them amang,
That all the host was then in point to flee.
The wise Lords, frae they the peril see,
The fellon fray all raised was about,
And how their King stood in so meikle doubt,
To his pallion, then many thousands sought,
Him to rescue by any way they mought.
The Earl of Kent that night had waking been,
With five thousand of men in armour clean;
About the King full suddenly they gang,
And traist him well the sailzie was right strang.
All Wallace folk in use of war were good,
Into the stour syne lighted where they stood;

Whoever they hit, no harnels might them ſtint,
Frae they on foot aſſembled with ſwords dint;
Of manhood they in hearts full cruel was,
They thought to win, or never home to paſs;
Feil Engliſhmen before the King they ſlew.
Sir John the Graham came with his power new,
Among the hoſt, with the mid-ward he rade,
Great martyrdom on Southeron men they made.
The rere-ward then ſet on ſo hardily,
With Newbigging, and all the chevalry;
Pallion-ropes they cutted all in ſunder,
Born to the ground, and many ſmothered under.
The footmen came, the which I ſpake of ayre,
On frayed folk ſet ſtrokes both ſad and ſare;
Though they before wanted both horſe and gear,
Enough they got, what they would waill to wear.
The Scots power then all together were,
The King's pavilion hiimly down they bare.
The Earl of Kent, with a good ax in hand,
Into the ſtour full ſtoutly could he ſtand
Before the King, making full great debate,
Who beſt did then, he had the higheſt ſtate.
The fellown ſtour ſo ſtalwart was and ſtrong,
Thereto continued marvellous and long.
Wallace him ſaw, full ſadly could purſue,
And at a ſtroke that chief Captain he ſlew.
The Southeron folk fled faſt, and durſt not bide,
Horſed their King, and off the field could ride,
Againſt his will, for he was loath to flee,
Yet at that time he had no will to die;
Of his beſt men four thouſand there were dead,
Ere he could find to flee, and leave that ſtead;

Twenty

Twenty thousand with him fled in a stail.
The Scots got horse, and followed that battail,
Through Culter-hope; ere time they wan the hight
Feil Southeron folk were marred in their might,
Slain by the gate, as their King fled away.
Both fair and bright, and right clear was the day,
The Sun risen, shining over hill and dale;
Then Wallace cast what was his greatest vail.
The fleeing folk, that off the field first past,
Unto their King again relieved fast.
From either side so many sembled there,
That Wallace would let follow them na mare;
Before he rode, gart his folk turn again,
Of Englishmen seven thousand there were slain.
Then Wallace host again to Biggar rade,
Where Englishmen great purveyance had made.
The jewelry, as it was thither led,
Pallions and all they left when that they fled.
The Scots got gold, good gear, and other wage,
Relieved they were, that parted that pillage.
To meat they went, with mirth and great pleasance,
They spared not King Edward's purveyance.
With solace syne a little sleep they ta,
A private watch he gart among them ga.
Two Cooks there fell, their lives then for to save,
With dead corpses that lay unput in grave;
When they saw well the Scots were all at rest,
Out of the field to steal they thought it best;
Full low they crept, while they were out of sight,
After the host syne ran with all their might.
When that the Scots had sleeped but a while,
Then rose they up, for Wallace dreaded guile;

He said to them, The Southeron may pursue
Again to us, for they are folks enew;
Where Englishmen provision make in wear,
It is full hard to do them meikle dear;
On this plain field we will not them abide,
To some good strength my purpose is to ride.
The purveyance, that left was in that stead,
Unto Rops-bog he servants gart it lead,
With ordinance that Southeron brought in there,
He with the host to Davidshaw can fare,
And there remain'd a great space of the day.
Of Englishmen yet something will I say.
As King Edward through Culter-hope he sought,
When he perceiv'd the Scots him followed nought,
In Johns-green then he gart the host ly still;
Feil fleeing folk assembled soon him till.
When they were met, the King near worthit mad,
For his dear kin that he there loled had;
For his two Emes into the field were slain,
His second son that was of meikle main.
His brother Hew was killed there full cold,
The Earl of Kent, that cruel Baron bold,
With great worship took death before the King,
For him he mourn'd, as long as he might reign.
At this sembly as they in sorrow stand,
The two Cooks then came soon in at his hand,
And told to him how they escaped were,
The Scots now all as swine ly drunken there,
With your wight wine you gart us thither lead,
Full well you may be venged of their deed;
Upon our lives, it is sooth that we tell,
Return again, you shall find them yourself.

He blamed them, and said, no wit it was,
That he again for sik a tale should pass;
Their Chiftain is right marvellous in wear,
From sik peril he can full well them bear;
To seek him more as now I will not ride,
Our meat is lost, therefore we may not bide.
The hardy Duke of Longcastle and Lord,
Sovereign, he said, to our counsel concord;
If this be true, you have the more avail,
We may them win, and make but small travail;
Were yon folk dead, who may against us stand,
Then need we not for meat to leave the land.
The King answer'd, I will not ride again,
As at this time my purpose is in plain.
The Duke said, Sir, if you determin'd be,
To move you more it effeirs not for me,
Command your power again with me to wend,
And I of this shall see a final end.
Ten thousand haill he charged for to ride.
Here in this strength all night I shall you bide,
We may get meat of bestial in this land,
Good think as now we cannot bring to hand.
Of Westmorland the Lord had met him there,
On with the Duke he graithed him to fair;
At the first stroke with them he had not been,
With him he led a thousand well beseen.
A Pickard Lord was with a thousand bown,
Of King Edward he keeped Calais town,
Thir twelve thousand unto the field can fare,
The two Captains soon met them at Biggar,
With the haill stuff of Roxburgh and Berwick,
Sir Ralph Gray saw that they were Southeron like,

Out of the South approached to their sight,
He knew full well with them it was not right.
Aymer Vallange with his power came als,
King's Edward man, a tyrant Knight and falle.
When they were met they found nothing else there,
But dead corpses, and they were spoiled bare;
Then marvell'd they where that the Scots should be,
Of them about pearance they could not see;
But spies them told, that came with Sir Aymer,
In Davids-shaw they saw them make repare.
The fierce Southeron soon passed to that place;
The watch was ware, and told it to Wallace;
He warn'd the host out of that wood to ride,
In Roppis-bog he purpos'd for to bide.
A little shaw upon the one side was,
That men on foot might ost the bog out pass.
Their horse they left into that little hold,
On foot they thought the most that they should hold.
The English host had well their passage seen,
And followed fast with cruel men and keen;
They trow'd that bog might make them little bail,
Grown over with reys, and all the sward was hail.
On them to ride they ordain'd in great ire,
Of the foremost a thousand in the mire,
Of horse with men, were plunged in the deep.
The Scotsmen took of their coming good keep,
Upon them set with strokes both sad and sare,
Yeed none away of all that entred there;
Light men on foot upon them deftly dang,
Feil under horse were smothered in that thrang;
Stamped in mose, and with rude horse overgane.
The worthy Scots the dry land then have tane,

Upon the lave fighting full wonder fast,
And many groom they mave full soze agast.
Then Englishmen, that busy were in wear,
Assailed soze them from the mast to bear,
On either side; but then it was no boot,
The strength they held eight awfully on foot,
To men and hoze gave many grievous wound,
Feil to the dead they sticked in that stound.
The Pickard Lozd assailed sharply there,
Upon the Graham, with strokes both sad and sare.
Sir John the Graham, with a stiff swozd of steel,
His bright birny he peirced ever ilk deal,
Thzough all the stuff, sticked him in that stead,
Thus of his dint the bold Pickard was dead.
The English host took plain purpose to flee,
In their turning the Scots gart many die.
Wallace would fain at the Vallange have been,
Of Westmorland the Lozd was them between,
Wallace on him he set an awful dint,
Thzough basnet stuff, that no steel might it stint;
Derfly to death he left him in that place,
Thus the false Knight escaped thzough this case.
And Robert Boyd has with a Captain met
Of Berwick, then a sad stroke on him set
Ackward the craig, and carved the pesane,
Thzough all his weed, in sunder strake the bane.
Feil horsed men fled fast and durst not bide,
Rebuted ill unto their King they ride.
The Duke him told of all their journey hail,
His heart foz ire baldned in bitter bail;
Highly he heght he should never London see,
On Wallace deed while he revenged be,

Or lose his men again as he did ayre;
Thus sought he South with sorrow great and care;
At the Birk-hill a little tarry made,
Syne through the land but rest over Solway vade.
The Scots host there a night remained still,
Upon the morn they spoiled, with good will,
The dead corpses, syne could to Braidwood fare,
At a counsel three days they tarried there;
At Forest-kirk a meeting ordain'd he,
They chosed Wallace Scots warden to be,
Trusting he should their painful sorrow cease.
He receiv'd all that would come to his peace.
Sir William came that Lord of Douglas was,
Forsook Edward, at Wallace peace can ask;
In their thirlage he would no longer be,
Tribute before to England paid had he;
In contrare Scots with them he never rade,
Far better chear Wallace therefore him made.
Thus treated he, and cherisht wonder fair,
All true Scotsmen that fewty made him there,
And gave them greatly feil goods that they wan,
He warndit not to any good Scotsman.
Who would rebel, and go contrare to right,
He punisht sore, though he were Squire or Knight.
Thus marvellously good Wallace took in hand;
Likely he was, right fair and well-farrand,
Manly and stout, and thereto right liberal,
Pleasant and wise in all good governal.
To slay, forsooth, Southeron he spared nought;
But to Scotsmen full great profit he wrought.
Into the South soon after passed he,
As him best thought he ruled that country.

Sheriffs

Sheriffs he made that cruel were to ken,
And Captains alſo of wiſe true Scotſmen.
From Gamliſpath the land obey'd him haill,
To Ur water, both ſtrength, foreſt and dale.
Againſt him in Galloway houſe was none,
Except Wigtoun, bigged of lime and ſtone;
That Captain heard of the rule of Wallace,
Away he ſtole, by ſea, out of that place,
Leaved all waſte, and could in England wend;
But Wallace ſoon a keeper to it ſend,
A good Squire, and to name he was call'd,
Adam Gordon, as the ſtory me tald.

CHAP. V.

How *Wallace* took the Strength on the Water of *Cree*, and *Turnbury* in *Carrick*; and other his Feats.

A Strength there was on the water of Cree,
Within a rock, right ſtalwart wrought of tree;
A gate before, might no man to it win
But the conſent of them that dwelt within;
On the back-ſide a rock and water was,
A ſtrait entry forſooth it was to paſs.
To viſie it Wallace himſelf ſoon went,
Frae he it ſaw, he cait in his intent;
To win that hold he has choſen a gate,
That they within ſhould make little debate.
His power haill he gart bide out of ſight,
But three with him, while time that it was night;
Then took he two, when that the night was dim,
Steven of Ireland, and Kerlie that could climb,

The water under, and clamb the rock ſo ſtrong,
Thus entred they the Southeron men among.
The watch before took no tent to that ſide.
Thir three in feir ſoon to the port can glide.
Good Wallace then ſtrake the Porter himſell,
Dead over the rock into the dyke he fell,
Let down the bridge, and blew his horn on hight.
The buſhment brake, and came in all their might.
At their own will ſoon entred in that place,
To Engliſhmen they did full little grace;
Sixty they ſlew, in that hold was no mo,
But an old Prieſt, and ſimple women two.
Great purveyance was in that rock to ſpend.
Wallace bade ſtill while it was at an end,
Brake down the ſtrength, both bridge, and bulwark all,
Out over the rock they gart the timber fall,
Undid the gate, and would no longer bide,
In Carrick ſyne they bowned them to ride,
Haſted them not, but ſoberly could fare
To Turnbury; that Captain was of ayre
With Lord Piercie, to take his counſel haill.
Wallace purpos'd that place for to aſſail;
A woman told, when the Captain was gone
Good men of fence into that ſtead were none.
They fill'd the dyke with earth and timber haill,
Syne fir'd the yate, no ſuccour might avail.
A Prieſt there was, and gentlewomen within,
Which for the fire made hideous noiſe and din,
Mercy, they cry'd, for him that died on tree.
Wallace gart ſlake the fire, and let them be;
To make defence no more were leaved there,
He them command out of the land to fare.

Spulied

Spulied the place, and spoil'd all that they mought,
Upon the morn in Cummo soon they sought;
To Lanerk syne, and set a time of air,
Misdoers feil he gart be punisht there.
To good true men he gave full meikle wage,
His brother's son put to his heritage.
To the Black-craig in Cummo past again,
His houshold set with men of meikle main.
Three months there he dwelt into good rest.
Subtil Southeron found well it was the best,
Trews to take, for to eschew a chance,
To further this they sent for Knight Vallance;
Bothwel yet that traitor keeped still,
And Air all haill was at the Piercie's will.
The Bishop Beik in Glasgow dwelled there,
Through great supply of the Captain of Air.
Earl of Stamford, was Chancellor of England,
With Sir Aymer this travel took in hand,
Peace to procure by any manner of case;
A safe conduct they purchast of Wallace.
In Ruglen kirk the tryst then have they set,
A promise made to meet Wallace but let.
The day of this approached wonder fast,
The great Chancellor and Aymer thither past;
Syne Wallace came, and his men well beseen,
With him fifty arrayed all in green;
Ilk ane of them a bow and arrows bare,
And good long swords, the which full sharply share.
Into the kirk he gart a Priest reveis,
With humble mind, right meekly, heard a mass;
Syne up he rose, and to an altar went,
And his good men full cruel of intent.

In ire he grew that traitor when he said;
The Englishmen of his face stood great aid.
Wit ruled him, that he did no outrage.
The Earl beheld fast to his high courage,
Forethought some part that he came to that place,
Greatly abas'd for the wit of his face.
Sir Aymer said, This speech you must begin,
He will not bow to no part of your kin,
Sober'd ye are, I trow ye may speak well,
For all England he will not break a deal
His safe conduct, or where he makes a band.
The Chancellor then proffered him his hand.
Wallace stood still, and would not his hand take,
Friendship to them no likeness would he make.
Sir Aymer said, Wallace, ye understand,
This is a Lord, and Chancellor of England,
To salute him ye may with proper skill.
With short advise he made him answer till,
Sik saluting I use to Englishmen,
So shall he have, wherever I may him ken
At my power, to God I make a vow,
Out of soverance if that I had him now;
But for thy life, and all his land so brade,
I will not break this promise that is made:
I had rather at mine own will have thee,
Without conduct, that I might wroken be
Of thy false deed, thou dost in this region,
Than of pure gold a King his great ransom;
But for my band as now I will let be.
Chancellor, now forth what ye desire of me.
The Chancellor said, The most cause of this thing,
To procure peace I am sent from our King,

With

With the great seal, and voice of his Parliament,
What I bind here our Baronage shall consent.
Wallace answer'd, over little mends we have,
Since of our right ye occupy the lave,
Quit-claim our land, and we shall not deny.
The Chancellor said, Of no sik charge have I;
We will give gold, ere our purpose should fail.
Then Wallace said, in waste is that travail,
By favour gold we ask none of your kin,
In war of you we take that we may win.
Abas'd he was to make answer again.
Wallace said, Sir, we jangle not in vain,
My counsel gives, I will no fable make,
As for a year, a final peace to take;
Not for myself, that I bind to your seal,
I cannot trow that ever ye will be leal,
But for poor folk that greatly have been suppress'd,
I will take peace, while further we be advis'd.
Then hand they thus, there should be no debate,
Castle and town should stand in that sik state,
From that day forth, while a year were at end;
Sealed this peace, and took their leave to wend.
Wallace from them passed into the West,
Made plain repair where so him liked best;
Yet sore he dred that they should him deceive.
This indenture to Sir Rannald he gave,
His dear uncle, where it might keeped be,
In Cummo syne to his dwelling went he.

THE

ACTS and DEEDS of the moſt Famous and Valiant Champion,

Sir *WILLIAM WALLACE*, Knight of *ELLERSLIE*.

The Seventh BOOK.

CHAP. I.

The Barns of *Air*.

IN February befel the ſamen caſe,
That Engliſhmen took trews with good Wallace.
This paſſed over till end to March was ſought.
The Engliſhmen caſt all the ways they mought,
With ſubtilty, and wicked illuſion,
The worthy Scots to put to confuſion.
Into April the King of England came
In Cumberland, off Pomfret from his hame;

Into Carlile to a counsel he yeed,
Whereof the Scots might have full meikle dread;
Many Captain that was of England born,
Thither they past, sembled their King beforn;
No Scotsman there to that counsel they call'd,
But Sir Aymer, that traitor was of ald.
At him they speir'd, how they should take on hand,
The righteous blood to scowre out of Scotland.
Sir Aymer said, Their Chiftain can well do,
Right wise he is, and has great power too,
And now thir trews gives them sik hardiment,
That to your faith they will not all consent:
But would ye do right as I would you lear,
This peace to them it should be sold full dear.
Then deemed he, the false Southeron amang,
How they best might all the Scots Barons hang.
Four great barns that time stood into Air,
Wrought for the King, when his lodging was there,
Bigged about, that no man enter might,
But one at once, nor have of other sight,
There they ordained their Lords should be slain,
A Justice made, which was of meikle main.
To Piercie of this matter charge they laid,
With sad advice again to them he said,
These men to me have keeped truth sa lang,
Deceitfully I may not see them hang.
I am their foe, and warn them will I nought,
So I be quit, I rek not what be wrought;
From hence I will, and into Glasgow draw,
With our Bishop to hear of his new law.
Then chosed they a Justice fierce and fell,
Which Arnulph hecht, as my author will tell,

Of Southamptoun, that huge high heir and Lord,
He undertook to pine them with the cord.
Another air in Glasgow ordain'd they,
For Clydesdale-men, to stand that samen day;
Syne charged them, in all ways earnestly,
By no kin mean Wallace should scape them by:
For well they wist, were these men overthrown,
They might at will bruik Scotland as their own.
This band they close under their seals full fast,
Syne South over muir again King Edward past.
The new Justice received was in Air.
The Lord Piercie can unto Glasgow fare.
This air was set in June the eighteenth day,
And plainly cry'd, No free man were away.
The Scots marvell'd, and peace tane in the land,
Why Englishmen sik mastery took in hand.
Sir Rannald set a day before this air,
At Monktoun kirk, his friends to meet him there.
William Wallace unto that tryst could pass,
For he as then Warden of Scotland was.
This Master John a worthy Clerk was there,
He charg'd his kin for to bide from that air;
Right well he wist, frae Piercie fled that land,
Great peril was to the Scots appearand.
Wallace from them unto the kirk he yeed,
Pater noster, Ave, he said, and Creed;
Syne to the grete he lean'd him soberly,
Upon a sleep he staid full suddenly.
Cleland followed, and saw him fallen on sleep,
He made no noise, but wisely could him keep.
In that slumber coming him thought he saw,
An aged man fast toward him could draw,

Soon by the hand he hint him hastily,
I am, he said, in voyage charg'd with thee.
A sword him gave of huirly burnisht steel,
Good son, he said, this brand you shall bruik well.
Of Topaz stone him thought the plummet was,
Both hilt and hand all glittering like the glass.
Dear son, he said, we tarry here too long,
Thou shalt go see where wrought is meikle wrong;
Then he him led to a mountain on hight,
The world him thought he might see at a sight.
He left him there, syne soon from him he went.
Thereof Wallace studied in his intent,
To see him more he had still great desire,
Therewith he saw begin a fellon fire,
Which braithly burnt in breadth through all the land,
Scotland all over, from Ross to Solway-sand.
Then soon to him there descended a Queen,
Illuminate, light, shining full bright and sheen;
In her presence appeared so meikle light,
That all the fire she put out of his sight,
Gave him a wand of colour red and green,
With a Sapphire saved his face and eyn,
Welcome, she said, I choose thee for my love,
Thou art granted by the great God above,
To help people that suffer meikle wrong,
With thee as now I may not tarry long,
Thou shalt return to thy own use again,
Thy dearest kin are here in meikle pain;
This right region you must redeem it all,
Thy last reward in earth shall be but small;
Let not therefore, take redress of this miss,
To thy reward thou shalt have lasting bliss.

Of her right hand she betaught him a book,
And humbly thus her leave full soon she took,
Unto the cloud ascended off his sight.
Wallace brake up the book in all his might.
Into three parts the book well written was,
The first writing was gross letters of brass,
The second gold, the third was silver sheen.
Wallace marvell'd what this writing should mean;
To read the book he busied him sa fast,
His spirit again to waking mind is past,
And up he rose, syne soundly forth he went,
This Clerk he found, and told him his intent
Of his vision, as I have said before,
Completely through, what needs any words more.
Dear son, he said, my wit unable is
To ransack sik, for dread I say amiss;
Yet I shall deem, though my cunning be small,
God grant no charge after my words may fall.
Saint Andrew was gave thee that sword in hand,
Of Saints he is the bower of Scotland;
That mountain is, where he had thee on hight,
Knowledge to have of wrong that thou must right;
The fire shall be fell tidings, ere ye part,
Which shall be told in many sundry airt.
I cannot well wit what Queen that should be,
Whether Fortune, or our Lady so free,
Likely it is, by the brightness she brought,
Mother of him that all the world has wrought.
The pretty wand, I trow, by mine intent,
Assigns to you rule and cruel judgment;
The red colour, who graithly understood,
Betokens all to great battle and blood;

The green, courage, that thou art now among,
In trouble and war thou shalt continue long;
The Sapphire stone she blessed thee withal,
Is lasting grace, will God, shall to thee fall;
The threefold book is but this broken land,
Thou must redeem by worthiness of hand;
The brals letters betokens but to this,
The great oppress of war and meikle mis,
The which you shall bring to the right again,
But you therefore must suffer meikle pain;
The gold betokens honour and worthiness,
Victory in arms, that thou shalt have by grace;
The silver shews clean life and heaven's bliss,
To thy reward that mirth thou shalt not miss,
Dread not therefore, be out of all despair.
Further as now hereof I can na mare.
He thanked him, and thus his leave has tane,
To Corsbie syne with his uncle rode hame;
With mirth thus all the night they sojourn'd there,
Upon the morn they graith them to the air,
And forth they rode, while they came to Kincace,
With dreadful heart thus speired wight Wallace
At Sir Rannald, for the charter of peace.
Nephew, he said, thir words they are not lies,
It is leaved at Corsbie in the chest
Where you it laid, thereof no other wist.
Wallace answer'd, had we it here to shaw,
If they were false, we should not enter aw.
Dear son, he said, I pray thee pass again,
Though thou would send, that travel were in vain,
But you or I, can none it bring this tide.
Great grace it was made him again to ride.

Wallace return'd, and took with him but three,
None of them knew this indenture but he.
Unhap him led, forbid him could he nought,
Of false deceit this good knight had no thought.
Sir Rannald rode, but resting to the town,
Witting nothing of all this false treasoun.
That wicked sign so ruled the planet,
Saturn was then into his highest state,
Above Juno in his melancholy,
Jupiter and Mars ay cruel of envy;
Saturn as then advanced his nature,
Of tyranny he power had and cure,
Rebels rule in many fere nation,
Troublous weather makes many ships to drown;
His drieching is with Pluto in the sea,
As of the land, full of iniquity,
He wakens war, waxing of pestilence,
Falling of walls with cruel violence,
Poison is ryfe, among these other things,
Sudden slaughter of Emperors and Kings;
When Samson pull'd to ground the great pillar,
Saturn was then into his highest sphere;
At Thebes als of his power they tell,
When Phiorax sunk through the earth to hell;
Of the Trojans he had full meikle cure,
When Achilles at Troy slew good Hector;
Bourdeaux shent, and many cities mo,
His power yet it has no hap to ho;
In broad Britain fell vengeance has been seen,
Of this and more, ye wot well what I mean.
But to this house, that stalwart was and strong,
Sir Rannald came, and might not tarry long.

A baulk was knit all full of ropes so keen,
Sik a tolbooth sensyne was never seen;
Stern men were set the entry for to hald,
None might pass in, but ay as they were call'd.
Sir Rannald first to make fewty for his land,
The Knight went in, and would no longer stand;
A running cord they tipt over his head,
Hard to the baulk, and hanged him to dead.
Sir Brice the Blair next with his Eme in pass,
Unto the dead they hasted him full fast,
By he entred his head was in the snare,
Tied to the baulk, hanged to dead right there.
The third entred, that pity was for thy,
A worthy Knight, Sir Neil Montgomery;
And other fell of landed men about,
Many yeed in, but no Scotsman came out
Of Wallace part, they put to that derf dead;
Many Crawford so ended in that stead.
Of Carrick-men Kennedies slew they alle,
And kind Campbels that never had been falle,
Thir rebell'd not contrare their righteous throne,
Southeron for this put them to confusion.
Barclays, Boyds, and Stewarts of good kin;
No Scot escap'd that time that entred in.
Upon the baulk they hanged many pair,
Beside them dead in a nook cast them there.
Since the first time that any war was wrought,
To sik a death so many yeed there nought
Upon one day, through Saxons cursed seed;
Vengeance of this throughout the kinrike yeed.
Granted from God it was in the great heaven,
So ordain'd he that law should be their steven,

To

To the falſe Saxons, for their fell judgment,
Their wickedneſs over all the land is went.
Ye noble men, that are of Scottiſh kind,
Their piteous death keep ye into your mind,
And us revenge, when we are ſet in throng.
Dolour it is hereon to tarry long.
Thus eighteenſcore to that derk death they dight,
Of Barons bold, and many worthy Knight.
When they had ſlain the worthieſt that were there,
For weak people they would no longer ſpeir,
Into a garth caſt them out of that ſtead,
As they were born, diſpullied, bare, and dead.
Good Robert Boyd unto a tavern yeed,
With twenty men that doughty were in deed,
Of Wallace houſe full cruel of intent,
He govern'd them when Wallace was abſent.
Kerlie turned with his maſter again,
Cleland and Byrd, that meikle were of main.
Steven of Ireland went forth, upon the ſtreet
A true woman full ſoon with him could meet.
He ſpeir'd at her, what happened in the air.
Sorrow, ſhe ſaid, there is nothing elſe there.
Fear'dly ſhe ask'd, Alace, where is Wallace?
From us again he paſſed at Kincace.
Go warn his folk, and haſte them off the town,
To keep himſelf I ſhall be ready bown.
With her as then no more tarry he made,
To his fellows he went withoutten bade,
And to them told of all this great miſfare,
To Laglane-wood they bown'd withoutten mare.
By this Wallace was coming wonder faſt,
For his dear friends he was full ſore agaſt,

Unto the barn sadly she could pursue,
To enter in, for he no peril knew.
This woman then upon him loud can call,
O fierce Wallace, fell tempest is befall,
Our men are slain, that pity is to see,
As bestial hounds hanged over a tree.
Our true Barons by two's as they past in,
Wallace weeped for great loss of his kin,
That with unease upon his horse he bode,
More for to speir to this woman he rode.
Dear neice, he said, the truth if you can tell,
Is my Eme dead, or how the case befell.
Out of yon barn, she said, I saw him born,
Naked, laid low on cold earth me beforn;
His frosty mouth I kissed in that stead,
Right manlike now, though bare, and wrought to dead,
And with a cloth I cover'd his licame,
For in his life he never did woman shame.
His sister's son thou art, worthy and wight,
Revenge their death, for God's sake, at thy might;
Als I shall help, as I am woman true.
Dear wight, he said, dear, God sen that you knew
Good Robert Boyd where that you can him see,
William Crawford als if he living be,
Adam Wallace would help me in this strife,
I pray God may send me them all in life;
For Mary's sake bid them soon come to me,
The Justice inns you spy for charity,
And in what fere that they their lodging make,
Soon after that we shall our purpose take
Into Laglane, which has my succour been,
Adieu market, and welcome woods so green.

Hereof as then to her he spake na mare,
His bridle turn'd, and from her can he fare;
Sik mourning made for his dear worthy kin,
Him thought for bail his breast near burst in twin.
As he thus rode in great anger and teen,
Of Englishmen there followed him fifteen,
Wight, wailled men, that toward him could draw,
With a Macer, to tach him to the law.
Wallace return'd, in grief and matalent,
With his sword drawn among them soon he went.
The middle of one he manked near in twa,
Another there upon the head can ta,
The third he strake, and through the cost him clave,
The fourth to ground right deidly dead he drave,
The fifth he hit with great ire in that stead,
Without rescue dreadless he left them dead.
By then his three men had slain other five;
From them the lave escaped all alive,
Fled to their Lord, and told him of this case.
To Laglane-wood then rode good wight Wallace.
The Southeron said, What one that he hit right,
Without mercy, dreadless to death was dight.
Marvel they had sik strength in one should be,
One of their men at ilk stroke he gart die.
Then deemed they it should be Wallace wight.
To their language made answer an old Knight,
Forsooth, he said, he be escap'd this air,
All your new deed is eiking of your care.
The Justice said, when there sik murmur rose,
Ye would be fear'd, if there came many foes,
That for one man methinks ye're like to flee,
And wot not yet indeed if it be he;

And though it be, I count him but full light,
Who bides here ilk gentleman shall be Knight:
I think to deal their haill lands on the morn
To you about, that are of England born.
The Southeron drew to their lodging but mare,
Four thousand haill that night were into Air.
Into great barns, bigged without the town,
The Justice lay, with many bold Baron;
Then he gart cry about the wayning wide,
That no Scotsman among them there should bide.
To the castle he would not pass for ease,
But sojourn'd there with things that might him please.
Great purveyance by sea to them was brought,
With Irish ale the mightiest could be wrought.
No watch was set, because they had no doubt
Of the Scotsmen that living was without;
Labouring in mind they had been all that day,
Of ale and wine enough chosen have they:
As beastly folk took of themselves no keep,
Into their brains soon laid the slothful sleep,
Through gluttony in swark swapped like swine,
Their Chiftain then was great Bacchus of wine.
This wise woman busy among them was,
Feil men she warn'd, and gart to Laglane pass,
Herself foremost, while they with Wallace met,
Some comfort then into his mind was set;
When he them saw he thanked God of might,
Tidings he ask'd, the woman told him right,
Sleeping as swine are all yon false menzie,
And no Scotsman is in that company.
Then Wallace said, If they all drunken be,
I call it best with fire them for to see.

Of

Of good men then three hundred to him sought;
The woman call'd three Burgesses that brought,
Out of the town, noble ale, wine and bread,
And other stuff, as meikle as they might lead.
They eat and drank all the Scotsmen that mought.
The Nobles then Jop has to Wallace brought,
Sadly he said, Dear friends, now ye do see
Our kin are slain, thereof is great pity,
Through fell murder, the great despite is more,
Now some remeed I would we set therefore.
Suppose that I was made Warden to be,
Part are away sik charges put to me,
And ye are here, all come of als good blood,
As righteous born, by aventure as good,
As forward, fair, and as likely of person,
As ever was I; therefore to conclusion,
Let us choose five of this good company,
Syne cavels cast who shall our master be.
Wallace and Boyd, and Crawford of renown,
And Adam als then Lord of Richardtoun,
His father then was visied with sickness,
God had him tane into his lasting grace;
The fifth Auchinleck in war a noble man,
Cavels to cast about thir five began.
It would on him, for ought they could devise,
Continually, while they had casten thrice.
Then Wallace rose, and out a sword can draw,
He said, I vow to the Maker of aw,
And to Mary, his virgin mother clear,
My uncle's death now shall be sold full dear,
With many more of our dear worthy kin,
First, ere I eat or drink, we shall begin,

For sloth or sleep shall none remain in me,
Of this tempest till I a vengeance see.
Then all inclin'd right humble of accord,
And him receiv'd as their Chiftain and Lord.
Wallace a Lord he may be clepit well,
Though rural folk thereof have little feel,
They deem none Lords, but lands be their part.
Had he the world, and be wretched in heart,
He is no Lord as to his worthiness,
It cannot be, but freedom, Lordlikeness.
At the Rhodes they make full many one,
Which worthy are, although lands they have none.
This discussing I leave Herauds to end,
Unto my matter shortly will I wend.
Wallace commanded a Burgess for to get,
Fine chalk enough, that his dear neice might set
On ilka yate, where Southeron were on raw.
Then twenty men he gart fast withies thraw,
Ilk man a pair, and on their arms them threw,
Then to the town full fast they could pursue.
The woman past before them subtilly,
Chalked each yate, that they need not go by.
Then fastned they the doors with withies fast,
To staple and help, with many siker cast.
Wallace gart Boyd nearhand the castle ga,
With fifty men, a jeopardy to ma.
If any issued the fire when that they saw,
Fast to the yate he ordain'd them to draw.
The lave with him about the barns they yeed.
This true woman served them well indeed,
With lint and tire, that hastily kindle would,
In every nook they fastned bleezes bold.

Wallace

Wallace commanded all his men about,
No Southeron man that they should let break out,
Whoever he be that rescues of that kin,
From the red fire, himself shall pass therein.
The leeming lowe soon looked upon hight.
Forsooth, he said, this is a pleasant sight,
Unto our hearts it should be some redress,
Were they away, their power were the less.
Unto the Justice himself loud can caw,
Let us to borgh our men from your false law,
That living are, that scaped from your air,
Deal not their lands, the unlaw is over sare,
You had no right, that shall be on you seen.
The rumour rose with careful cry and keen.
The brim fire burnt right braithly upon loft,
To sleeping men that waking was not soft.
The sight without was awful for to see:
In all the world no greater pain might be,
Than they within suffered sore to dwell,
That ever was wrought, but purgatory or hell.
A pain of hell well near it might be call'd,
Mad folk with fire hamper'd in many hald.
Feil biggings burnt, that worthy were and wight,
Got none away Knave, Captain, nor yet Knight.
When brands fell of rafter-trees them among,
Some rudely rose in bitter pains and strong,
Some naked burnt, but heirtless all away,
Some never rose, but smother'd where they lay;
Some rushed fast to Air if they might win,
Blinded with fire, their deaths were full of din.
The reik mingled with filth of carrion,
Among the fire, right full of offention,

The people beryt like wild beasts in that tide,
Within the walls ramping on either side,
Reumed in rueth, with many grisly groan,
Some grimly grat, while their like-days were gone;
Some dooys they sought the entry for to get,
But the Scotsmen so wisely them beset,
If any brake, by aventure, off that stead,
With sharp swords soon bertnyt they were to dead,
Or else again by force driven in the fire;
There scaped none but burnt up bone and lyre.
The stink scaled of dead bodies so wide,
The Scots abhorred near hand for to bide,
Yeed to the wind, and let them even alone,
While the red fire had that false blood overgone.

CHAP. II.

The Frier of *Air's* Benefon.

A Frier, Drumlay, was Prior then of Air,
Sevenscore with him that night took harbery there,
Into his inns, for he might not them let,
Till near midnight a watch on them he set,
Himself woke well while he the fire saw rise,
Some mends he thought to take of that surprise,
His brethren seven to harness soon they yeed,
Himself Chiftain the remnant for to lead,
The best they waill of armour and good gear,
Syne weapons took, right awful in effeir.
Thir eight Frers into four parts they go,
With their swords drawn, into ilk house yeed two,
Soon entred they where Southeron sleeping were,
Upon them set with strokes both sad and sare;

Fell

Feil frieks there these fierce Friers dang to dead,
Some naked fled, and got out of that stead,
The water sought, abased out of sleep,
In the ford well, that was both wan and deep,
Feil of them fell, that brake out of that place,
Douked to ground, and dead withoutten grace.
Drowned and slain were all that harbered there,
Men call it yet, The Friers bleshing of Air.
Few folk of bail were leaved upon case
In the castle; Lord Piercie from that place,
Before the air, from thence to Glasgow drew,
With men and stuff it was to purvey new;
Yet they within saw the fire burning stout,
With short advice issued, and had no doubt.
The bushment then, as warriors wise and wight,
Let them alone, and to the house past right;
Boyd wan the port, entred and all his men,
Keepers in it were left but nine or ten;
The foremost soon himself seized in hand,
Made quit of him, syne slew all that they fand.
Of purveyance in that castle was none,
Short time before Piercie was from it gone.
The Earl Arnulph had received that hold,
Who in the town was burnt to powder cold.
Boyd gart remain of his men twenty still,
Himself past forth to wit of Wallace will,
Keeping the town, while nought was leaved mare,
But the wood fire, and biggings burnt full bare.
Of likely men, that born were in England,
By sword and fire that night died five thousand.

CHAP. III.

How *Wallace* put Biſhop *Beik* and the Lord *Piercie* out of *Glaſgow*.

When Wallace men were well together met,
Good friends, he ſaid, ye know that there was ſet
Sik law as this now into Glaſgow town,
By Biſhop Beik, and Piercie of renown,
Therefore I will in haſte we thither fare,
Of our good kin ſome part are loſed there.
He gart ſoon the Burgeſſes to him call,
And gave command in general to them all,
In keeping they ſhould take the houſe of Air,
And hold it haill while time that we hear mare;
To bide our King caſtles I would we had,
Caſt we down all, we might be deemed mad.
They gart meat come, for they had faſted lang,
Little he took, ſyne bowned them to gang.
Horſes they choſe, that Southeron had brought there,
Enew at will, and off the town can fare;
Three hundred haill were in his company,
Right wonder faſt rode this good chevalry
To Glaſgow-bridge, that bigged was of tree,
Well paſſed over ere Southeron might them ſee.
Lord Piercie wiſt, that duly was in wear,
Sembled his men fell awful in effeir;
Then deemed they that it was wight Wallace,
He had before ſcaped through many caſe.
The Biſhop Beik and Piercie that were wight,
A thouſand fell of men in armour bright.
Wallace ſaw well what number ſembled there,
He made his men in two parts for to fare,

Graithed

Graithed them well without the town's end.
He called Auchinleck for he the passage kend,
Uncle, he said, be buly into wear,
Whether will ye the Bishop's tail upbear,
Or pass before, and take his benison.
He answere'd him, with right short provision,
Unbishop'd yet, forsooth I trow ye be,
Yourself shall first his blessing take for me,
For sikerly ye serv'd it best this night;
To bear his tail we shall in all our might.
Wallace answer'd, Since we must sundry gang,
Peril there is if ye bide from us lang,
For yon are men will not be soon agast,
From time we meet for God's sake haste you fast,
Our dissevering I would no Southeron saw,
Behind them come, in through the North-east raw,
Good men of war are all Northumberland;
They parting thus took other by the hand.
Auchinleck said, We shall do all we may,
We would like ill to bide ought long away;
A bousteous stail betwixt us soon must be,
But to the right Almighty God have eye.
Adam Wallace and Auchinleck were bown,
Sevenscore with them on the back-side the town;
Right fast they yeed, while they were out of sight.
The other part arrayed them full right,
Wallace and Boyd the plain street up can go.
Southeron marvell'd because they saw no mo,
Their ensign cried upon the Piercie's side,
With Bishop Beik, that boldly durst abide.
A sore sembly was at that meeting seen,
As fire from flint it fared them between.

The hardy Scots right awfully abade,
Brought feil to ground through weed that well was made,
Pierced through plates with points made of stiff steel,
By force of hand gart many cruel kneel.
The strong stour rose, as reik, upon them fast,
Or mist, through Sun, up to the clouds then past.
To help himself ilkane had meikle need.
The worthy Scots stood in a fellon dread,
Yet forward ay they pressed for to be,
And they on them, great wonder was to see.
The Piercie's men in war were used well,
Right fiercely fought, and fonzied not a deal.
Adam Wallace and Auchinleck came in,
And parted Southeron right suddenly in twin,
Return'd to them as noble men in wear,
The Scots got room, and many down they bear;
The new counter assailed them so fast,
Through Englishmen they made stops at the last.
Then Wallace self, into that fellon throng,
With his good sword, that heavy was and long,
At Piercie's face with a good will he bare,
Both bone and brain the forged steel through share.
Four hundred men, when Lord Piercie was dead,
Out of the gate the Bishop Beik they lead,
For then they thought it was no time to bide,
By Frier-kirk, to a wood fast beside.
In that forest forsooth they tarried nought,
Upon fresh horse to Bothwel soon they sought.
Wallace followed with worthy men and wight,
Forefoughten they were, and travell'd all the night,
Yet feil they slew into the chase that day,
The Bishop's self and good men got away;

Aymer

Aymer Vallange reſcued him in that place,
That Knight full oft did great harm to Wallace.
Wallace began of night ten hours in Air,
On day by nine in Glaſgow aſembled there,
By one over noon at Bothwel yet he was,
Repryv'd Vallange ere he would further paſs;
Syne turn'd again, as well witneſs the book,
To Dundaff rode, and there reſting he took,
Told good Sir John of thir tidings in Air,
Great moan he made he was not with him there.
Wallace ſojourn'd in Dundaff at his will,
Five days out, while tidings came him till,
Out of the hight, where good men were forlorn,
For Buchan roſe, Athole, Monteith, and Lorn,
Upon Argyle a fellon war they make,
For Edward's ſake thus can they undertake.
The Knight Campbel in Argyle then was ſtill,
With his good men, againſt King Edward's will,
And keeped free Lochow his heritage,
But Macfadzan then did him great outrage.

CHAP. IV.

How *Wallace* went to ſeek *Macfadzan*, and ſlew the old *Rukbie* at *Sterling*.

This Macfadzan to Engliſhmen was ſworn,
Edward gave to him both Argyle and Lorn.
Falſe John of Lorn to that gift can concord,
In England then he was new made a Lord.
Thus falſly he gave over his heritage,
At London took of Edward greater wage.

Duncan of Lorn yet for the lands he ſtrave,
Whyle Macfadzan overſet him with the lave,
Put him of force to good Campbel the Knight,
Who into war was worthy, wiſe and wight.
Thus Macfadzan was entred in Scotland,
And marvellouſly that tyrant took on hand,
With his power, the which I ſpoke of ayr,
Theſe four Lordſhips all lembled to him there;
Fifteen thouſand of curſed folk indeed,
Of all gathering, in hoſt he had to lead;
And many of them were out of Ireland brought,
Bairns or wives theſe people ſpared nought,
Waſted the land as far as they might ga,
Theſe beaſtly folk could nought but burn and ſla.
Into Lochow he entred ſuddenly,
The Knight Campbel made good defence for thy;
To Cragunyn with three hundred he yeed,
That ſtrength he held for all his cruel deed,
Syne brake the bridge, where they might not out paſs,
But through a ford, where narrow paſſage was;
Abandonly Campbel againſt them bade,
Faſt upon Aviſs, that was both deep and brade.
Macfadzan was upon the other ſide,
And there on force behoved him to bide;
For at the ford he durſt not enter out,
For good Campbel might ſet him then in doubt.
Macfadzan ſought, and a ſmall paſſage fand,
Had he leiſure, they might paſs off that land,
Betwixt a rock and the great water ſide,
But four in front no more might go or ride.
Into Lochow were beaſts in great plenty,
A while he thought there with his hoſt to be.

And

And other ſtuff that they had with them brought,
But all his craft availed him right nought.
Duncan of Lorn has ſeen the ſudden caſe,
From good Campbel he went to ſeek Wallace,
Some help to get of their torment and teen;
Together before in Dundee they had been,
Learning at ſchool into their tender age,
He thought to ſlake Macfadzan's high courage.
Gilmichel then with Duncan forth him dight,
A guide he was, and footman wonder wight.
Soon can they wit where Wallace lodged was,
With their complaint to his preſence they paſs.
Earl Malcolm als the Lennox held at eaſe,
With his good men to Wallace can he preſs.
To him there came good Richard of Lundie.
Into Dundaff he would no longer be,
Sir John the Graham als bowned him to ride.
Macfadzan's war ſo grieved them that tide,
That Wallace thought his great power to ſee,
In what array he ruled that countrie.
The Rukbie then he keeped with great wrong,
Stirling-caſtle, that ſtalwart was and ſtrong.
When Wallace came by-ſouth it in a vale,
To Earl Malcolm he ſaid he would aſſail.
In divers parts he gart ſever their men,
Of their power that Southeron ſhould not ken.
Earl Malcolm bade in buſhment out of ſight.
Wallace with him took good Sir John the Knight,
And an hundred of wiſe war men but doubt,
Through Stirling rode, if any would iſh out;
Toward the bridge the gaineſt way they paſs.
When Rukbie ſaw what at their power was,

He took sevenscore of good archers were there,
Upon Wallace they followed wonder sare;
That fell bicker then did them meikle dear.
Wallace in hand gripped a noble spear,
Again return'd, and hath the foremost slain.
Sir John the Graham, that meikle was of main,
Among them rode with a good spear in hand,
The first he slew that he before him fand,
Upon another his spear in sunder yeed,
A sword he drew which helped him in need.
English archers upon them can renew,
That his good horse with arrows soon they slew,
On foot he was. When Wallace has it seen,
He lighted soon, with men of arms keen,
Among the rout fighting full wonder fast.
The Englishmen returned at the last.
At the castle they would have been full fain;
But Earl Malcolm, with men of meikle main,
Betwixt the Southeron and the yates they yeed,
Many they slew that doughty were in deed.
In the great press Wallace and Rukbie met,
With his good sword a stroke upon him set,
Deesly to death the old Rukbie he drave,
But his two sons scaped among the lave;
In the castle by eventure they yeed,
With twenty men, no more scaped that dread.
The Lennox men, with their good Lord that was,
From the castle they said they would not pass,
For well they wist it might not holden be
On no long time, for thus ordained he.

CHAP.

CHAP. V.

How Earl *Malcolm* took the Caſtle of *Stirling*, and *Wallace* ſlew *Macfadzan*.

EArl Malcolm took the houſe to keep that tide.
Wallace would not from his firſt purpoſe bide,
Inſtance he made to this good Lord and wiſe,
From thence to paſs he ſhould in no kin wiſe,
While he had tane Stirling the caſtle ſtrong,
True men him told, they might not hold it long.
Then Wallace thought was moſt on Macfadzan,
Of true Scotſmen he had ſlain mony ane.
Wallace avowed, that he ſhould wroken be,
On that rebel, or elſe therefore to die.
Of tyranny King Edward thought him good,
Low born he was, and als of ſimple blood.
Thus Wallace was ſore griev'd in his intent,
To this journey right earneſtly he went.
At Stirling-bridge aſſembled to him right
Two thouſand men, that worthy were and wight.
Toward Argyle he bowned him to ride,
Duncan of Lorn was their true ſiker guide.
Of old Rukbie, the which I ſpake of ayre,
Two ſons on life in Stirling lived there;
When theſe two brothers conceived well the right,
This houſe to hold that they no longer might,
For cauſe why, they wanted men and meat,
With Earl Malcolm they caſt them for to treat,
Grace of their lives, and they that with them was;
Gave over the houſe, and could in England paſs,
On the firſt day that Wallace from them rade.
With King Edward full many years they bade,

In Bruce's wars again came in Scotland,
Stirling to keep one of them took in hand.
Mention of Bruce is oft in Wallace book,
To fend his right full meikle pain he took.
Whereto should I hereof more tarry ma,
To Wallace forth now shortly will I ga.
Duncan of Lorn, Gilmichel from them send,
A spy to be, for he the country kend,
By our party was passed Strathfulane,
The small foot folk began to irk ilk ane,
And horse, of force, behoved for to fail;
Then Wallace thought that company to waill,
Good men, he said, This is not meet for us;
In broken ray, if we come on them thus,
We may take skaith, and harm our foes but small,
To them in like we may not semble all;
Tarry we long a plain field they will get,
Upon them soon so well we may not set;
Part we must leave us following for to be,
With me shall pass our power into three.
Five hundred first to himself has he tane,
Of Westland men, were worthy known ilk ane.
To Sir John Graham as many ordain'd he,
And five hundred to Richard of Lundie,
In that part was Wallace of Richardtoun,
In all good deed he was ay ready bown.
Five hundred left, that might not with them go,
Suppose that they to bide were wonder wo.
Thus Wallace host began to take the right,
Over a mountain soon passed off their sight.
In Glendouchar their spy met them again,
With Lord Campbel, then was our folk right fain;

At

At that meeting great blythneſs might be ſeen,
Three hundred he led, that cruel were and keen.
He comfort them, and bade them have no dread,
Yon beaſtly folk want both weapons and weed,
Soon will they flee, ſharply if we purſue.
By Louthdouchar full ſuddenly them drew.
Then Wallace ſaid, One life all ſhall we ta,
For here is none will from his fellow ga.
The ſpy he ſent, the entry for to ſee,
Upon the moſs a ſcourriour ſoon fand he;
To ſcour the land Macfadzan had him ſend,
Out of Craigmore that day he thought to wend.
Gilmichel faſt upon him followed there,
With a good ſword, that well and ſharply ſhare,
Made quit of him, that tidings told he nane.
The out-ſpy thus was loſt from Macfadzan.
Then Wallace hoſt upon their foot they light,
Their horſe they left, though they were never ſo wight,
For moſs and crag they might no longer dree;
Then Wallace ſaid, Who goes beſt let us ſee.
Throughout the moſs deliberedly they yeed,
Syne took the hold, whereof they had moſt dread;
Endlong the ſhore ay four in front they paſt,
While they within all ſembled at the laſt.
Lord Campbel ſaid, We have cheviſt this hold,
I trow to God their wakening ſhall be cold;
There is no gate that flee yon people can,
But rocks full high, and water deep and wan.
Eighteen hundred of doughty men in deed,
On the great hoſt, but more proceſs, they yeed,
Fighting in front, and meikle maſtery made,
The frayed folk buſked withoutten bade,

Rudely to ray they ruſhed them again,
Great part of them were men of meikle main.
Good Wallace men ſo ſtoutly can them ſtear,
The battle on back five acres breadth they bear;
Into the ſtour feil tyrants gart they kneel.
Wallace in hand had a good ſtaff of ſteel,
Whoever he hit to ground grimly them bare,
Round him about a full large rood and mare.
Sir John the Graham in deed was right worthy,
Good Campbel alſs, and Richard of Lundie,
Adam Wallace, and Robert Boyd in feir,
Among their foes, where deaths were ſold full dear.
The fellon ſtour was awful for to ſee;
Macfadzan then ſo great debate made he,
With Iriſh men hardy and courageous,
The ſtalwart ſtrife right hard and perillous.
Abundance of blood from wounds wide and wan,
Sticked to dead on ground lay many man.
The fierceſt there enough of fighting fand,
Two hours large into the ſtour they ſtand,
That Jop himſelf well wiſt not who ſhould win:
But Wallace men would not in ſunder twin,
To help themſelves they were of hardy will,
Of Iriſh blood full hardily they ſpill,
With feil fighting made flops out through the thrang.
On the falſe part our wight war-men ſo dang,
That they to bide might have no longer might,
The Iriſh folk then made them for the flight,
In crags clamb, and ſome on water flet,
Two thouſand there drowned withoutten let:
Born Scotſmen ſtill abode into the field,
Caſt weapons from them, and on their knees kneel'd,

With

With piteous voice they cry'd upon Wallace,
For God's sake to take them into his grace.
Grieved he was, but reuth of them he had,
Receiv'd them fair with countenance full sad,
Of our own blood we should have great pitie,
Look ye slay none of Scots will yielden be,
Of out-land men let none scape with the life.
Macfadzan fled, for all his fellon strife,
Into a cave, within a clift of stone,
Under Cragmore, with fifteen is he gone.
Duncan of Lorn his leave at Wallace askt,
On Macfadzan with worthy men he past,
He granted him to put them all to dead,
They left none quick, syne brought Wallace his head,
Upon a spear throughout the field it bare.
The Lord Campbel syne hint it by the hair,
High in Cragmore he made it for to stand,
Stil'd on a stone, for honour of Ireland.
The blessed men that were of Scotland born,
Soon at his faith he gart them all be sworn,
Restor'd them to their lands again but less,
He let slay none that would come to his peace.
After this deed in Lorn syne could he fare,
Ruled the land had been in meikle care.
In Archattan a council he gart cry,
Where many man sought to his seniory.
All Lorn he gave to Duncan that was wight,
And bade him hold in Scotland with the right,
And you shall well bruik this in heritage;
Thy brother's son at London made great wage,
Yet will he come, he shall all his lands have,
I would tine none that righteousnes may save.

Many true Scots to Wallace could purſue,
At Archattan from feil ſtrengths to him drew.
A good Knight came, and with him men ſixty,
He had been oft in many jeopardy
With Engliſhmen, and ſonzied not a deal,
Ay from their faith he kended him full well,
Keeped him free though King Edward had ſworn,
Sir John Ramſay, that righteous heir was born
Of Ochterhouſe, and other lands, was Lord,
And Sheriff als, as my book will record,
Of noble blood, and als haill ancetry,
Continued well with worthy chevalry;
Into Strathern that long time he had been,
At great debate againſt his enemies keen,
Right wightly wan his living into wear;
To him and his Southeron did meikle dear;
Well he eſchew'd, and ſuffer'd great diſtreſs;
His ſon was call'd the flower of courtlineſs,
As witneſs well into the ſhort treaty;
After the Bruce, who reads in that ſtory,
He ruled well both into war and peace,
Alexander Ramſay to name he height but leſs;
When it was war to arms then he him caſt,
Under the crown he was one of the beſt;
In time of peace to courtlineſs he yeed,
But to gentrice he took none other heed.
What gentleman had not with Ramſay been,
Of courtlineſs they count him not a preen;
Freedom and truth he had as men would ask,
Since he began no better Squire there was;
Roxburgh hold he wan full manfully,
Syne held it long, while traitors treaſonbly

Cauſed

Caused his death, I cannot tell you how,
Of all sik things I will go by as now;
I have had blame to say the soothfastnes,
Therefore I will but lightly run that case;
But it be thing that plainly slander is,
For sik I trow they should deem me no mis.
Of good Alexander as now I speak no more,
His father came, as I told of before,
Wallace of him right full good comfort has,
For well he could do great harm to his foes;
In war he was right meikle for to prise,
Busy and true, both sober, wight and wise.
A good Prelate als to Archattan sought,
Of his Lordship as then he bruiked nought;
This worthy Clerk, coming of high lineage,
Of Sinclair blood, not forty years of age,
Chosen he was, by the Pope's free consent,
Of Dunkel Lord, and that with good intent:
But Englishmen, that Scotland gripped all,
Of benefice they let him bruik but small.
When he saw well therefore he might not mute,
To save his life three years he dwelt in Bute,
Liv'd as he might, and keeped ay good part,
Under safety of James then Lord Stewart,
Till good Wallace, who Scotland wan with pain,
Restor'd this Lord to his living again;
And many more, that long had been overthrown,
Wallace them righteously put to their own.
The small host als, the which I spake of ayr;
Into the hight that Wallace leaved there,
Came to the field where Macfadzan had been,
Took what was left, both weed and weapons sheen,

Through Lorn syne past as goodly as they can,
Of their number they had not lost a man;
On the fifth day they wan to Archattan,
Where Wallace bade with good men mony ane.
He welcom'd them upon a goodly wise,
And said they were right meikle for to prise,
All the true Scots he honour'd in the wear,
Gave that he wan, himself keeped no gear.

CHAP. VI.

How *Wallace* wan *Saint Johnstoun.*

When Wallace would no longer tarry there,
From Archattan throughout the land they fare,
Toward Dunkel with good men of renown,
His most thought then was haill on Saint Johnstoun.
He call'd Ramsay, that good Knight of great wail,
Sadly advis'd besought him of counsel;
Of Saint Johnstoun now have I remembrance,
There have I been, and lost men upon chance,
But ay for one we gart ten of them die,
And yet methinks that is no mends to me,
I would essay, off this land ere we gang,
And let them wit they occupy here wrang.
Then Ramsay said, That town they may not keep,
The walls are low, suppose the dyke be deep,
Ye have enough, that shall them cumber so,
Fill up the dyke, that we may plainly go
In haill battle, a thousand over ataines,
From this power they shall not hold you wanes.
Wallace was glad that he sik comfort made,
Forth talking thus unto Dunkel they rade.

Four days they there lodged with all pleasance,
While time they had foreseen their ordinance.
Ramsay gart big strong bestials of tree,
By good wights, the best in that countrie;
When they were wrought, betaught them men to lead
The water down, while they came to that stead.
Sir John Ramsay right goodly was their guide,
Ruled them well at his will for to bide.
The great host then about the village past,
With earth and stones the dykes they filled fast,
Flaiks then they laid on timber long and wight,
A room passage unto the walls them dight;
Feil bestials right starkly up they raise,
Good men of arms soon to assailzie gaes.
Sir John the Graham, and Ramsay that were wight,
The turret-bridge sieged with all their might;
And Wallace self, at mid-side of the town,
With men of arms that were in bargain bown.
The Southeron men made great defence that tide,
With artillery, that fellon was to bide,
With aubleasters gunzes, and stones fast,
With hand-guns, right grimly out they cast;
Punced with spears at men in arms sheen.
The worthy Scots, that cruel were and keen,
At hand-strokes frae they together met,
With Southeron blood their weapons soon they wet:
Yet Englishmen, that worthy were in wear,
Into the stour right boldly can them bear,
But all for nought availed them their deed,
The Scots through force upon them in they yeed;
A thousand men aber walls yeed hastily,
Into the town rose hideous noise and cry.

Ramsay and Graham the turret yate have won,
And entred in, where great strife was begun.
A true Scots Squire, which Ruthven heght by name,
Come to the fault with good Sir John the Graham,
Thirty with him of men that praved well,
Among their foes, with weapons stiff of steel.
When that the Scots sembled on either side,
No Southeron was that might their dints abide.
Two thousand soon were sulzied under feet
Of Southeron blood, lay sticked in the street.
Sir John Sewart saw well the town was tint,
Took him to flight, and would no longer stint,
In a light barge, and with him men sixtie,
The water down, sought succour at Dundee.
Wallace bode still while the fourth day at morn,
And left none there that were of England born.
Riches they got of gold and other good,
Plenisht the town again with true Scots blood:
Ruthven he left their Captain for to be,
In heritage gave him office to see
Of all Strathern, and Sheriff of the town,
Syne in the North good Wallace made him bown.
In Aberdeen he gart a council cry,
True Scotsmen should assemble hastily.
To Cowpar he rode to visie that abbay,
The English Abbot from thence was fled away.
Bishop Sinclair, without longer abode,
Met them at Glames, syne forth with them he rode.

CHAP.

CHAP. VII.

How *Wallace* burnt Four thouſand *Engliſhmen* in the Kirk of *Dunottar*, and an hundred Ships at *Aberdeen*; and beſieged the Caſtle of *Dundee*.

INto Brechin they lodged all that night,
Syne on the morn Wallace gart graith them right,
Diſplayed on breadth the banner of Scotland,
In good array, with noble men at hand;
Gart plainly cry, That ſaved ſhould be nane
Of Southeron blood, where they might be overtane.
In plain battle, throughout the Merns they ride.
The Engliſhmen, that durſt them not abide,
Before the hoſt full fear'dly forth they flee
To Dunottar, a ſwake within the ſea;
No further they might win out of the land,
They aſſembled there while they were four thouſand,
Ran to the kirk, ween'd girth for to have tane,
The lave remain'd upon the rock of ſtane.
The Biſhop then began treaty to ma,
Their lives to get out of the land to ga.
But they were rude, and durſt not well affy;
Wallace in fire gart ſet all haſtily,
Burnt up the kirk, and all that was therein,
Attour the rock the lave ran with great din;
Some hung on crags right dolefully to die,
Some lap, ſome fell, ſome fluttered in the ſea,
No Southeron in life was left in that hold,
And them within they burnt to powder cold.
When this was done, feil fell on their knees down,
At the Biſhop ask'd abſolution.

Then Wallace leugh, said, I forgive you all,
Are ye war-men repents you for so small?
They rued not us into the town of Air,
Our true Barons when that they hanged there.
To Aberdeen then hastily they pass,
Where Englishmen busily sitting was.
An hundred ships, that rudders and oars bare,
To turse their goods, in haven were lying there:
But Wallace host came on them suddenly,
There scaped none of all that great menzie;
But feil servants in them were leaved none,
At an ebb sea the Scots are on them gone,
Took out the gear, syne set the ships on fire,
The men on land they bertynit bone and lyre;
Feed none away but Priests, wives and bairns,
Made they debate, they scaped not but harms.
Into Buchan Wallace made him to ride,
Where Lord Bewmont was ordain'd for to bide,
Earl he was made but of short time before,
He buiked not for all his bousteous shore.
When he wist well that Wallace coming was,
He left the land, and could to Slanes pass,
And syne by ship in England fled again.
Wallace rode through the North-land into plain.
At Cromarty feil Englishmen they slew.
The worthy Scots to him thus could pursue.
Return'd again, and came to Aberdeen,
With his blyth host, upon the Lammas-een,
Stablisht the land, as him thought best should be,
Syne with an host he passed to Dundee,
Gart set a siege about the castle strang.
I leave them there, and further we will gang.

Sir

Sir Aymer Vallange hasted him full fast,
Into England, with his haill houshold past;
Bothwel he left, was Murray's heritage,
And took him then but to King Edward's wage.
Thus his own land forsook for evermare,
Of Wallace deed great tidings told he there.
Als Englishmen sore mourned in their moods,
Had losed here both their life-lands and goods.
Edward as then could not in Scotland fare,
But Kertinghame, that was his treasurer,
With him a Lord, then Earl was of Warran,
He charged them, with numbers mony ane,
Right well beseen, in Scotland for to ride.
At Stirling still he ordain'd them to bide,
While he might come with ordinance of England,
Scotland again he thought to take in hand.
This host past forth, and had but little dread,
The Earl Patrick received them at Tweed,
Malice he had at good Wallace before,
Long time bypast, and then increased more:
But through a case, that happened of his wife,
Dumbar she held from him into their strife,
Through the supply of Wallace into plain,
But he by means got his castle again.
Long time ere then, and yet he could not cease,
Against Wallace he prov'd in many press,
With Englishmen, supplied them at his might,
Contrare Scotland they wrought full great unright.
Their muster then was awful for to see,
Of fighting men thousands they were sixtie.

CHAP. VIII.

How *Wallace* ſlew the Treaſurer of *England* at the Bridge of *Stirling*.

TO Stirling paſt, ere they lyked to byde,
To Earl Malcolm a ſiege they laid that tyde,
And thought to keep the command of their King;
But good Wallace wrought for another thing.
Dundee he left, and made a good Chiftain,
With two thouſand, to keep that houſe of ſtane,
Of Angus-men, and dwellers of Dundee;
The ſamen night to Saint Johnſtoun went he.
Upon the morn to Sheriff-muir he rode,
And there a while, in good array, they bode.
Sir John the Graham, and Ramſay that were wight,
He ſaid to them, This is my purpoſe right,
Over meikle it is to proffer them battail,
On a plain field, but we have ſome avail.
Sir John the Graham ſaid, We have undertane,
With leſs power, ſik thing that is well gane.
Then Wallace ſaid, Where ſik things come of need,
We ſhould thank God that makes us for to ſpeed,
But near the bridge my purpoſe is to be,
And work for them ſome ſubtil jeopardie.
Ramſay anſwer'd, The bridge we may keep well,
Of way about Southeron have little feel.
Wallace ſent Jop the battle for to ſet,
The Tueſday next to fight withoutten let.
On Saturday unto the bridge they rade,
Of good plain board was well and jointly made;
Gart watches wait, that none ſhould from them paſs.
A wright he took, the ſubtilleſt that was,

And

And ordain'd him to saw the board in twa,
By the mid-street, that none might over it ga;
On charnail-bands nail'd it full fast and soon,
Syne fill'd with clay as nothing had been done.
The other end he ordain'd for to be,
How it should stand on three rollers of tree,
When one were out, that the lave down should fall;
Himself under he ordain'd therewithall,
Bound on the trest in a cradle to sit,
To loose the pin when Wallace let him wit
But with a horn, when it was time to be;
In all the host should no man blow but he.
The day approached of the great battail,
The Englishmen for power would not fail,
Ay six they were against one of Wallace,
Fifty thousand made them to battle place;
The remanent bode at the castle still,
Both field and house they thought to take at will.
The worthy Scots, upon the other side,
The plain field took, on foot made them to bide.
Hew Kertinghame the vanguard then led he,
With twenty thousand of likely men to see.
Thirty thousand the Earl of Warran had,
But he did then as the wise men him bade;
All the first host before him over was send.
Syne some Scotsmen, that well the matter kend,
Bade Wallace blow, and said, they were enew.
He hasted not, but sadly could pursue,
While Warran's host thick on the bridge he saw,
From Jop the horn he hint, and could it blaw,
So asperly, and warn'd good John the Wright,
The roller out he strake then with great slight;

The lave yeed down, when that the pin out-goes.
A hideous cry among the people rose,
Both horse and men into the water fell.
The hardy Scots, that would no longer dwell,
Set on the lave with strokes both sad and sare,
Of them there over, as then sever'd they were.
At the forebreast they proved hardily,
Wallace and Graham, Boyd, Ramsay, and Lundie,
All in the stour fast fighting face to face.
The Southeron host back rered off that place
That they first took, five acres breadth and mare.
Wallace on foot a great sharp spear he bare,
Among the thickest of the preis he gaes,
On Kertinghame a stroke he chosen has
In the birnie, that polisht was full bright,
The puncing head through the plates pierced right,
Through the body sticked him but rescue,
Dersly to death that Chiftain was adieu;
Both man and horse at that stroke he bare down.
The English host, which were in battle bown,
Comfort they lost when their Chiftain was slain,
And many one to flee began in plain;
Yet worthy men bode still into that stead,
While ten thousand were brought unto their dead.
Then fled the lave, and might no longer bide,
Succour they sought on many divers side,
Some East, some West, and some fled to the North,
Seven thousand large atanes flutter'd in Forth,
Plunged in deep, and drown'd without mercy,
None left on life of all that feil menzie.
Of Wallace host no man was slain of vail,
But Andrew Murray, into that strong battail.

The

The Southeron part that saw their men tint,
As fiercely fled as fire does off the flint.
The place they left, castle, and Stirling town,
Toward Dumbar in great haste made them bown.
When Wallace host had won that field through might,
Took up the bridge, and loos'd good John the Wright;
Syne on the fleers followed wonder fast,
Earl Malcolm als out of the castle past,
With Lennox men to stuff the chase good speed,
Ay by the way they gart fell Southeron bleed;
In the Torwood they gart full many die.
The Earl of Warran, that can full fiercely flee,
With Corspatrick, that graithly was his guide,
On changed horse throughout the land they ride,
Straight to Dumbar, but few with them they led;
Many were slain over slothfully that fled.
The Scots horse that had run full wonder lang,
Many gave over, and might no further gang.
Wallace and Graham ever together bade,
At Haddingtoun full great slaughter they made
Of Englishmen, when their horse tyred had.
When Ramsay came good Wallace was full glad,
With him was Boyd, and Richard of Lundie,
Three hundred haill was of good chevalry,
And als Adam Wallace of Richardtoun,
With Earl Malcolm, they found at Haddingtoun.
The Scotsmen on slaughter tarried has,
While to Dumbar these two Chiftains could pass,
Full sytefully, for their great contrare case,
Wallace followed till they got in that place.
Of their best men, and Kertinghame of renown,
Thirty thousand were dead but redemption.

Beſide Beltoun Wallace return'd again,
To follow moꝛe as then was but in vain.
In Haddingtoun lodging they made that night,
Upon the moꝛn to Stirling paſſed right.
Aſſumption-day of Mary fell that caſe,
Ay loved be our Lady of her grace;
Conveyer oft ſhe was of good Wallace,
And helped him in many ſundꝛy place.
Wallace in haſte, ſoon after this battail,
A great oath took of all the Barons haill,
That with good will would come to his preſence;
He heght them als to bide at their defence.
Sir John Monteith was then of Arran Loꝛd,
To Wallace came, and made a plain recoꝛd,
With witneſs there by his oath he him band,
Lawty to keep to Wallace and Scotland.
Who with free will to right would not apply,
Wallace with foꝛce puniſhed rigoꝛouſly;
Part put to death, part ſet in pꝛiſon ſtrang,
Great woꝛd of him thꝛough both thir regions rang.
Dundee they got ſoon by a ſhoꝛt treaty,
But foꝛ their lives, and fled away by ſea.
Engliſh Captains, that houſes had in hand,
Left caſtles free, and fled out of the land.
Within ten days after this time was gone,
Engliſh Captains in Scotland left was none,
Except Berwick, and Roxburgh caſtle wight,
Yet Wallace thought to bꝛing them to the right.

CHAP.

CHAP. IX.

How *Cristal* of *Seton* slew the Captain of *Jedburgh*-Castle.

That time there was a worthy true Baron,
To name he heght good Cristal of Seton,
In Jedburgh-wood for safeguard he had been,
Against Southeron full well he could obtain;
In outlaw use he lived there but let,
Edward could not from the Scots faith him get.
Herbottle fled from Jedburgh-castle wight
Toward England, there Seton met him right;
With forty men Cristal in bargain bade,
Against eightscore, and meikle mastry made,
Slew that Captain, and many cruel man;
Full great riches in that journey he wan,
Houshold and gold, as they should pass away,
Which they before had keeped many a day.
Jedburgh he took, and Ruthven leaved he
At Wallace will Captain of it to be.
Bold Seton then to Lothian made repare,
In this story ye may hear of him mare,
And into Bruce, who liketh for to read,
He was with him in many cruel deed.
Good Wallace then full sadly can devise,
To rule the land with worthy men and wise;
Captains he made, and Sheriffs that were good,
Part of his kin, and of true other blood.
His dear cousin in Edinburgh ordain'd he,
The true Crawford, that ay was full worthie,
Keeper of it, with noble men at wage,
In Manwell then he had good heritage.

Scotland was free, that long in bail had been,
Through Wallace won from our false enemies keen.
Great governor in Scotland he could reign,
Waiting a time to get his righteous King
From Englishmen, that held him in bandown,
Long wrongously from his own righteous crown.



THE

THE

ACTS and DEEDS of the moſt Famous and Valiant Champion,

Sir *WILLIAM WALLACE*, Knight of *ELLERSLIE*.

The Eighth BOOK.

CHAP. I.

How *Wallace* wrote to Earl *Patrick* by Conſent of the Council.

FIVE months thus Scotland ſtood into good reſt,
A council cried, them thought it was the beſt,
In Saint Johnſtoun that it ſhould holden be,
Aſſembled there Clerk, Baron, and Burgeſs free,
But Corſpatrick would not come at their call,
Bode in Dumbar, and made ſcorn at them all.
They ſpake of him feil words in Parliament.
Then Wallace ſaid, Will ye hereto conſent,

Forgive him free all things that are bypaſt,
So he will come, and grant he has treſpaſt,
From this time forth keep lawty to our crown.
They grant thereto, Clerk, Burgeſs, and Baron,
With haill conſent their writing to him ſend,
Right lowly thus to him they them commend,
Beſought him fair, as a Peer of the land,
To come and take ſome govern al in hand.
Lightly he leugh, in ſcorn as it had been,
And ſaid, he had ſik meſſage ſeldom ſeen,
That Wallace now as governor ſhould reign,
Here is great fault of a good Prince or King;
That King of Kyle I cannot underſtand,
Of him I held never a fur of land;
That Bachiller trows, for fortune ſhews her wheel,
Therewith to laſt, it ſhall not long be well:
But to you Lords, if ye will underſtand,
I make you wiſe, I ought to make no band,
Als free I am in this region to ring,
Lord of mine own, as ever was Prince or King;
In England als great part of land I have,
Warent thereof there will no man me crave.
What will ye more, I warn you I am free,
For your ſummons ye get no more of me.
To Saint Johnſtoun this writ he ſent again,
Before the Lords was manifeſt and plain,
When Wallace heard the Earl ſik anſwer make,
A great hot ire through courage then he take;
For well he wiſt there ſhould be but one King
Of this region, atanes for to reign;
A King of Kyle, for that he call'd Wallace.
Lords, he ſaid, this is an uncouth caſe,

Be he ſuffer'd, it is worſe than it was;
Thus roſe he up, and made him for to paſs;
God has us thol'd to do ſo for the lave,
In life or death in faith him ſhall we have,
Or gar him grant whom he holds for his Lord,
Or elſe worſe ſhapen in ſtory to record;
I vow to God with eaſe he ſhall not be
In this realm, but one of us ſhall die,
Unleſs he come, and know his righteous King,
In this region weſt both we ſhall not reign;
His lightly ſcorn he ſhall repent full ſore,
But power fail, or I ſhall end therefore,
Since in this earth is ordain'd me no reſt,
Now God be judge, the right he knoweth beſt.
At that council longer he tarried nought,
With two hundred from Saint Johnſtoun he ſought;
To the council made inſtance ere he yeed,
They ſhould contain, and of him have no dread,
I am but one, and for good cauſe I ga.
Toward Kinghorn the gaineſt way they ta;
Upon the morn over Forth South they paſt,
On this voyage they haſted wonder faſt.
At Muſſelburgh Rob Lawder met Wallace,
From Engliſhmen he keeped well his place,
Could none him treat, neither Knight, Squire, nor Lord,
With King Edward to be at an accord;
On Earl Patrick to paſs he was full glad,
Some ſaid before the Baſs he would have had.
Good men als came with Criſtal of Seton;
Then Wallace was four hundred of renown.
And Lyle a Squire, that well the country knew,
With twenty men to Wallace could purſue,

Beside Lintoun, and to them told he than,
That Earl Patrick, with many likely man,
At Cockburns-path he had his gathering made,
And to Dumbar would come withoutten bade.

CHAP. II.

How *Wallace* fought with *Corspatrick* at *Dumbar*.

Then Lawder said, It were the best thinks me,
Faster to pass, in Dumbar ere he be.
Wallace answer'd, at leisure we may ride,
With yon power he thinks bargain to bide;
And of a thing ye shall well understand,
A hardier Lord is not into Scotland;
Might he be made true stedfast to a King,
By wit or force he can do meikle thing:
But wilfully he likes to tine himsell.
Thus rode they forth, and would no longer dwell,
By East Dumbar, where men him told on case,
How Earl Patrick was warned of Wallace,
Near Innerweik chosed a field at vail,
With nine hundred of likely men to wail.
Four hundred were with Wallace in the right,
And soon anon approached to their sight.
Great fault there was of good treaty between,
To make concord, and that full soon was seen.
Without rehearse of action in that tide,
On either side together fast they ride.
The stour was strong, and wonder perillous,
Continued long with deeds were chevalrous;
Many there died of cruel Scots blood:
Of this treaty the matter is not good,

Therefore

Therefore I cease to tell the destruction,
Pity it was, and all of one nation.
But Earl Patrick the field left at the last,
Right few with him to Cockburns-path there past,
Agrieved sore that his men thus were tint.
Wallace return'd, and would no longer stint,
Toward Dumbar, where soothfast men him told,
No purveyance was left into that hold,
Nor men of fence, all had been with their Lord.
When Wallace heard the siker true record,
Dumbar he took all haill at his bandown,
Gave it to keep to Cristal of Seton,
Who stuff'd it well with men and good victual.
Upon the morn, Wallace that would not fail,
With three hundred, to Cockburns-path he sought.
Earl Patrick ish'd, for bide him would he nought.
Soon to the park Wallace a range has set;
To Bonkel-wood Corspatrick fled but let,
And out of it to Norham passed he.
When Wallace saw it might no better be,
To Caldstream went, and lodged him on Tweed.
Earl Patrick then, in all haste can him speed,
And passed by ere Wallace power rose,
Without resting in Etrick-forest goes.
Wallace him followed, but he would not assail,
A range to make as then it might not vail;
Over few he had, the strength was thick and strong,
Seven miles in breadth, and thereto twice as long.
Into Gorkhelm Earl Patrick liv'd at rest.
For more power Wallace past in the West.
Earl Patrick then him graithed hastily,
In England past to get him there supply;

Out through the land right earnestly could pass,
Told Anthony Beik that Wallace coming was.
Wallace him put out of Glasgow before,
And slew Peircie, their malice was the more.
The Bishop Beik gart soon great power rise,
Northumberland upon an awful wise.
They ordain'd Bruce in Scotland for to pass,
To win his own, but ill deceiv'd he was;
They gart him trow that Wallace was rebel,
And thought to win the kinrike to himsel.
Full false they were, and ever yet have been,
Lawty and truth were ay in Wallace seen;
To fend the right was all he took in hand,
And thought to bring the Bruce free to his land.
Of this matter as now I tarry nought.
With strong power Southeron together sought;
From Owys water assembled haill to Tweed.
Their land host was thirty thousand indeed.
Out of Thames mouth they sent ships by the sea,
To keep Dumbar, that none might them supplie.
Earl Patrick with twenty thousand but let,
Before Dumbar a stalwart siege did set.
The Bishop Beik and Robert Bruce bode still,
With ten thousand, at Norham at their will.
Wallace by this, that fast was labourand,
In Lothian came with good men five thousand,
Right well beseen, all in their armour bright,
Thought to rescue the Seton bold and wight.
Under Yester that first night lodged he;
Hay came to him with a good chevalry,
In Dunse-forest all that time he had been,
The coming there of Southeron he had seen;

Fifty

Fifty he had of bully men in weir,
They told Wallace of Patrick's great effeir.
Hay said, Forsooth, if ye might him overset,
Power again right soon he might not get,
My counsel is, that we give him battel.
He thanked him of comfort and counsel,
And said, Friend Hay, in this cause that I wend,
So that we win, I rek not for to end,
Right sooth it is that once we all must die,
Into the right who should in terror be.

CHAP. III.

How *Wallace* fought with *Bruce*, *Beik*, and *Corspatrick*, and put them out of *Scotland*.

Earl Patrick then a messenger gart pass,
Told Anthony Beik that Wallace coming was.
Of thit tidings the Bishop was full glad,
Amends of him full fain he would have had.
But more prologue through Lammer-muir they rode,
Near the Spot-muir in bushment still he bode,
As Earl Patrick them ordain'd for to be.
Wallace of Beik unwarned then was he;
Yet he before was not hasty in deed,
But then he put both him and his in dread.
Upon swift horse scurriors past between.
The coming then of Earl Patrick was seen,
The house he left, and to the muir is gane,
A plain field there with his host he has tane.
Good Seton syne issued with few menzie,
Part of his men into Dumbar left he,

To Wallace rode was on the righteous side;
In good array to the Spot-muir they ride.
Some Scots dreaded, the Earl so many was,
Twenty thousand against so few, to pass.
When Jop perceiv'd, he bade Wallace should bide.
Tine not your men, but to some strength ye ride,
And I shall pass to get you power mare,
Thir are over good thus lightly for to ware.
Then Wallace said, In truth I will not flee,
For four of his, ay one while I may be;
We are over near sik purpose for to take,
A dangerous chase they might upon us make;
Here are twenty, with this power, this day,
Would him essay, although I were away;
Many they are, for God's love be we strong,
Yon Southeron folk in stour will not bide long.
The hym battle braithly on either side.
Great reird there rose all over where they ride.
The fore sembly, when they together met,
Feil strokes they there sadly on either set,
And puncing spears throughout plates peirced fast;
Many off horse to the ground down they cast,
Sadles they teem off horse, but masters, there,
Of the South-side five thousand down they bare.
Good Wallace host the foremost cumbred so,
While the lave was in will away to go.
Earl Patrick bode, so cruel of intent,
That all his host took of him hardiment.
Against Wallace in many stour was he.
Wallace knew well, that his men would not flee
For no power that living was in life,
While they in heill might ay be one for five.

In

In that great strife many were handled het;
The keil sore dints, the cruel hard debate,
The fierce sticking made many grievous wound,
Upon the earth made the blood to abound.
All Wallace host into a compass bade,
Where so they turn'd full great slaughter they made.
Wallace and Graham, and Ramsay full worthie,
The bold Seton, and Richard of Lundie,
And Adam Wallace als of Richardtoun,
Both Hay and Lyle, with good men of renown,
Boyd, Barclay, Byrd, and Lawder, that were wight,
Fell Englishmen derfly to death they dight.
But Earl Patrick full fiercely fought again,
Through his own hand he many put to pain.
Our men on him throng'd forward into thro,
Made through his host keil slops to and fro.
The Englishmen began plainly to flee;
Then Bishop Beik full suddenly they see,
And Robert Bruce, contrare his native men;
Wallace was woe, frae time he could him ken.
Of Bruce's deed he was agriev'd far mare,
Than all the lave that day that sembled there.
The great bushment atanes then brake on breed,
Ten thousand hail that doughty were in deed.
The fleers then with Earl Patrick reliev'd,
To fight again, where many were mischiev'd.
When Wallace knew the bushment broken was,
Out of the field on horse they thought to pass:
But he saw well his host sound in their weed,
He thought to fray the foremost ere they yeed.
The new-come host before them sembled there,
On either side. With strokes both sad and sare,

The worthy Scots so fiercely fought again,
Of Anthony's men right many have they slain:
But that tyrant so used was in wear,
On Wallace host they did full meikle dear.
And the bold Bruce so cruelly wrought he,
Through strength of hand fell Scotsmen he gart die.
To resist Bruce, Wallace him pressed fast,
But Englishmen so thick betwirt them past;
And Earl Patrick, in all the haste he mought,
Throughout the stour to Wallace soon he sought;
On the pesant a fellon stroke him gave,
Carved the plate with his sharp grinden glave,
Through all the stuff, and wounded him some deal:
But Wallace thought he should be venged well,
Followed on him, and a stroke etled fast,
But one Maitland rekless betwirt them past;
Upon the head good Wallace has him tane,
Through hat and brain in sunder brake the bane,
Dead at that stroke down to the ground him drave.
Thus Wallace was dissevered from the lave
Of his good men, among them him alone.
About him sought of enemies many one,
Sticked his hosle, to ground behov'd him light,
To send himself, as wisely as he might.
The worthy Scots, that might no longer bide,
With syteful hearts out of the field they ride.
With them in feir they ween'd Wallace had been,
On foot he was among his enemies keen;
Good room he made about him into breed,
With his good sword that helped him in need.
Was none so strong, that got of him a straik,
After again made never a Scot to waik.

Earl

Earl Patrick then, that had great craft in wear,
With ſpears ordain'd good Wallace down to bear;
Enew they took were haill into the field,
To him they yeed, thought he ſhould have no bield,
On either ſide faſt pointing at his gear;
He hewed off heads, and wiſely could him wear.
The worthy Scots of this full little wiſt,
Sought to good Graham when they their Chiftain miſt.
Lawder, and Lyle, and Hay, that were full wight,
And bold Ramſay, who was a worthy Knight,
Lundie, and Boyd, and Criſtal of Seton,
With five hundred, that were in bargain bown,
Him to reſcue full rudely in they rade,
About Wallace a large room have they made.
The Biſhop Beik was waithly born to eard,
At that reſcue there was a clamorous reard;
Ere he gat up full feil Southeron they ſlew.
Out of the preſs Wallace they could reſcue,
Soon horſed him upon a courſer wight,
Toward a ſtrength they rode in all their might,
Right wiſely fled, reſcuing many a man.
The Earl Patrick to ſtuff the chaſe began;
On the fleers little harm then he wrought.
Good Wallace folk away together ſought;
Thir five hundred, the which I ſpake of ayr,
So awfully abandown'd them to fare,
No follower durſt out from his fellow ga,
The good fleers ſik returning they ma.
Four thouſand haill had tane the ſtrength before
Of Wallace hoſt, his comfort was the more,
Of Glaſhadane that foreſt thought to hald.
Earl Patrick turn'd, though he were never ſo bold,

Again to Beik, when ſcaped was Wallace,
Curſing fortune of his miſchanced caſe.
The field he wan, and ſeven thouſand they loſt,
Dead on that day, for all the Biſhop's boaſt.
Of Wallace men five hundred ſlain I gueſs,
But no Chiftain, his mourning was the leſs.
Near even it was, but Beik would not abide,
On Lammer-muir they travented that tide,
Their lodging took where him thought moſt avail,
For well he trow'd that the Scots would aſſail.
Upon the field, where they gave battle laſt,
The country men to Wallace gathered faſt.
Of Edinburgh, with Crawford that was wight,
Three hundred came into their armour bright,
To Wallace rode, by his lodging was tane.
From Teviotdale came good men mony ane,
Out of Jedburgh, with Ruthven, at that tide,
Together fought from many divers ſide.
Sir William long that Lord was of Douglas,
With him fourſcore that night came to Wallace.
Twenty hundred of new men met that night,
Upon their foes to venge them at their might;
At the firſt field thir good men had not been.
Wallace watches their adverſaries had ſeen,
Into what ways they had their lodging made.
Wallace bowned after ſupper, but bade,
In Lammer-muir they paſſed haſtily;
Soon to array yeed this good chevalry.
Wallace them made in two parts for to be;
Sir John the Graham and Seton ordain'd he,
Lawder and Hay, with three thouſand to ride;
Himſelf the lave took wiſely for to guide,

With him Lundie, both Ramsay and Douglas,
Barclay and Boyd, and good Adam Wallace.
By this the day approached wonder near,
And bright Titan in presence can appear.
The Scots host soon assembled into sight
Of their enemies, that were not ready dight;
Out of array feil of the Southeron was,
Right awfully Wallace can on them pass.
At this entry the Scots so well them bare,
Feil of their foes to death were bertnyt there.
Redless they rose, and many fled away,
Some on the ground were smother'd where they lay,
Great noise and cry was raised them among.
Good Graham came in, that stalwart was and strong.
Frae Wallace men were well together met,
On the South part so awfully they set,
In contrare them the frayed folk might not stand;
Atanes there fled of Southeron five thousand.
The worthy Scots then wrought upon such wise,
Jop said himself, they were meikle to prise.
Yet Bishop Beik, that fellon tyrant strong.
Bode in the stour right awfully and long.
A Knight Skelton, that cruel was and keen,
Before him stood into his armour sheen,
To fend his Lord full worthily he wrought.
Lundie him saw, and sadly on him sought,
With his good sword an ackward stroke him gave,
Through pesant-stuff his craig in sunder drave;
Whereof the lave were stonisht in that stead,
The bold Skelton of Lundie's hand was dead.
Then fled they all, and might no longer bide;
Patrick and Beik away with Bruce they ride.

Five thousand held into a flop away
To Norham house, in all the haste they may.
Our men followed, that worthy were and wight,
Many fleers derfly to death they dight.
The three Lords then unto the castle sought,
Full feil they left, that were from England brought.
At this journey twenty thousand they tint,
Drowned and slain by spears and swords dint.
The Scots at Tweed they hasted them so fast,
Feil Southeron men unto wrong fords they past.
Wallace return'd in Norham when they were;
For worthy Bruce his heart was wonder sare,
He had rather have had him at his large,
Free to our crown, than of fine gold to charge,
More than in Troy was found when Greeks it wan.
Wallace then past, with many awful man,
On Patrick's lands, and wasted wonder fast,
Took out great goods, and places down they cast;
His seven steads, that Mete-hamys were call'd,
Wallace gart break these huirly biggings bald,
Both in the Mers, and als in Lothian,
Except Dumbar, standing he leaved nane.
To Edinburgh, upon the eighteenth day;
Upon the morn, Wallace without delay
To Perth he past, where the council was set,
To the Barons he shew'd withoutten let,
How his great vow right well eschewed was;
To a master he gart Earl Patrick pass,
Because he said of Scotland he held nought,
To King Edward, to get supply, he sought.
The Lords were blyth, and welcom'd well Wallace,
Thanking great God of this fair happy case.

Wallace

Wallace took state to govern all Scotland,
The barnage haill made him an open band.
Then dealt he land to good men him about,
For Scotland's right had set their lives in doubt.
Stantoun he gave to Lawder in his wage,
The Knight Vallange aught it in heritage.
Then Bridgend-crook he gave Lyle that was wight;
To Scrimzeor als full good reward he dight.
Syne Wallace, towns, and other lands theretill,
To worthy men he dealt with noble will.
To his own kin no heritage gave he,
But office haill, that every man might see,
For covetice there could no wight him blame;
He bode reward, while the King should come hame;
Of all he did, he thought to bide the law
Before his King, master when he him saw.
Scotland was blyth, in dolour had been lang,
In ilka part to good labour they gang.

CHAP. IV.

How *Wallace* past into *England*, and remained there nine Months without Battle.

By this the time of October was past,
November near approached wonder fast.
Tidings then came, King Edward grieved was,
With his power in Scotland thought to pass,
For Earl Patrick had given him sik counsel.
Wallace got wit, and sembled power haill,
Forty thousand on Roslin-muir there met.
Lords, he said, Thus is King Edward set,

In contrare right to seek us in our land,
I hecht to God, and to you, by my hand,
I shall him meet, for all his great barnage,
Within England, to send our heritage;
His false desire shall on himself be seen,
He shall us find in contrare of his een;
Since he with wrong has ridden this region,
We shall now pass in contrare of his crown.
I will not bid great Lords with us to fare,
For mine intent I plainly will declare,
Our purpose is, either to win or die,
Who yields to him, shall never ransom'd be.
The Barons then him answer'd worthily,
And said, they would pass with their chevalry.
Himself and Jop provided that menzie,
Twenty thousand of wailled men took he;
Harness and horse he gart among them wail,
Weapons enew, that might them best avail;
Graithed their men, that cruel were and keen,
Better in war in world could not be seen;
He bade the love in labour for to bide;
In good array from Roslin-muir they ride.
At their muster good Wallace could them ask,
What mister'd maze in a power to pass,
All of a will, as I trow, set are we,
In plain battle cannot well scomfit be.
Our realm is poor, wasted by Southeron blood,
Go win on them treasure, and other good.
The host inclin'd all into humble will,
And said, they should his commandment fulfil.
The Earl Malcolm with their good men is gone,
But name of rule on him he would take none.

Wallace him knew a Lord was full worthy,
That his counsel he wrought full stedfastly;
Starker he was, if they had battle seen,
For he before had in good journeys been.
A man of strength, that has good wit withall,
A haill region may consort at his call.
As manly Hector wrought into his wear,
Against an hundred counted was his spear;
But that was not through his strength everly,
Sik rule he led of worthy chevalry.
Thir ensamples were noble for to ken.
Hector I leave, and speak forth of our men.
The Knight Campbel made him to that voyage,
Of Lochow chief then was his heritage.
The good Ramsay forth to that journey went,
Sir John the Graham forward in his intent,
Wallace cousin, Adam, full worthy was,
And Robert Boyd, full blythly forth they pass;
Both Auchinleck, and Richard of Lundie,
Lawder and Hay, and Seton full worthie.
This royal host, but resting, forth they rode,
To Browis-field, and there a while they bode.
Then Wallace took with him forty, but less,
To Roxburgh yate rode soon, ere he would cease.
Southeron marvell'd if it should be Wallace;
Without soverance come to pursue that place.
Of Sir Ralph Gray soon presence could he ask,
And warn'd him thus, forward ere he would pass,
Our purpose is in England for to ride,
No time we have of sieging now to bide,
Take tent, and hear of our coming again,
Give over the house, send me the keys in plain;

Thus I command before these witnes large,
If you will not, remain with all the charge;
But this be done, through force if I take thee,
Out over the wall you shall be hanged hie.
With that he turn'd, and to his host can wend.
This same command to Berwick soon he send,
With good Ramsay, that was a worthy Knight.
The host, but mare, full awfully he dight,
Began at Tweed, and spar'd nought that they fand,
But burnt before through all Northumberland.
All Durham town they burnt up in a gleed,
Abbays they spar'd, and kirks, wherever they yeed.
To York they went, but bode, ere they would blin,
To burn and slay of them he thought no sin.
No sin they thought the same to let us feel,
But William Wallace quit our quarrel well.
Fortrels they wan, and small castles cast down,
With asper weapons payed their ransom.
For prisoners they liked not to keep,
Whom they overtook, they made their friends to weep,
No Southeron saved for their great riches,
Oft sik koffre he call'd but wretchedness;
Unto the yates and sabors of the town
Braithly they burnt, and brake their biggings down,
And at the walls essayed fifteen days,
Till King Edward sent to them in thir ways,
A Knight, a Clerk, and a Squire of peace,
And pray'd him fair of burning for to cease,
And height battle, ere forty days were past,
Soverance so long, if he liked, he askt.
And als he speir'd, why Wallace took in hand
The fellon strife, in defence of Scotland,

And

And said, he marvell'd on his wit for thy,
Against England was of so great party;
Since ye have made meikle of Scotland free.
It were great time for to let malice be.
Wallace has heard the message say their will,
With manly wit right thus he said them till.
Ye may know well that right enough we have,
Of his soverance I rek not for to crave;
Because that I am a native Scotsman,
It is my debt to do all that I can
To send our kinrike out of dangering.
To his desire we will grant to something,
Our host shall cease, for chance that may betide,
Thir forty days, bargain for to abide,
We shall do nought, less than it move in you;
In his respite myself could never trow.
King Edward's writ under his seal they gave,
By forty days that they should battle have.
Wallace them gave his credence of this thing.
Their leave they took, syne passed to the King,
And told him haill how Wallace let them feel,
Of your soverance he careth not a deal;
Sik ruled men, so awful of effeir,
Are not christned, than he leads into weir.
The King answer'd, and said, It should be kend,
It comes of wit enemies to commend;
They are to dread right greatly in certain,
Sadly they think of harms that they have tane.
Leave I them thus at counsel with their King,
And of the Scots again to speak something.
Wallace travented on the second day,
From York they past right in a good aray;

Northwest they past in battle busked bown,
Their lodging took beside Northallertoun,
And cried his peace their market for to stand,
These forty days, for people of England,
Who that liked any victual to sell.
Of all their fear was meikle for to tell.
Sir Ralph Rymont Captain of Maltoun was,
With great power ordain'd by night to pass
On Wallace host, to make some jeopardy.
Feil Scotsmen then, that dwelt in that country,
Wist of that thing, and gathered to Wallace;
They made him wise of all that subtil case.
Good Lundie then to him he called there,
And Hew the Hay of Louthowort was heir,
With three thousand that worthily had wrought,
Syne privately out from the host he sought.
The men he took, that came to him of new,
Guides for to be, for they the country knew.
The host he made in good quiet to be,
A space from them he bushed privily.
Sir Ralph Rymont with seven thousand came in,
On Wallace host a jeopardy to begin.
The bushment brake, ere they the host came near,
On Southeron men the worthy Scots they slear.
Three thousand haill were braithly brought to ground,
Journey they fought, and sikerly have found.
Sir Ralph Rymont was sticked on a spear,
Three thousand slain that worthy were in wear.
The Southeron wist when their Chiftain was dead,
To Maltoun fast they fled, and left that stead.
Wallace followed with his good chevalry,
Among the Southeron they entred suddenly,

English

English and Scots into the town ataines.
Southeron men shot, and waithly cast down staines,
Of their own men right feil there have they slain.
The Scots about, that were of meikle main,
On grets they ran, and ceased all the town,
Derfly to death the Southeron were dung down.
Good Wallace there has found full good riches,
Jewels and gold, both weapons and harness,
Spoiled the town of wine, and of victual,
And all off sent with carriage of great vail.
Three days within the town they still abade,
Syne brake down work that worthily was made.
Wives and children they put out of the town,
No man he sav'd that was of that nation.
When Scots had tane to turse at their desire,
Walls they brake down, syne set the lave on fire.
The timber work they burnt up all in plain,
On the fourth day to his host rode again,
Gart cast a dyke that might some strengthning be,
To keep the host from sudden jeopardy.
Then Englishmen were right greatly agast,
From North and South unto their King they past,
At Pomfret lay, and held a Parliament.
To give battle the Lords could not consent,
Less Wallace were of Scotland crowned King;
Their counsel found it were a perillous thing;
For though they wan, they wan but as they were,
And if they tint, lost England evermare,
A pain it were, put into the Scots hand.
And this decreet their wit among them fand,
If Wallace would upon him take the crown,
To give battle they should be ready bown.

The same message to him they send again,
And there intent they told him into plain.
Wallace them charg'd his presence to absent,
His counsel call'd, and shew'd them his intent,
He and his men desir'd battle to have,
By any wise, of England over the lave.
He said, First, it were an over high thing,
Against the faith to reave my righteous King,
I am his man, born native of Scotland,
To wear the crown I will not take on hand;
To fend our realm it is my debt by skill,
Let God above reward me as he will.
Some bade Wallace upon him take the crown.
Wise men said, Nay, it were but derision,
To crown him King but voice of Parliament,
For they will not if Scotland would consent.
Other some said, it is the wrongous place.
Thus deemed they on many divers case.
Knight Campbel then, of wit a worthy man,
As I said ayr, was present with them than,
Heard and answer'd, when many said their will,
This were the best, would Wallace grant theretill,
To crown him King solemnly for a day,
To get an end of all our long delay.
The Earl Malcolm said that Wallace might,
As for a day, in fence of Scotland's right,
Receive the crown, as in a fare of wear,
Though he refused it lastingly to bear.
The people all to him gave their consent;
Malcolm of old was Lord of Parliament.
Yet Wallace thol'd, and let them say their will,
When they had deem'd by many divers skill,

In

In his own mind he abhorred this thing.
The Commons cried, Make Wallace crowned King.
Then smiled he, and said it should not be,
At terms short, ye get no more for me;
Under colour we must our answer make,
But sik a thing I will not on me take;
I suffer you to say that it is sa,
It were a scorn the crown on me to ta.
They would not let the message of England
Come them among, or they should understand.
Two Knights passed to the message again,
Made them to trow Wallace was crown'd in plain,
Gart them traist well that this was soothfast thing.
Deliver'd thus they passed to their King,
To Pomfret went, and told that they had seen
Wallace crowned, whereof the Lords were teen,
In barret wor, in Parliament where they stood.
Then said they all, Thir tidings are not good,
He did so well into thir times before,
And now their King, he will do meikle more.
A fortunate man, nothing goes him again,
To give battle we shall it rue with pain.
Another said, And battle he will have,
Or stroy our land, no treasure may us save;
In his conquest, since first he could begin,
He selleth not, but takes that he may win;
For Englishmen he sets no doom but dead,
Price of penies may make us no remead.
Then Woodstock said, Ye work not as the wise,
If that ye take the aunter of surprise;
For though we win all that are in England,
The lave are stark against us for to stand;

By Wallace sake, other they count for small;
For that methinks this were the best of all,
To keep our strength of castle and wall'd town;
So shall we send the seck of this region;
Though North be burnt, better of soverance be,
Than set all England in a jeopardy.
They granted all, as Woodstock can them say;
And thus they put the battle on delay,
And cast them haill for other governance,
Against Wallace to work some ordinance.
Thus Wallace has in plain discomfit haill,
Against King Edward all his strong battaill;
For through falshood, and their subtility,
They thought he should, for great necessity,
And fault of food, to steal out of the land;
And this decreet their wit among them fand.
They gart the King cry all their markets down,
From Trent to Tweed throughout fair and free town,
That in these bounds no man should victual lead,
Silk stuff, nor wine, on no less pain than dead;
This ilk decreet they gave in Parliament.
Of Scots forsooth to speak is mine intent.
Wallace lay still, while forty days were gone,
And five attour, but pearance saw he none
Battle to have, as their promise was made;
He gart display again his banner brade,
Reprov'd Edward right greatly of this thing,
Bachill'd his seal, blew out on that false King,
As tyrant turned back, and took his gate.
Then Wallace made full many biggings het;
They raised fire, burnt up Northallertoun,
Again through York-shire boldly made them bown,

Destroy'd

Destroy'd the land, as far as ever they ride,
Seven mile about they burnt on either side;
Palaces spilt, and great towrs can confound,
And wrought the Southeron many working wound.
Widows weeped with sorrow in their song,
Maidens mourn'd with great moaning among.
They spared nought but women and the kirk.
Thir worthy Scots of labour would not irk.
Abbays gave them right largely to their food;
To all Kirk-men they nothing did but good.
The temporal they spoiled at their will,
Good gardens gay, and orchards great they spill.

CHAP. V.

The Siege of *York*.

TO York then went thir war-men of renown,
A siege they set right sadly to the town.
For great defence they garnisht them within.
A fellon fault without they can begin;
Gart the host divide in four parts about,
With watches keil, that no man might ish out.
Above the town, upon the South part side,
There Wallace and good Lundie would abide.
Earl Malcolm syne at the West yate abade,
With him the Boyd that had good journeys made.
The Knight Campbel, of Lochow that was Lord,
At the North yate, and Ramsay, made them ford.
Sir John the Graham, that worthy was in weir,
Auchinleck, Crawford, with full manlike effeir,
At the East port boldly they bown to bide.
A thousand archers upon the Scots side

Diſſever'd them among the four parties.
Five thouſand bow-men in the town for this,
Within the town arrayed them full right,
Twelve thouſand and more that ſembly was to fight.
Then Wallace ſaid, Were you folk on a plain,
In field to fight methinks we ſhould be vain,
Then ſailzied they right faſt on either ſide.
The worthy Scots, that boldly durſt abide,
With ſpear and ſhield, for guns had they none,
Within the dykes they gart feil Southeron grone;
Arrows they ſhot as fierce as any fire,
Out over the wall, that flamed in great ire
Through birnies bright, with heads made of fine ſteel,
The Southeron blood they let no friendſhip feel,
Over ſhivering harneſs ſhot the blood ſo ſheen.
The Engliſhmen, that cruel were and keen,
Keeped their town, and kended there full faſt,
Faggots of fire among the hoſt they caſt,
Up pitch and tar on feil fowis they lent,
Many were hurt ere they from the walls went.
Stones on ſpringalds they did caſt out ſo faſt,
And goads of iron, made many groom agaſt:
But, nevertheleſs, the Scots that were without,
The town full oft they ſet into great doubt;
Their bulwark burnt right brimly off the town,
Their barnkin wan, and great garrets caſt down.
Thus ſailzied they, on ilk ſide, with great might.
The day was gone, and coming was the night.
The weary hoſt then drew them from the town,
Set out watches, for reſting made them bown;
Waſh'd wounds with wine of them that were unſound,
For none were dead in great mirth they abound.

Feil

Feil men were hurt, but no mourning they made,
Confirm'd the siege, and stedfastly abade,
When that the Sun on morrow rose upright,
Before their Chiftains sembled they full right,
And thought amends of the town they should take,
For all the fence that Southeron men might make;
Array'd again, as they began before,
About the town they saikied wonder sore,
With fellon shot attour the wall so sheen,
Feil Englishmen, that cruel were and keen,
With shot were slain, for all their targets strang,
Bursted helmets, many to earth they dang;
Bright burning fire they cast to every yate,
The entries thus in peril oft they set.
The defenders were of so fell defence,
Keeped their town with strength and excellence.
And thus the day they drave on, till the night
To pallions bowned many weary wight.
All irk of war, the town was strong to win,
Of artillery, and noble men with gin.
When that they trow'd the Scots were all at rest,
For jeopardy the Englishmen them cast.
Sir John Norton was known worthy and wight,
Sir William Lees, then graithed them that night,
With five thousand well garnisht and savage,
Upon the Scots they thought to make scrimage,
And at a yate issued out hastily
On Earl Malcolm, and his good chevalry.
To check the watch Wallace and ten had been,
Riding about, and has their coming seen.
He gart one blow was in his company,
The ready men arrayed them hastily.

Feil of the Scots ilk night in harnels bade,
By ordinance, for they sik rule had made;
With short advice together are they went,
Upon their foes, where feil Southeron were shent.
Wallace knew well the Earl too hasty was,
For this he sped him to the press to pass;
A sword of war into his hand he bare,
The first he hit the craig in sunder share;
Another ackward on the face took he,
Both nose and front he in the field gart flee.
The hardy Earl before his men forth past,
Into the press, where feil were fighting fast;
A shearing sword he bare drawn in his hand,
The first was sey that he before him fand.
When he and Wallace were together set
There lasted none against them that they met,
But either dead, or else they fled them fra.
By this the host was all in good array,
With a great scry assembled them about;
Then stood the Southeron in a fellon doubt.
Wallace knew well the Englishmen would flee,
For this he prest in thickest for to be,
Hewing full fast on what sege that he fought,
Against his dint fine steel availed nought.
Wallace of hand, since Arthur, had no maik,
Whom he hit right was ay dead of a straik,
That was well known in many place, and there
Whom Wallace hit he dearèd Scots na mare.
Als all his men did cruelly and well,
That came to strokes, that might the Southeron feel.
The English fled, and left the field plainly.
The worthy Scots wrought there so hardily,

Sir

Sir John Norton in that place was left dead,
And twelve hundred, without any remead.
Thir many were left in the field and slain,
The lave return'd into the town again,
And rued full sore that ere they forth could found,
Among them was full many working wound.
The host again ilk ane to their ward rade,
Commanded watches, and no more noise made,
But rested still while that the bright day dew.
Again began the town to sailzie new.
All this they wrought with full good worthiness,
Assailed sore with wit and hardiness.
The host's victual worth scant, and failed fast,
Thus lay they there, while divers days were past,
The land wasted, and meat was sore to win;
But that wist not the folk that were within,
They dred full sore for their own warison.
For soverance prayed the power of the town;
To speak with Wallace they desired fast,
And he appear'd, and speired what they askt.
The Mayor answer'd, said, We would give ransom,
To pass your way, and dear no more the town;
Great shame it were that we should yielden be,
And towns holden of less power than we;
Ye may not win us soothly though ye bide,
We shall give gold, if ye will from us ride;
We may give battle, durst we for our King,
Since he has left it, were an over high thing
For us to do, without his ordinance,
This town of him we hold in governance.
Wallace answer'd, of your gold rek we nought,
It is for battle that we thither sought;

We had rather have battle of England,
Than all the gold that good King Arthur fand
On mount Michel, where he the Giant flew;
Gold may be gone, but worship ay is new.
Your King promis'd that we should battle have,
His writ thereto under his seal he gave;
Letter nor band, ye see, may not avail,
Before this time he height to give battail;
Methinks we should on his men venged be,
Upon our kin many great wrong wrought he,
His Devil-like deed he did into Scotland.
The Mayor said, Sir, right thus we understand,
We have no charge what our King gars us do;
But in this kind we shall be bound you to,
Some part of gold to give you with good will,
And hereafter to wait you with no ill,
By no kind mean, the power of this town,
But if our King make him in battle bown.
Into the host was many worthy man,
With Wallace, more than reckon now I can.
Better it was, for at his will they wrought,
Though he was best, yet other lack he nought,
All served thank to Scotland evermare,
For wit and manhood which they shewed there.
The haill council thus deemed them among,
The town to siege them thought it was too long,
And not a pain to win it by no slight.
The council fand it was the best they might,
Some gold to take, if that they got na mare,
Syne forth their way into their voyage fare.
Then Wallace said, Myself will not consent,
But if this town make us this plain content,

Take

Take our banner, and set it on the wall,
For their power our realm has ridden all,
yielden to be, when we like them to take,
Into England if residence we make.
This answer soon they send unto the Mayor.
Then they consent, the remnant that were there,
The banner took, and set it on the town,
To Scotland was high honour and renown.
That banner there was from eight hours till noon,
Their finance made deliver gold full soon,
Five thousand pounds all good gold of England,
The host receiv'd, with victual abundand;
Both bread and wine right gladly forth they gave,
And other stuff that they liked to have.
Twenty days out the host remained there,
But want of victual made them from it fare;
Yet still at peace the host lodged all night,
While on the morn the Sun was risen on hight,
Into April among the shaws sheen,
When the pathment was clade in tender green;
Pleasant it was to any creature,
In lusty life that time for to endure.
Thir good war-men had their freedom largely,
But food was scant, they might get none to buy.
Cursed tents then, and in the country rade,
On Englishmen full great herthip they made;
Burnt and brake down biggings, they spared nought,
Right worthy walls full low to ground they brought.
All Mydlen land they burnt up in a fire,
Brake park-dykes down, destroyed all the shire;
Wild deer they slew, for other beasts were nane,
Thir war-men took of venison good wane.

Toward the South they turned at the last,
Made biggings bare as far as ever they past.
The Commons all to London are they went,
Before the King, and told him their intent,
And said, they should, but he gart Wallace cease,
Forsake their faith, and take them to his peace.
No herauld there durst then to Wallace pass,
Whereof the King greatly agrieved was.
Thus Edward left his people into bail,
Contrare Wallace he would not give battail,
Nor bide in field for ought that they might say,
Gave over the cause, to London past his way.
At men of wit this question here I ask,
Among Nobles if ever any was,
So long through force in England lay on chase,
Since Brutus death, but battle, but Wallace.
Great Julius the Empire had in hand,
Yet twice of force he was put off England.
Wight Arthur als of war when that he prev'd,
Twice did they fight, suppose they were mischiev'd.
Awful Edward durst not Wallace abide,
In plain battle, for all England so wide,
In London lay, and took him to his rest,
And brake his vow, which hold you for the best;
Right clear it is to ransack this question,
Deem as ye list, good men of discretion.
To my sentence now briefly will I pass,
When Wallace then through York-shire journeying was,
Victual as then was none left in the land,
But in houses where it might be warrand.
The host hereof abated was to bide;
Frae food scanted no pleasance was that tide;

Some

Some bade ride home, some bade ride farthermare,
Wallace call'd Jop, and said to him right there,
Thou knowest the land, where most abundance is,
Be you our guide, and then we shall not miss
Victual to find, that wate I wonder well,
Thou hast, I traist, of England meikle feel.
The King and his into stark strengths are gone,
But jeopardy, now peril have we none.
Then Jop answer'd, Be ye guided by me,
The plentiest part of England ye shall see;
Of wine and wheat there is in Richmond-shire,
And other stuff of food that ye desire;
Whereof I trow ye shall be well content.
The host was glad, and thitherward they went.
Many true Scots were sembled in that land,
To Wallace came well moze than nine thousand;
Of pison part, some had in labour wrought,
From other parts full fast to him they sought.
Wallace was blyth of our own native kin
That came to him, off bail that they were in;
And all the host of comfort was blyther,
Frae their own folk were multiplying there.
In Richmond-shire they found great abundance,
Bread, ale and wine, with other purveyance;
Brake park-dykes down, and beasts slew many one,
Of wild and tame, forsooth they spared none.
Throughout the land they past in good array;
A seemly place so found they in their way,
Which Ramswaith hight, as Jop himself them told;
Fehew was Lord and Captain in that hold.
Five hundred men were sembled in that place,
To save themselves and their goods from Wallace;

A royal stead, fast by a forest side,
With turrets fair, and garrets of great pride,
Builded about, right likely to be wight,
Awful it was unto any man's sight;
Feil men above on the walls busked been,
In good armour, that burnicht was full sheen.
The host past by, and but bisied that place;
Yet they within on loud defied Wallace,
And trumpets blew with many warlike sound.
Then Wallace said, Had we yon gallants down,
On the plain ground, they would more sober be.
Then Jop said, Sir, you gart his brother die,
In heraulds weed, ye wate, on Tinto-hill.
Wallace answer'd, So would I with good will,
Had I himself, but we may not them dear,
Good men must thole of harlots scorn in wear.
Sir John the Graham would at the bicker been:
But Wallace soon the great peril has seen,
Commanded him to let his service be,
We have no men to waste in sik degree;
Would ye them harm, I know another gate,
How we through fire within shall make them heat;
Fire has been ay full fellon into wear,
On sik a place it may do meikle dear;
Their old bulwark I see of wither'd oak,
Were it on fire, they might not bide a stroke,
Houses and woods are here enough plenty,
Who hews best of this forest let us see;
Pull houses down, we shall not want a deal,
The old timber will gar the green burn well.
At his command full busily they wrought,
Great wood in hast about the house they brought.

The

The bulwark wan thir men of arms bright,
To the barnkin laid timber upon hight.
Then bowmen shot to keep them from the cast;
The wall about they had kastned fires kast.
Women and bairns on Wallace kast they cry,
On knees they fell, and ask'd of him mercy.
At a quarter, where fire had not overtane,
They took them out from that castle of stane,
Syne bet the fire with brands brim and bold,
Till the red lowe rose high above the hold.
Barrels of pitch for defence were hung there,
All strake in fire, the mischief was the mare.
When the brim fire attour the place was past,
Then they within might neither shoot nor cast.
Als bestial, as horse and nolt, within,
Amidst the fire they made a hideous din.
The armed men in harnels were so het,
Some down to ground dushed but more debate;
Some lap, some fell into the fellon fire,
Smother'd to death, and burnt both bone and lyre.
The fire brake in at all openings about,
None bode on loft, so fellon was the doubt.
Fehew himself lap rudely from the hight,
Through all the fire can on the barnkin light.
With a good sword Wallace strake of his head,
Jop hint it up, and turst it from that stead.
Five hundred men, that were into that place,
Got none away, but died withoutten grace.
Wallace bode still with his power that night;
Upon the morn the fire had failed might.
Before the yate, where it was burnt on breed,
A red they made, and to the castle yeed,

Strake down the yate, and took that they might win,
Jewels and gold, great riches was therein;
Spulied the place, and left nothing else there,
But beasts, burnt bodies, and the walls full bare.
Then took they her, that wife was to Fehew,
Gave this command, as she was woman true,
To turse that head to London to Edward.
She it receiv'd with great sorrow in heart.
Wallace himself thir charges to her gave,
Say to your King, but if I battle have,
At London yates we shall assailie sare,
Into this month we think for to be there;
Traist ye in truth, will God, we shall not fail,
But I desist through charge of our counsail;
The Southmost part of England we shall see,
But he seek peace, or else bargain with me;
Upon a time he charg'd me on this wise,
Right bousteously to make to him service;
Sik shall he have, as he us cause has made.
Then moved they without longer abade.
Deliver'd she was from this good chevalry,
Toward London she sought right earnestly;
Unto the tower, but more process she went,
Where Edward lay mourning in his intent.
His nephew's head, when he saw it was brought,
So great sorrow sadly upon him sought,
With great unease upon his feet he stood,
Weeping for wo for his dear tender blood.
The council rose, and pray'd him for to cease,
We lose England but if we purchase peace.
Then Woodstock said, This is my best counsail,
Take peace in time as for our own avail,

Ere we tine moze, yet ſlake of our courage,
Treſt ye may get help unto your barnage.
The King granted, and bade them meſſage ſend;
No man was there that durſt to Wallace wend.

CHAP. VI.

How the Queen of *England* came to *Wallace*, and ſpake for peace.

The Queen appear'd, and ſaw this great diſtance,
Well bozn ſhe was of the right blood of France,
She trowed well therefoze to ſpeed the mare,
Herſelf purpos'd in that meſſage to fare.
Als ſhe fozethought that the King took on hand,
Againſt the right ſo oft to reave Scotland.
And feil men ſaid, the vengeance happened there,
Of great murder his men made into Air.
Thus deemed they the council them amang.
To this effect the Queen bowned to gang;
When ſhe has ſeen ilk man fozſake this thing,
On knees ſhe fell, and asked at the King,
Sovereign, ſhe ſaid, if that your will it be,
I do deſire yon Chiftain foz to ſee,
Foz he is known both hardy, wiſe, and true,
Perchance he will rather on women rue,
Than on your men; ye have done him ſik dear,
When he them ſees, it moves him ay to wear.
To help this land I would make my travail,
It may not ſkaith, ſuppoſe it do not vail.
The Lozds were all of her deſire right fain;
Unto the King they made inſtance in plain,

That she might pass. The King, with ackward will,
Half into ire, gave his consent theretill.
Some of them said, the Queen loved Wallace,
For the great voice of his high nobleness.
An hardy man, that likely is withall,
Great favour will of fortune to him fall,
Anent women is seen in many place,
So happened it in his time with Wallace.
In his rising he was a lover true,
And chooseth one, but Englishmen her slew.
Yet I say not the Queen would on her take,
All for his love, sik travel for to make.
Now love, or like, or for help of their land,
I make rehearse, as I in scholture fand.
She graithed her into a goodly wise,
With gold and gear, and folk at her devise;
Ladies with her, none other would he send,
And old Priests, that well the country kend.
Leave I the Queen to message ready dight,
And speak forth more of Wallace travel right.
The worthy Scots among their enemies rade,
Full great destruction among Southeron they made,
Wasted about the land on either side,
No war-men then durst in their way abide;
They ransom'd none, but to the death they dight,
In many stead made fires both broad and bright.
The host was blyth, and in a good estate,
No power there was that would make them debate;
Great riches wan of gold and goods them till,
Living enough to take at their own will.
In awful fair they travel through the land,
Made biggings bare that they before them fand;

Great

Great barnkins brake of steads were stark and strong;
Thir wight war-men of travel thought not long.
South in the land right earnestly they sought,
To Saint Albans, but harm there did they nought;
The Prior send them wine and venison,
Refresh'd the host with good in great fusion.
The night peeped when they were at the place,
They harbred them from thence a little space,
Chooled a stead where they should bide all night,
Tents on ground, and pallions proudly pight;
Into a vale, by a small river fair,
On either side where wild deer made repair;
Set watches out, that wisely could them keep,
To supper went, and timeously they sleep;
Of meat and sleep they cease with sufficance.
The night was mirk, overdrave the darksom chance.
The merry day sprang from the Orient,
With beams bright illuminate the Occident.
After Titan Phebus up riseth fair,
High in the sphere, the signs he made declare.
Zephyrus then began his morning course,
The sweet vapour thus from the ground resourse;
The humble breyth down from the heaven avail,
In every mead, both firth, forest and dale.
The clear rede among the rocks rang,
Through green branches, where the birds blythly sang,
With joyous voice in heavenly harmony.
Then Wallace thought it was no time to ly;
He crossed him, syne suddenly up rose,
To take the air out of his pallion goes.
Master John Blair was ready to revels,
In good intent syne bowned to the Mass.

When it was done, Wallace can him array,
In his armour, which goodly was and gay.
His shining shoes, that birnisht was full been,
His leg-harnels he clapped on so clean,
Pullane grees he braced on full fast,
A close birnie, with many siker clasp,
Breast-plate, bralars, that worthy were in wear;
Beside him forth Jop could his basnet bear;
His glittering gloves, graven on either side,
He seemed well in battle to abide;
His good girdle, and syne his buirly brand,
A staff of steel he gripped in his hand.
The host him blest, and pray'd God, of his grace,
Him to convoy from all mistimed case.
Adam Wallace and Boyd forth with him yeed,
By a river, throughout a flourisht mead;
And as they walk attour the fields so green,
Out of the South they saw where that the Queen,
Toward the host came riding soberly,
And fifty Ladies in her company,
Wailled of wit, and deemed of renown,
Some widows were, and some of religion;
And seven Priests that entred were of age;
Wallace to sik did never great outrage,
But if to him they did make great offence.
Thus they approached toward their presence.
At the pallion, where they the Lion saw,
To gronnd they light, and syne on knees can faw,
Praying for peace, they cry with piteous chear.
Earl Malcolm said, Our Chiftain is not here;
He bade her rise, and said it was not right,
A Queen on knees to bow to lower wight.

Up by the hand the good Earl has her tane,
Attour the bent to Wallace are they gane.
When she him saw, she would have kneeled down;
In his arms soon he caught this Queen with crown,
And kissed her, withoutten words more,
So did he never to Southeron before.
Madam, he said, right welcome mot ye be,
How pleases you our hosting for to see.
Right well, she said, of friendship have we need,
God grant you would of our nes's for to speed.
Suffer we must, suppose it like us ill,
But traist us, well it is contrare our will;
Ye shall remain, with this Lord I must gang,
From your presence we shall not tarry lang.
The Earl and he unto the pallion yeed,
With good advice to deem more of this deed.
The council soon Wallace gart call them to,
Lords, he said, ye wate what is ado,
Of their coming myself has no pleasance,
And therefore must we work with ordinance;
Women may become tempting into wear,
Among fools that can them not forbear.
I say not this by thir, nor yet the Queen,
I trow it be but good that she will mean;
But sample take of long time passed by;
At Rownsywail the treason was plainly
By women made, that Ganzelon with him brought,
And Turkish wine forbear then could they nought:
Long use in war gart them desire their will,
Which brought Charles to fellon loss and ill;
The flower of France, without redemption,
Through that foul deed, was brought to confusion.

Command your men therefore in privy wise,
On pain of life they work not on sik wise;
None speak with them, but wise men of great bail,
That Lords are, and sworn to this counsail.
This charge they did as wisely as they mought,
This ordinance through all the host was wrought.
He and the Earl both to the Queen they went,
Receiv'd her fair, and brought her to a tent,
To dinner bown'd as goodly as they can,
And served were with many likely man.
Good purveyance the Queen had with her wrought,
A fay she took of all things that they brought.
Wallace perceiv'd, and said, We have no dread,
I cannot trow Ladies would do sik deed,
To poyson men, for all England to win.
The Queen answer'd, If poyson be therein,
Of any thing which is brought here with me,
Upon my self first sorrow shall ye see.
Soon after meat a Marshal gart ablent,
But Lords, and they that should to counsel went.
Ladies appear'd in presence with the Queen.
Wallace asked what her coming might mean.
For peace, she said, that we have to you sought,
This burning war in bail has many brought,
Grant ye us peace, for him that died on tree.
Wallace answer'd, Madam, that may not be,
England has done so great harms unto us,
We may not pass, and lightly leave it thus.
Yes, said the Queen, for Christian folk we are,
For God's sake, since that we desire no more,
We ought have peace. Madam, that I deny,
The perfect cause I shall you shew for why;

Ye seek no peace, but for your own avail:
When your false King had Scotland gripped haill,
For no kin thing that he before him fand,
He would not thole the rich blood in our land,
But reft their rent, syne put themselves to dead,
Ransom of gold might make us no remead;
His fell false war shall on himself be seen.
Then soberly to him answer'd the Queen,
Amends to have of thir wrongs were most fair.
Madam, he said, of him we ask na mare,
But that he would hide us into battail,
And God be Judge, he knows the matter haill.
Sik mends, she said, were not right good thinks me;
Peace now were best, if it might purchast be:
Would ye grant peace, and trews with us take,
Through all England we should gar prayers make
For you, and them that in the war were lost.
Then Wallace said, Where sik things come through boast,
Prayer of force, where so that it be wrought,
Helpeth us either little, or else nought.
Warily she said, Thus wisemen has us kend,
Ay after war peace is the final end;
Wherefore ye should of your great malice cease,
The end of war is charity and peace.
Peace is in heaven, with bliss and lastingness,
We shall beseech the Pope, of his high grace,
Peace to command, since we may do na mare.
Madam, he said, ere your purchase come there,
Amends we think of England for to have.
What set you thus, she said, so God you save,
From violent war that ye like not to dwell.
Madam, he said, the sooth I shall you tell.

After the date of Alexander's reign,
Our land stood three years desolate but King,
Keeped full well at concord in good state;
Through two that claim'd, there happened great debate,
So earnestly, accord them not they can;
Your King they ask'd to be their oversman;
Slyly he slaid through the strengths of Scotland,
The kinrike syne he took in his own hand;
He made a King against our righteous law,
For he of him should hold the region aw:
Contrare this band was all the haill barnage,
For Scotland was yet never in thirlage.
Great Julius, that tribute got of all,
His winning was in Scotland but full small.
Then your false King, under colour but mave,
Through band he made to Bruce that is out heir,
Undid that King which he before had made,
Through all Scotland with great power they rade;
To Bruce sensyne he keeped no command,
He said, he would not go and conquess land
To other men; and thus the case befel.
Then Scotland through he demained himsel;
Slew our Elders, great pity was to see,
In prison syne long time they pined me,
While I from them was casten out for dead;
Thanked be God he sent me some remead.
Venged to be I proved all my might,
Fell of their kin to death I since have digh.
The rage of youth gart me desire a wife,
That rued I sore, and will do all my life;
A traitor Knight, but mercy, gart her die,
One Hesilrig, but for despite of me.

Then

Then rang'd I forth in cruel war and pain,
While we redeem'd part of our land again.
Then your curst King desir'd of us a trew,
Which made Scotland full rathly for to rue;
Into that peace they set a subtil air,
Then eighteen score to death they hanged there,
That nobles were, and worthy of renown,
Of coats of arms eldest in that region;
Their deaths we think to venge in all our might.
The woman als, that dolefully was dight,
Out of my mind that death will never bide,
While God me take from this false world so wide;
Of Southeron since I can no pity have,
Your men in war I think never to save.
Then the bright tears, was pity to behold,
Burst from his eyes, by he his tale had told.
The Queen weeped for pity of Wallace,
Alace, she said, wo worth that cursed case,
In waried time that Hesilrig was born,
Many worthy through his deed are forlorn;
He should have pain, that one so sakeless slew,
England sensyne has bought it dear enew,
Though she had been a Queen or a Princess.
Madam, he said, as God give me good grace,
Into her time she was as dear to me,
Princess or Queen, in what state so they be.
Wallace, she said, of this talk we will cease,
The mends hereof is good prayer and peace.
I grant, he said, of me as now na mare,
This is right nought but eiking of my care.
The Queen fand well language her nothing bet,
She trow'd with gold he might be overset;

Three thousand pounds of finest gold so red,
She gart be brought to Wallace in that stead.
Madam, he said, no sik tribute we crave,
Another mends we would of England have,
Ere we return from this region again,
Of your false blood that hath our elders slain;
For all the gold, and riches ye in reign,
Ye get no peace, but desire of your king.
When that she saw gold might her not relieve,
Some part in sport she thought him for to prieve.
Wallace, she said, you are cleped my love,
More bundantly I made me for to prove,
Trusting therefore your rancour for to slake,
Methinks ye should do something for my sake.
Right wisely he made answer to the Queen,
Madam, he said, if verity were seen,
That you me lov'd, I ought you love again,
But thir words all are nothing but in vain;
In speech of love subtil ye Southeron are,
Ye can us mock, suppose ye see na mare.
In London, she said, for you I suffer'd blame;
Our council als will laugh when we come hame;
So may they say, Women are fierce of thought,
To seek friendship, and syne can get right nought.
Madam, he said, we wate how ye are send,
Ye trow we have but little for to spend.
First with your gold, for ye are rich and wise.
Ye would us blind, since Scots they are so nise;
Syne pleasant words of you and Ladies fair,
As who should drive the birds into a snare
With the small pipe, for it will freshest call;
Madam, as yet ye may not tempt us all;

Great

Great part of good is left among our kin,
In England als we find enough to win.
Abasd she was to make answer him till.
Dear sir, she said, since this is at your will,
War or peace, what so liketh you best,
Let your high wit and good counsel digest.
Madam, he said, now shall ye understand
The reason why that I will make no band;
With you, Ladies, I can no trows bind,
For your false King hereafter soon will find,
When he sees time, to break it at his will,
And plainly say, he granted not theretill;
Then had we none but Ladies to reprove:
That shall he not, by God that is above,
Upon women I will no war begin,
On you in faith no worship is to win:
All the haill peace on himself he shall take,
Of peace or war what happeneth us to make.
The Queen granted his answer sufficient,
So did the lave in place that were present;
His deliverance they held of great avail,
And stark enough to shew to their counsail.
Wo was the Queen her travel helped nought,
The gold she took that they had with her brought,
Unto the host right freely she it gave,
To every man that liked for to have:
To minstrels, heraulds, she dealt abundantlie,
Beseeching them her friends that they would be.
When Wallace saw the freedom of the Queen,
Sadly, he said, the sooth well has been seen,
Women may tempt the wisest that is wrought;
Your great gentrice it shall not be for nought,

We you assure our host shall move nothing,
While time ye may send message from your King.
If it be so, that he accord and we,
Then for your sake it shall the better be:
Your heraulds als shall safely come and go,
For your freedom we shall trouble no mo.
She thanked him of his grant many syes,
And all the Ladies on a goodly wise.
Gladly they drank, the Queen and good Wallace,
Thir Ladies als, and Lords into that place.
Her leave she took without longer abode,
Five miles that night South to a nunnery rode.
Upon the morn to London passed they,
In Westminster, whereat the council lay.
Wallace answer she gart shew to the King,
I need not here rehearse more of this thing.
The great commend that she to Wallace gave,
Before the King, in presence of the lave,
To all true Scots it should be great applease,
Though Englishmen thereof had little ease;
Of worship, wit, manhood, and governance,
Of freedom, truth, key of rememberance,
She call'd him there into their high presence,
Though contrare them he stood at his defence:
So Chiftain-like, she said, as he is seen,
Into England, I trow, has never been:
Would ye of gold give him this realm's rent,
From honour he will not turn his intent.
Suffer'd we are, while ye may message make
Of wise Lords some part I red you take,
To purchase peace, withoutten words more,
For all England may rue his rode full sore.

Your heraulds als to pass to him have leave,
In all his host there shall no man them grieve.
Then thanked they the Queen for her travel,
The King, and Lords that were of his council.
Of her answer the King appeased was;
Then three great Lords they ordain'd for to pass.
Their council haill has thought it was the best,
Trews for to take, or else they get no rest.
An herauld went, in all the haste he may,
To Tawbane vale, where that the Scots they lay,
Conduct to have, while they have said their will.
The council soon conduct gave him untill.
Again he went with soverance to his King.
Then chosed they three wise Lords for this thing.
The keen Clifford, was then their Warden haill,
Bewmont and Woodstock, all men of meikle vail:
What thir three wrought, the lave should stand theretill,
The King his seal has given them at their will.
Soon they were brought to speaking to Wallace.
Woodstock him shewed many a subtil case.
Wallace he heard his sophisms every deal,
As yet, he said, methinks ye mean but well;
In wrong ye hold, and do us great outrage:
Of houses part that is our heritage,
Out of this peace in plain I make them known,
Them for to win, since that they are our own;
Roxburgh and Berwick, that over long have been
Into the hands of you false Southeron keen.
We ask here als, by virtue of this band,
Our heirs, our King, by wrong led off Scotland;
We shall them have, withoutten words mare.
To his desire the Lords they granted there;

Right at his will they have consented haill,
For no kin thing the peace they would not fail.
The young Randal, that then in London was,
The Lord of Lorn in this band he can ask;
Earl of Buchan, but then in tender age,
After he grew a man wight, wise and large.
Cuming and Sowles he gart deliver als,
Which after to King Robert were full false.
Vallange fled over, and durst not bide that moot,
In Pickardie to ask him was no boot:
But Wallace would rather had that false Knight,
Than ten thousand of finest gold so bright.
The Bruce he ask'd, but he was had away,
Before that time, to Calais, many a day;
King Edward prov'd that they might not him get,
Of Glocester his uncle had him set,
That Calais then had haully in keeping.
Wallace that time got not his righteous King.
The Earl Patrick from London also send,
With Wallace to make, as well before was kend,
Of his matters a final governance,
To King Edward gave up his allegiance,
And took to hold of Scotland evermare.
With full glad heart Wallace receiv'd him there;
They honour'd him right reverently as Lord.
The Scots rejoyced all at that concord.
An hundred horse, with young Lords of renown,
To Wallace came, freed out of that prison.
Under his seal King Edward gart them send,
For to give over, and make a final end,
Roxburgh and Berwick, which were of meikle vail,
Unto the Scotsmen, and all the bounds haill.

To

To five years trews they promis'd by their hand.
Then Wallace said, We will pass near Scotland,
Ere ought be seal'd; and therefore make us bown
Again we will beside Northallertoun,
Where King Edward first battle height to me,
As it began, there shall it ended be.
Greet well the Queen, he charged the message,
It is for her that we leave our voyage.
A day he set, when they should meet him there,
And seal the peace, withoutten words mare.
Upon the morn the host, but more advice,
Travented North upon a goodly wise,
To the set tryst that Wallace had them made.
The English message came but more abade;
They seal'd the peace without longer delay.
The message then, upon the second day,
To London went in all the haste they can.
The worthy Scots, with many goodly man,
To Bamburgh came with all the power haill,
Sixty thousand, all Scots of great avail,
Ten days before All-hallow-even they sure;
On Lammas day they light on Carham muir,
There lodged they with pleasance as they mought,
While on the morn that Priests unto them sought,
In Carham kirk, and seized in his hand
Roxburgh keys, as they had made command,
And Berwick als, which Southeron had so lang;
They freed the folk in England for to gang.
For their lives they ished off either place,
They durst not well bide reckoning with Wallace.
Captain he made, in Berwick of renown,
That worthy was, good Cristal of Seton.

Keeper he left of Roxburgh caſtle wight,
Sir John Ramſay, a wiſe and worthy Knight;
Syne Wallace ſelf, with Earl Patrick in plain,
To Dumbar rode, and him reſtor'd again,
Into his caſtle, and all that heritage,
With the conſent of all that haill barnage.
When Wallace was agreed with this Lord,
To rule the realm he made him goodly ford.
Scotland attour, from Roſs to Solway-ſand,
He rode it thrice, and ſtatute all the land.
In the Leynhouſe a while he made repair,
Sir John Monteith that time was Captain there,
Als twice before he had his goſſip been,
But no friendſhip betwixt them then was ſeen.
Full two months ſtill he dwelt in Dumbartoun;
A houſe he founded on the rock of ſtone;
Men left he there to build it to the hight,
Syne to the March again he rideth right.
Into Roxburgh they chooſed him a place,
A good tower there he gart build in ſhort ſpace.
The kinrike ſtood in good worſhip and eaſe,
Was none ſo great durſt his neighbour diſpleaſe.
The arle ground gart labour thriftily,
Victual and fruit there grew abundantly.
Was never before, ſince this was call'd Scotland,
Sik wealth and peace at once into the land.
He ſent Jop twice to Bruce in Huntingtoun,
Beſeeching him to come and take his crown.
Counſel he took at falſe Saxons, alace!
He had never hap in life to get Wallace.
Three years as thus the realm ſtood in good peace,
Of this I make my words now for to ceaſe.

And

And further forth of Wallace I will tell,
Into his life what aventure yet fell.

CHAP. VII.

How the King of *France* sent for *Wallace* to speak with him; and *Wallace*'s Answer to the King.

A Royal King then reigned into France,
Great worship heard of Wallace governance,
Of prowess, prise, and of his worthy deed,
And forward, fair, commended of manheed,
Both humble, leal, and of his proved prise,
Of honour, truth, and void of covetice.
The noble King, reigning in royaltie,
Had great delight this Wallace for to see,
And knew right well shortly to understand
The great surprize and overset of England;
Als marvell'd he of Wallace's small power,
That but a King took sik a realm to stear,
Against England, and gart their malice cease,
While they desir'd, with good will, to make peace.
And right anone a Herauld he gart call,
And in short terms he has rehearsed all
Of his intent completely to an end,
Syne in Scotland he bade him for to wend;
And thus he wrote then into great honour,
To William Wallace as a Conqueror.

"O loved leid, with worship wise and wight,
"Thou very help in holding of the right,

" Thou right reſtorer of thy native land,
" With God his grace againſt thy foes to ſtand
" In thy defence, helper of righteous blood,
" O worthy birth, and bleſſed be thy food;
" As it is read in prophecy before,
" In happy time for Scotland you was born;
" I thee beſeech, with all humility,
" My cloſe letter you would conceive and ſee,
" As your brother, I Chriſtian King of France,
" To the bearer you hear and give credence.

The Herauld him bown'd, and to the ſhip is gone,
In Scotland ſoon he coming is anone;
And Herauld-like he ſought to his preſence.
On land he went, and made no reſidence
In any ſtead, where he preſumed there,
So on a day he found him into Air,
In good effeir, and manlike company.
The Herauld then, with honour reverently,
He ſaluſt him upon a good manner.
And he again, with humble homely chear,
Received him into right goodly wiſe.
The Herauld then, with worſhip to deviſe,
Betaught to him the King's letter of France.
Wallace on knee, with lowly obeiſance,
Right reverently, for worſhip of Scotland.
When he it read, and did it underſtand,
At this Herauld he asked his credence,
With aſper ſpeech, and manly countenance.
And he him told, as I have ſaid before,
The King's deſire, what need any words more.

The

The high honour, and the great nobleneſs
Of your manhood, well known in many place,
Him likes als well your worſhip to advance,
As you were born a true liege-man of France;
Since his region is flower of realms ſeen,
Als the great band of kindneſs you between,
It were worſhip his preſence for to ſee,
Since that this realm ſtands in ſik degree.
Wallace conceiv'd, withoutten tarrying,
The great deſire of this good noble king;
Syn to him ſaid, As God of heaven me ſave,
Hereafter ſoon ye ſhall an anſwer have
Of your deſire, that ye have ſhewn me till,
Welcome ye are with a free hearty will.
The Herauld bode, unto the twentieth day,
With Wallace ſtill, in good welfare and play,
Conſum'd the time with worſhip and pleaſance,
By good advice made his deliverance;
With his own hand he writ unto the King
All his intent, as touching to this thing.
Right rich reward he gave the Herauld to,
And him convoy'd when he had leave to go,
Out of the town with goodly company;
His leave he took, ſyne went unto the ſea.
Good Wallace then has made his providence,
His purpoſe was to ſee the King of France,
Creſt in war to Saint Johnſtoun could face,
A council then he had gart ordain there.
Into his ſtead he choſed a Governour
To keep the land, a man of great valour,
James good Lord the Steward of Scotland,
Which father was, as ſtories bear on hand,

To good Walter that was of high peerage,
Who got the Bruce ſenſyne in marriage.
Thereof to ſpeak as now I have no ſpace,
It is well known, thanked be God his grace.
And to the Herauld, withoutten reſidence,
How he approached to the King's preſence.
From Rochel then the land ſoon has he tane,
Attour the lands he graithed him to gain,
Seeking the King, as goodly as he may;
So to the court he paſſed on a day,
To Paris went, that's peerleſs of renown,
The King that time held palace in that town.
When he him ſaw, graithly has underſtand,
He ſpeir'd tidings, and welfare of Scotland.
The Herauld ſaid, into thir terms ſhort,
That all was good; he had the more comfort.
Saw you Wallace, the Chiftain of that land?
And he ſaid, Yea, that dare I take on hand,
A worthier this day is living none,
In way of war, as far as I have gone.
The high worſhip, and the great noblenels,
The good welfare, pleaſance and worthineſs,
The rich reward was mighty for to ſee,
That for your ſake he kythed upon me;
And his anſwer in wit he has you ſent.
The King received with a light intent,
This high affect and dyte of his writing.

" O royal Roy, and righteous crowned King,
" You know this well, by other more than me,
" How our realm ſtands in perpleritie.

" The

" The falſe nation, that we are neighbours to,
" When pleaſes them, they make us ay ado;
" No band may be made of ſik ſufficance,
" But ay in it they find a variance.
" To wait a time, while God that it may be,
" Within a year I ſhall your preſence ſee.

Of this anſwer well pleaſed was the King.
Leave I them thus in royalty to reign,
And glad comfort, right as I have you told,
Of Wallace forth I will my proceſs hold.

THE

THE

THE

ACTS and DEEDS of the most Famous and Valiant Champion,

Sir *WILLIAM WALLACE*, Knight of *ELLERSLIE*.

The Ninth BOOK.

CHAP. I.

How *Wallace* past to *France*, and took the *Red Reaver* in his Passage.

UNTO April the one and twentieth day,
The high Kalend, thus Cancer, as we say,
The lusty time of Maius fresh coming,
Celestial great blythnes in to bring;
Principal month forsooth it may be seen,
The heavenly hues upon the tender green.
When old Saturn his cloudy course had gane,
The which had been ay both beasts and birds bane.

Zephyrus eke, with his ſweet vapour,
The comfort has by working of nature,
All fruäuous thing into the earth adoun,
That ruled is under the high region.
Sober Luna, in flowing of the ſea,
When bright Phebus is in his chemage.
The Bull's courſe ſo taken had his place,
And Jupiter was in the Crab's face.
When Aries, that hot ſign cholerick,
Into the Ram which had his room's rik,
Be chosen had his place and his manſion,
In Capricorn, the ſign of the Lion.
Gentle Jupiter, with his mild ordinance,
Both herb and tree reverts into pleaſance;
And freſh Flora her flowery mantle ſpread,
In every vale, both hop, hight, hill, and mead.
This ſamen time, for thus mine author ſays,
Wallace to paſs off Scotland took his ways;
By ſhort advice he ſhipt him to the ſea,
And fifty men took in his company.
He let no word then walk of his paſſage,
For Engliſhmen had ſtopt him his voyage:
Nor took he leave at Lords of Parliament,
He wiſt full well they would not all conſent,
To ſuffer him out of the land to go;
For this anone, withoutten words mo,
He gart forſee, and ordain'd well his ſhip,
And thir were part paſt in his fellowſhip;
Two Wallaces his kinſmen were full near,
Crawford and Cleland were holden to him dear.
Off Kirkcudbright he purpos'd his paſſage,
Seamen he ſee'd, and gave them goodly wage;

They

They wanted not of wine, victual, nor gear,
A fair new barge right worthy wrought for wear;
With that they were a goodly company,
Of wailled men had wrought full hardily.
Bonallais drank right gladly in a morrow,
Syne leave they took, and with Saint John to borrow.
Boats were shot forth, and from the rock them sent,
With full glad hearts, all in atanes they went;
Unto the ship they rowed hastily.
The seamen then working full busily,
Anchors wand in wisely on either side,
Their lines cast out, and waited well the tide;
Let the sails fall, and have their course begun,
A good gay wind out of the right airt come.
Freiks on fore-stern then ruled well their gear,
Leids on look-board, with a Lord-like effeir.
Lanlys laid out, their passage for to sound.
With full sail thus they forth from Scotland bown'd,
Sailed over the day and als the night.
Upon the morn, when that the sun rose bright,
The ship-master unto the top he went,
South-east he saw, that troubled his intent,
Sixteen sails all arrayed on a raw,
In colour red, and toward him could draw.
The glittering Sun upon them shined bright,
The sea about illuminate with the light.
This man's spirit was in an extasy,
Down went he soon, and said full sorrowfully,
Alace, quoth he, the day that I was born,
Without remead our lives are all forlorn,
In cursed time I took this cure on hand;
The best Chiftain, and rescue of Scotland,

Over rekleſly I have tane upon me,
With weak power to bring him through the ſea;
It forſyt not, would God I were torment,
So Wallace might with worſhip ſcape unſhent.
When Wallace ſaw, and heard this man's great mone,
To comfort him in good will is he gone.
Maſter, he ſaid, what has amoved thee?
Not for myſelf, this man ſaid piteouſlie,
But of a thing I dare well undertane,
Though all the ſhips were here of broad Britain,
Part ſhould we loſe, except fortune had ſworn,
The beſt war-man in ſea is us beforn,
Living this day, and King is of the ſea.
Wallace ſoon ſpeir'd, Wot you what he may be?
The Red Reaver, they call him in his ſtile,
That ever I ſaw him, waried worth that while;
For my own life I would no mourning make,
Is no man born that will yon tyrant take.
He ſaveth none, for gold, nor other good,
But ſlays and drowns all derfly in the flood,
He gets no grace, though he were King or Knight,
Thir ſixteen years he has done great unright.
The power is ſo ſtrong he has to ſtear,
May none eſcape that comes in his danger.
Would we him board, no boot is to begin,
The laigheſt ſhip that is his flote within
May ſail us down unto a doleful dead.
Then Wallace ſaid, Since you ken no remead,
Tell me his feir, and how I ſhall him know,
What is his uſe, and ſyne go lodge thee low.
The ſhip-man ſaid, Right well ye may him ken,
Through graith tokens, full clearly by his men,

his

His coat armour is seen in many stead,
Ay battle bown, and royal ay of red;
This foremost ship, that pursues you so fast,
Himself is in, and will not be agast;
He will you hail when that he comes you near,
Without tarry then must ye strike on stear;
Himself will enter first full hardily,
Thir are the signs that you shall know him by;
A bar of blue into his shining shield,
A bend of green desiring ay the field;
The red betokens blood and hardiment,
The green, courage, increasing his intent;
The blue he bears, because he's Christian man,
Sadly again Wallace answered than,
Though he be christned, this were no God-like deed,
Go under loft, Saint Andrew mot us speed.
Both ship-master, and the stear-man also,
Into the hold, but bode, he gart them go.
His fifty men, withoutten longer rest,
Wallace gart ray into their armour prest,
Forty and eight on loof-board laid them law;
William Crawford then to him gart he caw,
And said, Thou canst some part of ship-man fare,
Thy use has been oft in the town of Air,
I pray thee take this doctrine then of me,
Look that you stand stridly by this tree,
When they bid strike, to service be thou bain,
When I thee warn let draw the sail again.
Cleland, cousin, come take the stear in hand,
Here on the waill near by thee I shall stand,
God guide our ship, as now I say na mare.
The barge, by that, with a full warlike fare,

Himself on loft was with a drawn sword,
And bade his stear-man lay them langs the board;
On loud he cried, Strike, dogs, or ye shall die.
Crawford let draw the sail a little wie.
The Captain soon lap in, and would not stint.
Wallace in haste by the gorget him hint,
On the over-loft cast him where that he stood,
While nose and mouth all rushed out of blood;
A forged knife, but bode, he braded out.
The war-ships then were lapped them about.
The meikle barge had not them clipped fast,
Crawford drew sail, skift by, and off them past.
The Reaver cried, with piteous voice and clear,
Grace of his life, for him that bought you dear;
Mercy, he said, for him that died on rood,
Leisure to mend, I have spilt meikle blood,
For my trespals I would make some remead.
Wallace wist well, though he were brought to dead,
And of his life some rescue might be make,
A better purpose right soon can he take;
And als he rued him, for his life was ill,
In Latin tongue right thus he said him till,
I never took man, that enemy was to me,
But for God's sake thy life I grant to thee.
Both sword and knife he took from him anane,
Up by the hand as prisoner has him tane,
And on his sword sharply he gart him swear,
From that day forth he should him never dear.
Command thy men, quoth Wallace, to our peace,
Their shot of guns, that was not eith to cease;
The cast it was awful on either side.
The Red Reaver commanded them to bide.

held out a glove, in token of the trew.
His men beheld, and well that sign they knew,
Left off their shot, that sign when that they saw,
His greatest barge toward him he could caw;
Let be your war, thir are our friends at one,
I trust to God our worst days now are gone.
He ask'd Wallace to do what was his will.
With short advice right thus he said him till,
Unto Rochel I would ye gart them sail,
For Englishmen I wot not what may ail,
For there, God will, is our purpose to be,
Scour well about for skoukers in the sea.
His command they did in all haste they can.
Wallace desir'd to talk more with this man,
Sadly he speir'd, Of what land was you born?
Of France, quoth he, and my elders before,
And there we had some part of heritage,
Yet fierce fortune has brought me in a rage.
Wallace speir'd, How came you into this life?
Forsooth, he said, but through a sudden strife,
So happened me into the King's presence,
Over rekless to do a great offence;
A nobleman, of good fame and renown,
That through my deed was put to confusion,
Dead of a stroke, what need any words more;
All helped nought, though I repented sore.
Through friends of court I scaped off that place,
And never syne could get the King's grace:
For my sake many of my kin gart they die.
And when I saw it might no better be,
But leave the land that me behov'd of need,
Upon a day to Bourdeaux I yeed;

An Engliſh ſhip ſo got I on a night,
For ſea-labour that earneſtly was dight;
To me there ſembled misdoers many mo,
And in ſhort time we multiplied ſo,
That there were few againſt our power might gang.
In tyranny thus have we reigned lang.
Thir ſixteen years I have been on the ſea,
And done great harm, therefore full wo is me.
I ſaved none, for gold nor great ranſom,
But ſlew and drown'd into the ſea adoun.
Favour I did to folk of ſundry land,
But born Frenchmen no friendſhip with me fand,
They got no grace, as far as I might reign;
Als on the ſea I cleped was a King.
Now I ſee well that my fortune is went,
Vincuſt with one, that gars me ſore repent.
Who would have ſaid, this ſamen day at morn,
I ſhould with one thus lightly down be born,
In great hething my men it would have tane;
Myſelf trow'd to have matched mony ane:
But I have found the very plain contrare,
Here I give over robbery for evermare;
In ſik miſrule I never arms ſhall bear,
But if it be in honeſt uſe to wear.
Now have I told part of my bliſs and pain,
For God's ſake ſome kindneſs kyth me again,
My heart will break but I wot what you be,
Thus outragiouſly that has rebuted me;
For well I ween'd that living had been nane,
By force of ſtrength might me as priſoner tane,
Except Wallace, that has redeem'd Scotland,
The beſt is call'd this day belted with brand;

Into his war were worship for to wake,
As now in world I trow he has no make.
Thereat he smil'd, and said, Friend, well, may be
Scotland had need of many sik as he.
What is thy name, tell me, so have you seile.
Forsooth, he said, Thomas of Longovile.
Well bruik you it, and thus stints all our strife,
Shape to please God in mending of thy life;
Thy faithful friend myself thinks for to be,
And als my name I soon shall tell to thee;
For chance of war you should no mourning make,
As weird will work, your fortune must you take;
I am that man that you advance so hie,
And but short time since I came to the sea,
Of Scotland born, my right name is Wallace.
On knees he fell, and thanked God of grace;
I dare avow, that yielden is my hand,
To the best man that belts him with brahand.
Forsooth, he said, this blyths me meikle more,
Than of Florins you gave me sixty score.
Wallace answer'd, Since you are here through chance,
My purpose by this voyage is to France;
And to the King, since I am bown to pass,
For my reward thy peace I think to ask.
Peace I would fain have of my righteous King,
And not longer in that realm to reign,
There to take life, and come off it again,
In thy service I think for to remain.
Service, he said, Thomas, that may not be,
But good friendship, as I desire of thee.
Gart draw the wine, and ilk man merry made,
By this the ships were in the Rochel rade.

The red blazons, they had born into weir,
The town was soon into a fellon stear.
The Red Reaver they saw was at their hand,
The which through strength might none against him stand.
Some ships then fled, and some the land have tane,
Clarions blew, and trumpets mony ane.
When Wallace saw the people were on stear,
He gave command no ship should near appear,
But his own barge into the haven gart draw.
The folk was fain when they that senzie saw;
Right well they knew in gold the red Lion,
Let up the port, receiv'd him in the town,
And suffer'd them, for all that he had brought.
The red navy into the haven they sought,
On land they went, where they liked to pass.
Right few there wist what Scotsman Wallace was;
But well they thought he was a goodly man,
And honour'd him in all the craft they can.
But four days still Wallace remained there,
Thir men he call'd, when he was bown to fare,
He them commanded on that coast to bide,
While he them fred, for chance that might betide;
Bear you even, what good ever ye spend,
Live on your own, while tidings I you send;
Gar sell your ships, and make you men of peace,
It were good time of wickedness to cease;
Your Captain shall pass to the King with me,
Through help of God I shall his warrant be.
He gart graith him in suit with his own men,
Was no man there that might well Thomas ken;
Likely he was, manlike of countenance,
Like to the Scots, by meikle governance,

Save of his tongue, for English had he none,
In Latin well he might suffice for one.
Thus past his court in all the haste they may.
To Paris town they past upon a day.
Tidings were brought of Wallace to the King,
So great desire he had of no kin thing,
As in that time, while he had seen Wallace,
To meet himself he waited upon case,
In a garden, where he gart him be brought.
To his presence with manly feir they sought,
Fifty and two atanes all kneeling down,
And salust him as Roy of most renown,
With ruled speech in so goodly a wise,
All France could not more nurture then devise.
The Queen had leave, and came in her effeir,
For meikle she heard of Wallace deeds in weir.
What needeth more of courtesy to tell,
They keeped well that to the Scots befell.
Of the King's fare I dare make no rehearse,
My feeble mind, my troubled spirit reverse;
Of rich service, what need any words mare,
Might none be found but it was present there.
Soon after meat the King to parlour went,
With goodly Lords, there Wallace was present.
Then commun'd they of many sundry thing,
To speak with him great desire had the King.
At him he speir'd of war the governance.
He answer'd him, with manlike countenance,
To every point, as far as he might feel,
In Latin tongue right natural and well.
The King conceiv'd, soon through his high knowledge,
What war-men us'd by rief in their passage,

Into his mind the Red Reaver then was,
Marvel he had how he let Wallace pass.
To him he said, You were something to blame,
You might have sent, by our Herauld from hame,
After power, to bring you through the sea.
God thank you, Sir, thereof enough had we,
Fell men may pass, where they find no peril,
Right few may keep, where none is to assail.
Wallace, he said, thereof marvel have I,
A tyrant reigns, in ire full cruelly,
Upon the sea that great sorrow has wrought,
Might we him get it should not be for nought;
Born of this land, a native man to me,
Therefore on us the greater harm does he.
Then Thomas quoke, and changed countenance,
He heard the King his evil deeds advance.
Wallace beheld, and feigned in a part,
Forsooth, he said, we found none in that airt,
That proffered us sik unkindliness;
But with your leave I speak in homeliness,
Trow you by sight you could that Squire knaw?
Too long it is since time that I him saw;
But all thir words of him are but in vain,
Ere he come here right good men will be slain.
Then Wallace said, Here I have brought with me,
Of likely men that were in our country,
Which of all thir would you call him most like.
Among them blink'd that royal Roy most like,
Visied them well, both stature and courage,
Manner, makedom, their fashion and visage;
Sadly he said, advised soberly,
That largest man, which standeth next you by,

Would I him call, by makedom to devise,
But thir are nothing but words of office.
Before the King on knees fell good Wallace.
O royal Roy, of high honour and grace,
With waste words I will not you travail,
Now will I speak something for mine avail.
Our barren land has been overset with wear,
With Saxon blood, that do us meikle dear,
Slain our Elders, destroy'd our righteous blood,
Wasted our realm of gold and other good;
And you are here, in might and royalty,
You should have eye to our adversity,
And us support, through kindness of the band,
Which is conserv'd betwixt you and Scotland;
Als I am here, at your charge, for pleasance,
My lyflat is but honest chevisance.
Flower of realms forsooth is this region,
To my reward I would have great gardoun.
Wallace, he said, now ask what you would have,
Good gold or land shall not be long to crave.
Wallace answer'd, So you it grant to me,
What I would have, it shall soon chosen be.
Whatever you ask, that is in this region,
You shall it have, except my wife and crown.
He thanked him of his great kindliness.
All my reward shall be asked of grace,
Peace to this man I brought with me through chance,
Here quit I claim all other gifts in France;
This same is he, if that you know him well,
That we spake of, Thomas of Longovile;
By rigour you desir'd he should be slain,
I here restore him to your grace again,

Receive him fair, as liege-man of your land.
The King marvell'd, and could in study stand,
Perfectly knew that it was Longovile,
He him forgave his trespals every deal,
But for his sake that had him thither brought;
For gold or land, as then else got he nought.
Wallace, he said, I had rather of good land,
Three hundred pounds have seized in thy hand,
That I have said shall be granted in plain,
Here I restore Thomas to peace again,
Dearer to me than ever he was before,
All for your sake, though it were meikle more:
But I would wit how this marvel befell.
Wallace answer'd, The truth I shall you tell.
Then he rehears'd what happened on that day,
As ye before in my author heard say.
When the good King had heard this sudden case,
Upon the sea the foresight of Wallace,
The King him held right worthy to advance,
He saw in him manhood and governance;
So did the Queen, and all the other Lords,
Ilk wight of him great honour then records.
He purchast peace, for all the power haill,
Fifteen hundred were left into Rochel;
Gart cry them free, true servants to the King,
And never again faulted in sik thing.
When Thomas was restored to his right,
Of his own hand the King has made him knight.
After he gave state to his nearest heir,
And made himself with Wallace for to fare.
Thus he was brought from name of rieft, through case,
By sudden chance of him and wight Wallace.

Thus

Thus leave I them in worship and pleasance,
At liking still with the good King of France.

CHAP. II.

How *Wallace* past into *Guienne*, and wan the Town of *Schenown*.

There thirty days he lodged into rest,
So to remain he thought it not the best;
Still into peace he could not long endure,
Uncordial it was to his nature.
Right well he wist that English occupied
Guienne that time, therefore he has espied
Some jeopardy upon them for to make.
A goodly leave he at the King could take.
Of Frenchmen then he would none with him call,
At the first time, for aventure might fall;
But Sir Thomas that service could pursue,
He wist not well if all the lave were true.
Of true Scotsmen there sembled hastily
Nine hundred soon of worthy chevalry.
In Guienne land full hastily could ride,
Raised fell fires, and wasted winnings wide;
Forts they brake down, and stalwart biggings wan,
Derfly to death brought many Southeron man.
A warlike town so found they in that land,
Which Schenown hight, that Southeron had in hand.
Toward that stead full sadly Wallace wrought,
By any ways assailie if he mought,
Bargain to have if he might get them out.
Great strength of wood that time was thereabout;

The town als stood upon a water side.
Into a park, that was both long and wide,
They bushed them, while passed was the night.
When the Sun rose, four hundred men he dight;
The lave he gart Crawford in bushment take,
If they mister'd, a rescue for to make.
Then Longovile, that ay was full savage,
With Wallace past, as one to that scrimage.
Thir four hundred right wonder well array'd,
Before the town the plain banner display'd.
This was not then well known in that countrie,
The Lion in gold right awful for to see.
A forray cast, and seized meikle good.
War-men within, that plainly understood,
Soon ished forth the prey for to rescue.
The worthy Scots fell Englishmen they slew;
The lave for dread fled to the town again.
The forray took the prey, and past the plain,
Toward the park; but power of the town,
Ished again in awful battle bown,
A thousand hail with men of arms strang,
Few bode therein that might to bargain gang.
Then Wallace gart the forrayers leave the prey,
Assembled soon into a good array.
A cruel counter was at that time seen,
Of wight war-men into their armour clean.
Fell left their lives upon the Southeron side,
But nevertheless right boldly they abide.
Of the Scots part then worthy men they slew.
William Crawford, that well the peril knew,
Out of the park he gart the bushment pass,
Into the field, where fell men fighting was,

At

At their entry they gart full many die.
The Englishmen were wonder loth to flee;
Full worthily they wrought into that place,
Bode never so few so long against Wallace,
With sik power as he that day had there.
On either side assailied ferly sare.
Into the stour so fellonly they wrought,
Right worthy men derfly to death they brought;
With sharp points pierced through plates burnisht bright.
Wallace himself, and good Thomas the Knight,
Whom that they hit made never more debate.
The Southeron part were handled there full het.
Into that place they might no longer bide,
Out of the field with right sore hearts they ride;
Unto the town they fled full hastily.
Wallace follow'd, and his good chevalry,
Fighting so fast into that thickest throng,
While in the town they entred them among;
With him Crawford, and Longovile of might,
And Richard Wallace als, his cousin wight;
Fifteen they were of Scots in company,
Thus happened they among the great party.
A cruel Porter got upon the wall,
Pull'd out a pin, let the portcullice fall.
Englishmen saw that entred were no mo,
Upon the Scots full hardily they go:
But to a wall then have they their backs set,
Sad strokes and sore boldly about them bet.
Richard Wallace the tungrees well has seen,
He followed fast upon the Porter keen,
Attour the wall dead in the dyke him drave,
Took up the port, and let in all the lave.

When Wallace men had thus the entry won,
Full great ſlaughter again they have begun;
They ſaved none upon the Southeron ſide,
That weapons boꝛe, oꝛ harneſs in that tide;
Women and bairns the goods they took them fro,
Syne gave them leave in the room land to go;
And als the Prieſts, that were not in the field:
Of aged men, that might no weapons weild,
They ſlew none ſik, ſo Wallace charge it was,
But made them free, at their large foꝛ to paſs.
Riches of gold they got in great plenty,
Harneſs and hoꝛſe, that might them well ſupply.
With French folk ſyne pleniſht the town again,
On the tenth day the field they took in plain;
The river down into the land they ſought,
On Southeron men full meikle maſtry wꝛought.
When to the King true men had told this tale,
Of Frenchmen he aſſembled a battale;
Twenty thouſand, leil lieges all of France,
His bꝛother them led was Duke of Orleance;
Thꝛough Guienne land in rayed battle rode,
To follow Wallace, who made but little abode
Foꝛ French ſupply, to help them in their right,
Near Bourdeaux, ere they overtake him might,
Good Wallace was, and Thomas in a plain;
Foꝛ ſome men told, that Bourdeaux, with great main,
Within ſhoꝛt time thought battle foꝛ to give:
But frae they wiſt that French folk would relieve,
With great power, foꝛ helping of Wallace,
Another purpoſe took they in ſhoꝛt ſpace.
In Pickardie ſoon meſſage could they ſend,
Of Wallace coming told they to an end.

CHAP.

CHAP. IX.

How the *Engliſh* invade *Scotland* again; and the Northern Lords ſend Squire *Guthrie* for *Wallace.*

Of Gloceſter, Captain of Calais was,
The hardy Earl, and made him for to paſs
In England ſoon, and ſyne to London went,
Of Wallace deed he told in Parliament.
Some plainly ſaid, that Wallace brake the peace.
Wiſe men ſaid, Nay, and pray'd them for to ceaſe.
Lord Bewmont ſaid, He took but for Scotland,
And not for France, that ſhall ye underſtand;
If our indentures ſpeak for ony mare,
He has done wrong, the ſooth ye may declare.
Woodſtock anſwer'd, Sir, you have ſpoken well,
But contrare reaſon that tale is every deal:
If you be he that band for him and his,
Nay no man ſay but he has wrought amiſs,
For principally he bound with us the trew,
And now again begins his malice new.
Sir King, he ſaid, if you think ever to make
On Scotland war, on hand you now ſhall take,
While he is out, or elſe it helpeth nought.
As Woodſtock ſaid, the haill council has wrought;
Power they rais'd on Scotland for to ride,
By land and ſea, they would na longer bide.
Their land-hoſt they arrayed well indeed;
Their vanguard took the hardy Earl to lead
Of Gloceſter, that had of war great feel;
Of Longcaſtle the Duke demained well
The middle-ward; unto the ſea they ſend
Sir John Sewart, that well the North land kend.

The Knight Vallange before the host in rade,
And sik a way with evil Scots he made,
Many castles he gart soon yielden be
To Englishmen, withoutten more mellie.
Ere the best wist, that it was war in plain,
Entred he was into Bothwel again.
Sir John Sewart, that came in by the sea,
Saint Johnstoun soon got by a jeopardy.
Dundee they took, and put Scotsmen to dead;
In Fife from them was keeped not a stead;
And all the South, from Cheviot to the sea;
Into the West there might no succour be;
The worthy Lord, that should have govern'd this,
God had him tane, we trow, in lasting blis;
His son Walter, that but a child then was,
True men him took, and could in Arran pass.
Adam Wallace then wist of no supplie,
To Rauchlie went, and Lindesay of Craigie;
Good Robert Boyd in Bute made residence;
For hasty deceit, they took them to defence.
Sir John the Graham in Dundaff might not bide,
Succour he sought in the forest of Clyde.
The Knight Sewart, a Sheriff made in Fife
Sir Aymer's brother, and gave for term of life,
All the lands haill that Vallange aught before.
Richard Lundie had great dread of their shore;
He liked not for to come to their peare,
For this in Fife they would not let them reare,
To pass over Tay as then it might not be,
For Englishmen so ruled that countrie.
Out of the land he stole away by night,
Eighteen with him that worthy were and wight;

And als his son, that was of tender eild,
But after soon he could well weapons weild.
At Stirling-bridge, ere that the watch was set,
There passed he away withoutten let.
In Dundaff-muir Sir John the Graham he sought;
A woman told him as before was wrought;
Then to a strength he drew him on the morn.
Lanerk was tane with young Thomas of Thorn,
So Lundie there no longer might remain,
By South Tinto lodging he made in plain.
Sir John the Graham got wit that he was there,
To him he past withoutten words mare.
Vallange gart bring from Carlile carriage,
To stuff Bothwel with wine and good vernage.
Lundie and Graham got wit of that avail,
Right suddenly they made them to assail;
Fifty they were of noble chevalry,
Against fourscore of English company.
One Skelton then keeped the carriage,
All Brankstewat then was his heritage.
Lundie and Graham met with the Squire wight,
Fell Englishmen derfly to death they dight.
Sixty were slain upon the English side,
And five of Scots, so boldy they abide.
Great good they wan, both gold and other gear,
Victual and horse that happened in that wear.
Since they have seen well long they might not lasse
Into that land, therefore they thought it best,
To seek some place, in strength that they might bide,
For Southeron men had plentsht on ilk side.,
Lundie's lodging they left upon a night,
In the Lennox their way they passed right.

To Earl Malcolm, that keeped that country
From Engliſhmen, with help of their ſupply.
Seton and Lyle into the Baſs they bade;
For Southeron folk ſo great maſtry had made,
That all the South was tane into their hand.
Good Hew the Hay was ſent into England,
And other heirs to priſon at their will.
The Northland Lords ſaw no help come them till,
A Squire Guthrie among them ordain'd they,
To warn Wallace in all the haſte he may.
From Aberbrothock he paſt to the ſea,
And at the Sluce land taken ſoon had he;
In Flanders land no reſidence he made,
In France he paſt; but Wallace well abade
On his purpoſe in Guienne at the wear,
On Southeron men he had done meikle dear.
While good Guthrie had gotten his preſence,
He haſted him, and made no reſidence;
He has him told, with Scotland how it ſtood.
Then Wallace ſaid, Theſe tidings are not good,
I had example of time that's by-worn,
Trews not to bind with them that are manſworn:
But I as then could not think on ſik thing,
Becauſe that we took this peace with their King.
By their Chancellor the other peace was bound,
And that full ſore our forefathers they found;
Under that trew eighteenſcore they gart die,
That Nobles were, the beſt in our countrie.
To the great God my vow now here I make,
Peace with that King I never think to take,
He ſhall repent, that he this war began.
Thus moved he, with many loyal man,

Unto the King, and told him his intent.
To let him pass the King would not consent,
While that he there made promise by his hand,
If ever again he thought to leave Scotland,
To come to him; his great seal to him gave
Of what Lordship that he liked to have.
Thus at the King an hasty leave took he.
No more with him he brought off that country,
But his own men, and Sir Thomas the Knight.
In Flanders land they past with all their might.
Guthrie's barge was at the Sluce left still,
To sea they went with a full eager will.
Both Forth and Tay they left and passed by
On the North coast, good Guthrie was their guy.
In Montrose haven they brought him to the land,
To all true Scots it was a blyth tidand.
Sir John Ramsay, that worthy was and wight,
From Ochterhouse the way he chosed right,
To meet Wallace with men of arms strong;
For his coming they had thought wonder long.
The true Ruthven came als withoutten bade,
In Barnane-wood he had his lodging made.
Barclay by that to Wallace sembled fast,
With three hundred to Ochterhouse he past.

THE

THE

ACTS and DEEDS of the most Famous and Valiant Champion,

Sir *WILLIAM WALLACE*,

Knight of *ELLERSLIE*.

The Tenth BOOK.

CHAP. I.

How *Wallace* wan *Saint Johnstoun*.

THE latter day of August fell this case,
For the rescue, thus ordain'd wight Wallace,
Of Saint Johnstoun, that Southeron occupied;
Fast toward Tay they passed and espied,
Ere it was day under Kinnoul them laid,
Out of the town, as Scotsmen to him said,
That servants used with carts hay to lead,
So it was sooth, and happened in that stead;

Some six there came, and brought with them carts three.
When they off hay were leading most busie,
Guthrie with ten in hands soon has them tane,
Put them to death, of them he saved nane.
Wallace in haste gart take their upmost weed,
And sik like men they wailled with good speed;
Four were right rude, Wallace himself took ane,
A russet cloke, and with him good Ruthven,
Guthrie, Bisset, and als good yeomen two,
In that ilk suit they graithed them to go.
Fifteen they took of men in arms wight,
In ilk cart five they ordain'd out of sight;
Full subtilly they cover'd them with hay,
Syne to the town they went the gainest way.
Thir Carters had short swords, made of good steel,
Under their weeds, syne forth the carts drove well.
Sir John Ramsay bode with a bushment still,
When mister were to help them with good will.
Thir true Carters then past withoutten let,
Attour the bridge, and entred through the yate;
When they were in, their clokes they cast them fra,
Good Wallace can the master-porter ta
Upon the head, while dead he has him left,
Syne other two the life from them he reft.
Guthrie, by that, did right well in the town,
And Ruthven als dang of their foe-men down.
The arm'd men, that were in the carts brought,
Rose up, and well their devory have wrought;
Upon the gate they gart fell Southeron die.
The Ramsay's spy has seen them get entrie.
The bushment brake, both bridge and port have won,
Into the town great strife there was begun.

These

These twenty men, ere Ramsay came in plain,
Within the town had sixty Southeron slain.
The Englishmen unto array are gone,
The Scots as then leisure let them get none;
Frae good Ramsay with his men entred in,
They saved none was born of English kin.
Als Longovile, the wight Knight Sir Thomas,
Proved well then, and many other place;
Against his dint few Englishmen might stand,
Wallace with him great faith and kindness kand.
The Southeron part saw well the town was tint,
Fiercely they fled, as fire does out of flint.
Some fled, some fell into draw-dykes full deep,
Some to the kirk, their lives if they might keep;
Some fled to Tay, and in small vessels yeed,
Some derfly dead and drowned in that stead.
Sir John Sewart at the West-port out past,
To Methven wood he sped him wonder fast.
An hundred men the kirk took for succour,
But Wallace would no grace grant in that hour.
He bade slay all of cruel Southeron kin;
Them for to slay he thought it was no sin.
Four hundred men into the town were dead,
Sevenscore with life scaped out of that stead.
Wives and bairns they made them free to gae,
With Wallace will he would slay nane of thae.
Riches they fand, that Englishmen brought new,
Plenisht the town with worthy Scots and true.
Sir John Sewart left Methven forest strong,
Went to the Gask feil Southeron men among;
And syne in Fife, where Vallange Sheriff was,
Sent Couriers soon out through the land to pass,

And gathered men a ſtalwart company;
To Ardargan he drew him priuily,
Ordained them in bargain ready bown;
Again he thought to ſailzie Saint Johnſtoun,
Where Wallace lay, and would no longer reſt,
Ruled the town as that him liked beſt.
Sir John Ramſay great Captain ordain'd he,
Ruthven Sheriff, at one accord to be.
This charge he gave, if men them warning made,
To come to him withoutten more abade;
And ſo they did, when tidings were them brought.
With an hundred Wallace forth from them ſought.

CHAP. II.

The Battle of *Black-Ern* Side.

TO Fife he paſt, to viſie that countrie,
But wrong warned of Engliſhmen was he.
Sir John Sewart, when they were paſſed by,
From the Ochel he ſped him haſtily;
Upon Wallace follow'd in all his might,
In Abernethie took lodging that firſt night.
Upon the morn, with fifteen hundred men,
To Black-Ern ſide his guides then could him ken;
There Wallace was, and might no meſſage ſend
To Saint Johnſtoun, to make his journey kend;
For Engliſhmen, that have full ſubtil been,
Gart watches walk, that none might paſs between.
Then Wallace ſaid, This matter likes not me.
He called to him the Squire good Guthrie,
And Biſſet als, that knew full well the land,
And ask'd at them what deed was beſt on hand,

Meſſage

Meſſage to make, our power for to get,
With Southeron ſoon we ſhall be overſet;
And wicked Scots, that know this forreſt beſt,
They are the cauſe that we may have no reſt;
I dread far more Vallange, that is their guide,
Than all the lave that come upon that ſide.
Then Guthrie ſaid, might we get one over Tay,
To Saint Johnſtoun it were the gaineſt way,
And warn Ramſay, we could get ſuccour ſoon;
But ſooth it is, it cannot now be done:
Right well I wot veſſel is leaved nane,
From the Wood-haven, to the ferry call'd Arran.
Then Wallace ſaid, The water cold it is,
Myſelf can ſwim, I trow, and ſhall not miſs;
But Courier's uſe that gains not now for me,
And leave you here, yet had I rather die:
Through God his grace we better ſhall eſchew,
The ſtrength is ſtark, als we have men enew;
In Elchock park, but forty there were we,
For ſeven hundred, and gart feil Southeron die;
And ſcaped well in many unlike place,
So ſhall we here, through the help of God's grace:
While men may faſt, thir woods we may hold ſtill;
For this, ilk man be of true hardy will,
And that we do ſo noble into deed,
Of us be found no lack after to read:
The right is ours, we ſhould more ardent be,
I think to free this land, or elſe to die.
His wailled ſpeech, with wit and hardiment,
Made all the lave ſo cruel of intent,
Some bade take field, and give battle in plain.
Wallace ſaid, Nay, theſe words are all in vain,

We will not leave what may be our vantage,
This wood to us is worth a haill year's wage.
Of hewn timber in haste he gart them take,
Syles of oak, and a stark barrace make,
At a fore-front, fast in the forest side,
A full great strength, where they purpos'd to bide,
Stelled them fast to trees that growing was,
That they might well in from the barrace pass,
And so well graith'd, on either side about,
Syne come again, when they saw them in doubt.
By that the strength arrayed was at right,
The English host approached in their sight.
Then Sewart came, that way for to have wend,
As they were wont, for so his guides them kend.
At that entry they thought to have passage,
But soon they found what made them great stoppage.
A thousand he led of men in arms strang,
With five hundred he gart John Vallange gang
Without the wood, that none should pass them frae.
Wallace with him had forty Archers thrae,
The lave had spears, full noble in a need,
On their enemies they bicker with good speed.
A cruel counter was at the barrace seen.
The Scots defence so siker was and keen,
Southeron stood aw to enter them among;
Feil to the ground they overthrew in that throng.
A room was left, where part in front might fare,
Who entred in, again yeed never mare.
Forty they slew, that foremost would have past.
All disarray'd the host was, and agast;
And part of horse through shot to death were wrought,
Brake to a plain, the Southeron from them fought.

The

The Sewart said, Alace, how may this be,
And do no harm, over great rebute have we;
He told Vallange, and asked his counsail,
Sheriff thou art, What may be our avail?
But few they are that make this great debate.
John Vallange said, This is the best I wate,
To cease hereof, and remain here beside,
For they may not long in this forest bide
For fault of food, they must in the countrie;
Then were more time on them to make mellie:
Ere they be won by force, into this strife
Feil that you lead shall erar lose the life.
Then Sewart said, This reid I will not take,
If Scots be warn'd, rescue soon will they make;
Of this despite amends I think to have,
Or die therefore, in number with the lave;
Into a range myself on foot will fare.
Eight hundred he took of likeliest that were there;
Syne bade the lave bide at the barrace still
With John Vallange, to rule them at his will.
Vallange, he said, be forward in this case,
In sik a snare we could not get Wallace,
To take or slay him; I promise by my life,
That King Edward shall make thee Earl of Fife;
At yon East part we think to enter in,
I bid no more, might ye this barrace win;
Frae they be closed graithly among us so,
But marvel be they shall no further go;
Assailie fore, when ye wit we come near,
On either side we shall hold them on stear.
Thus sembled they upon an awful wise.
Wallace has seen what was their haill devise.

Good men, he said, understood ye this deed,
Forsooth they are right meikle for to dread;
Yon Sewart is a noble worthy Knight,
Forward in war, right worthy, wise and wight;
His assailie he ordains wonder sore
As for to harm, no man's wit can do more;
Pleasant it is to see a Chiftain go
So Chiftain-like, it recomforteth mo
To his own men, if they of worship be,
Than for to see ten thousand cowards flee:
Since we are sted with enemies on ilk side,
And here on force must in this forest bide,
That all the lave of us abased be,
Then fray the first, for God's sake, cruelly.
Crawford he left, and Longovile the Knight,
Forty with them, to keep the barrace wight;
With him sixty of worthy men in weed,
To meet Sewart with hardy will they yeed.
A manner of dyke into that wood was made,
Of thwart-over rys, where boldly they abade;
A downward dale the Southeron to them had.
Soon sembled they with strokes full sore and sad:
Sharp spears fast dushing then on either side,
Through birnies bright made wounds both deep and wide.
This vantage was, the Scots them daunted so,
No Englishman durst from his fellow go,
To break array, or foremost enter in.
Of Christian blood to see it was great sin,
For wrongous cause, and has been many day.
Feil Englishmen in the dyke dead they lay.
Spears then full soon all into splinters sprang,
With sharp swords they hew on into that thrang;

Blood

Blood burſted out through fine harneſs of mail.
John Vallange als full ſharply can aſſail
Upon Crawford, and the Knight Longovile,
That to their power keeped the barrace well,
Made good defence, by wit, manhood and might,
At the entry feil men to death they dight.
Thus all at once aſſailied in that place,
None that was there durſt turn from the barrace
To help Wallace, nor none of his durſt paſs
To reſcue them, ſo fell the fighting was;
At either ward they handled them full het,
But do or die no ſuccour elſe they wate.
Wallace was ſad into that ſtalwart ſtour,
Guthrie, Biſſet, with men of great valour,
Richard Wallace, that worthy was of hand.
Sewart marvell'd, that contrare them might ſtand,
That ever ſo few might bide in battle place,
Againſt ſo many, meeting face to face;
He thought himſelf to end that matter well,
Faſt preſſed in with a good ſword of ſteel,
Into the dyke a Scotſman gart he die.
Wallace thereof in heart had great pitie;
Amends to have he followed on him faſt,
But Engliſhmen ſo thick betwixt them paſt,
That upon him a ſtroke get might he nought,
Other worthies derfly to death he brought.
Wide ſlops they made through all that chevalry,
The worthy Scots then wrought ſo worthily.
When Southeron ſaw of their good men ſo dreſt,
Longer to bide they thought it not the beſt.
Fourſcore were ſlain, ere they would leave that ſtead,
And fifty als were at the barrace dead.

A trumpet blew, and from the wood they drawe;
Vallange left off, that fight frae that he saw.
To sailie more them thought it was no speed,
Without the wood to council soon they yeed.
The worthy Scots to rest them were full fain,
Feil hurts they had, but few of them were slain.
Wallace them all bade of good comfort be,
Thanked be God, the fairer part have we;
Yon Knight Sewart has at great journeys been,
So sore essay I have but seldom seen;
I had rather of Vallange wroken be,
Than any man that is in yon menzie.
The Scotsmen all unto the barrace yeed,
Stanched their wounds, that could full braithly bleed.
Part of the Scots had bled full meikle blood,
For fault of drink, and als wanting of food,
Some feebled fast that had feil hurts got there.
Wallace therefore sighed with heart full sare.
A hat he hint, to get water is gone,
Other refuge as then he wist of none;
A little strand he found, that ran him by,
Of clear water, he brought abundantly,
And drank himself, syne said, with sober mood,
The wine of France methought not half so good.
Then of the day three quarters there were went.
Sir John Sewart has casten in his intent,
To sailzie more as then he could not prieve,
While on the morn that more men could relieve,
And keep them in, while they, for hunger sore,
Come in his will, or else to die therefore.
Vallange, he said, I charge thee for to bide,
And keep them in, while I to Cowpar ride;

You shall remain, with five hundred at will,
And I the morn shall come with power thee till.
John Vallange said, This charge I here forsake,
After this day all night I may not wake;
For, traist ye well, they will ish to the plain,
Though ye als bide, or else die in the pain.
Sewart bade bide, or underly the blame,
I thee command in good King Edward's name,
Or here to God a vow I make before,
If they break out, to hang thee high the morn.
Sewart went from them with ninescore indeed.
Of that command John Vallange had great dread;
Nearhand the wood, and his good men of Fife,
That with him bade in all their term of life.
Wallace drew near, his time when that he saw,
To the wood side, and could on Vallange caw,
Yon Knight has hecht, the morn to hang thee hie,
Come in to us, I shall thy warrant be,
In contrare him, and all King Edward's might,
Take we him quick, I shall him hang on hight;
A good lordship I shall give thee here-eft
In this ilk land, that thy brother has left.
Vallange was wise, full soon could understand,
By likelihes Wallace would win the land,
And better him were on the right to bide,
Than be in war upon the Southeron side.
With short advice to Wallace in they sought.
Then Sewart cried, and said, That beis for nought,
And false of kind thou art in heritage,
Edward on thee has evil war'd great wage;
Here I shall bide, my purpose to fulfill,
Either to die, or have thee at my will.

For all his speech to pass he would not spare;
With full glad heart Wallace receiv'd him there.
By that, Ruthven and Ramsay of renown,
By a true Scot, that past to Saint Johnstoun,
Them warning made, that Sewart followed fast
Upon Wallace, then were they sore agast;
Out of the town they ish'd with all their might,
With three hundred, that worthy were and wight;
To Black-Ern side assembled in that place,
As Vallange was gone in to good Wallace.
The Knight Sewart has well their coming seen,
A fair plain field has chosen them between.
Eleven hundred and fourscore then had he;
The Scotsmen were six hundred and sixtie.
They were but few, a plain field for to take.
Out of the wood good Wallace can him make;
He wist nothing of them that coming was,
More hardiment was from the strength to pass:
But when they heard Ruthven and Ramsay cry,
Off Ochterhouse, blyth was that chevalry;
Might they of gold have brought him a King's rent,
Good Wallace might not be so well content.
Then to array they yeed on either side,
In cruel ire, in battle bown to bide.
Worthier men than Sewart sembled there,
In all his time, Edward had never mare.
But Sewart saw his number wer far mo,
His power soon he gart divide in two;
To fight atanes, right Knight-like he them kend,
In that journey either to win or end.
The worthy Scots rush'd on them in great ire,
With cruel strokes, that flamed fierce as fire.

Wallace and his, als Southeron that were there,
Few ſpears they had, for feil fighting and ſare
Into the wood that ſailzie all the day:
But new-come men well wailled ſpears had they;
Into the ſtour they gart feil Southeron die,
Their cruel deed great marvel was to ſee.
Theſe worthy Scots, that firſt among them bade,
Full great ſlaughter on Engliſhmen they made;
Into the wood before had proved well,
Then on the plain they ſonzied not a deal;
In courage grew, as they were new begun,
Short reſt they had from riſing of the Sun.
By that Ramſay, and with him good Ruthven,
Throughout the thickeſt of the preſs are gone;
Slops have they made throughout the Engliſhmen,
Diſſever'd them by twenty and by ten.
When ſpears were gone, with ſwords of metal clear,
To Engliſhmen their coming was ſold dear.
Wallace and his, by worthineſs of hand,
Feil Southeron blood gart lie upon the land.
The two fields together rallied than
Sir John Sewart, with many noble man.
To help their Lord, three hundred in that place
About him ſtood, and did their buſineſs,
Defending him, with many awful dint,
While all the outward of the field was tint.
Of Commons part into the forreſt fled
Succour to ſeek, there men ſo had them led.
The Scots have ſeen ſo many in a rout
With Sewart ſtand, no warrand them about,
Upon all ſides aſſailed wonder ſare;
Through poliſht plates with ſharp points peirced there.

The Southeron made defence so cruelly,
All occupied was this good chevalry.
Sir John Ramsay would they had yielden been.
Wallace said, May, it is all wrong you mean,
Ransom to make we cannot now begin,
On sik a wise this land we may not win;
Yon Knight of old our enemy has been,
So fell to us of them I have not seen:
No he shall die, with the help of God's grace,
He's come to pay his ransom in this place.
The Southeron wist all plainly for to die,
Rescue was none, suppose that they would flee,
Freshly they fought, as they had entred new,
Upon our side part worthy men they slew.
Then Sewart said, Alace, through wrongous thing
Our lives we lose, through desire of our King.
The fellon Knight doubted his death right nought,
Among the Scots full mankully he wrought,
Bisset he strake to death withoutten mare.
Wallace prest in, with his sword burnisht bare,
At Sewart's halse he etled in great ire,
Through pelant-stuff in sunder strake the swyre;
Dead to the ground he duch'd for all his might,
Of Wallace hand thus ended this good Knight.
The remanent without mercy they sla,
For good Bisset the Scots were wonder wa.
In hands same they sticked without remead,
No Southeron past with life out of that stead.
Then to the wood, for them that left the field,
A range they set, thus might they get no bield.
Yeed none away was contrare their pintoun.
Good Ruthven past again to Saint Johnstoun.

Sir

Sir John Ramſay to Cowpar caſtle rade,
That houſe he took, for no defence was made.
Wallace, Crawford, and with them good Guthrie,
Richard Wallace had long been in mellie,
And Longovile into Lundores bode ſtill,
Faſted they had too long againſt their will.
Vallange they made their ſteward for to be,
Of meat and drink they fand abundantlie.
The Prior fled, and durſt no reckoning bide,
He was before upon the other ſide.
Upon the morn to Saint Andrews they paſt,
Out of the town that Biſhop turned faſt.
The King of England had him hither ſend,
The rent at will he gave him in commend,
But his King's charge as then he would not hald,
A wrongous Pope that Tyrant might be call'd;
Few fled with him, and got away by ſea,
For all Scotland he would not Wallace ſee.
As then of him he made but light record,
Gart reſtore him that there was righteous Lord.
The worthy Knight, that into Cowpar lay,
Gart ſpulzie it upon the ſecond day;
Syne ordain'd men, at command of Wallace,
But mare proceſs, for to caſt down that place.
Miners they gart ſoon peirce out through the wall,
Syne puncions fir'd, and to the ground caſt all.
Sir John Ramſay ſyne to the kirk can fare,
Southeron were fled, and left but walls full bare.
After Sewart they durſt not tarry lang.
The Scots at large throughout all Fife they rang.

CHAP. III.

How *Wallace* wan the Inch of *Lochlevin*.

NO Engliſhmen were left in that country,
But in Lochlevin there lay a company,
Upon that inch, in that ſmall houſe they dight,
Caſtle was none, but wall'd with water wight.
Beſide Carrail they aſſembled Wallace before,
His purpoſe was for to eſſay Kinghorn.
A Knight hight Gray then Captain in it was,
By ſhort advice purpoſe he took to paſs,
Rather he would bide challenge of his King,
Than with Wallace to reckon for ſik thing.
That houſe they took, and little tarry made.
Upon the morn, withoutten more abade,
Attour the muir, where they the tryſt had ſet,
Near Scotland's well their lodging took but let.
After ſupper Wallace bade them go reſt,
Myſelf will wake, methinks it may be beſt.
As he commanded, but graithing have they done,
Into their ſleep Wallace him graithed ſoon,
Paſt to Lochlevin, as it was near mid-night,
Eighteen with him, that he had warned right;
Thir men ween'd well he came to viſie it.
Fellows, he ſaid, I do you well to wit,
Conſider well this place, and underſtand,
That it may do full great ſkaith to Scotland,
Out of the South if power come them till,
They may take in, and keep it at their will;
Upon yon inch right many men may be,
And ſyne iſh out, their time when that they ſee.

To

To bide long here we may not upon chance,
Yon folk have food, trust well, at sufficance;
Water from them forsooth cannot be set,
Some other wile us worthis for to get;
Ye shall remain here at this port all still,
And I myself shall bring the boat you till.
Therewith in haste his weed off casteth he,
Upon yon side no watchman can he see,
Held up his shirt, and took his sword so good
Bound on his neck, syne lap into the flood,
And over he swam, for letting he fand nought.
The boat he took, and to his men it brought;
Array'd him well, and would no longer bide,
But passed in, row'd to the other side.
The inch they took with drawn swords in hand,
And spared none that they before them fand,
Strake up the doors, sticked men where they lay,
Upon Southeron thus sadly sembled they.
Thirty they slew, that were in that same place,
To make defence the Southeron had no space.
Their women five Wallace sent off that stead,
Woman nor bairn he never gart put to dead.
The goods they took, as they had been their own.
Then Wallace said, Fellows, I make you known,
The purveyance, that is within thir wanes,
We will not tine, gar semble all atanes,
Gar warn Ramsay, and our good men ilkane,
I will remain while this warnstor be gane;
Sent forth a man their horses for to keep,
Drew up the boat, syne beds they took to sleep.
Wallace's power, which Scotland's well near lay,
Before the Sun they missed him away.

Some mourning made, and marvell'd of that caſe.
Ramſay bade ceaſe, and mourn not for Wallace,
It is for good that he is from us went,
It ſhall ye ſee, truſt well, in beriment;
My head to wed Lochlevin he paſt to ſee,
But that there is no Engliſhman know we,
In all this land, betwixt thir waters left,
Tidings of him ye ſhall hear ſoon here-eft.
As they about were talking on this wiſe,
A meſſage came, and charged them to riſe.
My Lord, he ſaid, to dinner has you call'd
Into Lochlevin, which is a royal hald,
Ye ſhall fare well, therefore put off all ſorrow.
They graithed them right early on the morrow,
And thither paſt, of Wallace will to wit;
Thus ſembled they in full blyth fellawſhip.
They lodged there till eight days were at end,
Of meat and drink they had enough to ſpend;
Turſed forth gear, that Sourheron had brought there,
Gart burn the boat, to Saint Johnſtoun they fare.
Biſhop Sinclair, that worthy was and wiſe,
To Wallace came, and told him his advice;
Thus he deſir'd Wallace ſhould with him ride,
And in Dunkel ſojourn that winter-tide.
But he ſaid, Nay, that hold I not the beſt,
And Scotland thus, in peace we cannot reſt.
The Biſhop ſaid, Plainly ye may not wend,
Into the North for men I red you ſend.
I grant, quoth he, and choſe a meſſenger.
The worthy Jop was with the Biſhop there,
And Maſter Blair to Wallace came but bade,
With that good Lord, that noble chear them made.

Wallace ſent Blair, into his Prieſt's weed,
To warn the Weſt, where his friends had great dread
How they ſhould paſs, or to good Wallace win,
For Engliſhmen, that held them long in twin.
Adam Wallace, and Lindeſay that was wight,
Rauchlie they left, and went away by night,
Throughout the land to the Lennox they fare,
To Earl Malcolm, that welcom'd them full fair.
Maſter John Blair was blyth of that ſemblie,
Good Graham was there, and Richard of Lundie,
Als Robert Boyd, that out of Bute them ſought;
Had they Wallace of nothing elſe they rought;
But Engliſhmen betwixt them were ſo ſtrang,
That they in plain might not well to him gang.
Jop paſſed North, for leiching would not let,
Great power there as then he could not get;
The Lord Cuming, that Earl of Buchan was,
For old envy he would let no man paſs
That he might let, good Wallace to ſupplie,
For Earl Patrick a plain field keeped he.
Yet poor men came, and proved all their might
To help Wallace, in fence of Scotland's right.
The good Randal in tender age was kend,
Part of men out of Murray he did ſend.
Jop paſt again, and came in preſence ſoon
Before Wallace, and told how he had done;
But Maſter Blair ſo good tidings him brought,
That of Cuming Wallace but little rought.
Als Engliſhmen had then full meikle dread,
Frae Fife was tint the war they trow'd to ſpeed.
The Duke and Earl, that in Scotland them led,
Captains they made, in England ſyne them ſped.

Wallace him bown'd, when he thought time ſhould be,
Off Saint Johnſtoun, and with him took fifty.
Steven of Ireland, and Kerlie that was wight,
For Engliſhmen they had holden the hight
In watchmens life, and fended them right well,
To good Wallace they were as true as ſteel,
To follow him theſe two thought never lang.
Throughout the Ochel they made them for to gang,
Of more power he tarried not that tide,
To keep the land he gart the lave abide;
To Stirling-bridge as then he would not paſs,
For ſtrong power of Engliſhmen there was.

CHAP. IV.

How *Wallace* took *Airth*-Ferry, and ſlew the Captain, and took his Uncle out of Priſon.

TO Airth-ferry they paſſed privily,
And buſhed them in a dern ſtead thereby.
A cruel Captain into Airth dwelt there,
In England born, and hight Thomlyn of Ware.
An hundred men were at his leading ſtill,
To hurk that land they did both power and will.
A Scots fiſher, which they had tane before,
Contrare his will gart him be to them ſworn,
In their ſervice they held him day and night.
Before the Sun Wallace gart Jop him dight,
And ſent him forth the paſſage for to ſpy;
On that fiſher he happened ſuddenly,
All him alone, but a boy that was there;
Jop hint him ſoon, and for no dread would ſpare,

By

By the collar, and out a knife hint he.
For God's sake then this man asked mercie.
Jop speired soon, Of what nation art thou?
A Scot, he said, but Southeron gart me vow
In their service, against my will full sare,
But for my life that I remained there;
For to seek fish I came on the North side,
Be you a Scot, I would fain with you bide.
Then he him brought in presence to Wallace.
The Scots were blyth when they have seen this case,
For with his boat they might well passage have;
For ferry-craft no fraught he thought to crave.
Upon that side longer they tarried nought,
To the South land with full glad hearts they fought;
Syne brake the boat, when they were landed there,
Service of it Southeron might get na mare;
Syne through the moss they past with full good speed
To the Torwood, this man with them they lead.
The widow there brought tidings to Wallace,
Of his true Eme that dwelt at Dunipace,
Thomlyn of Ware in prison had him set,
For more treasure than he before might get.
Wallace said, Dame, he shall well looked be,
By morn at noon, or more therefore shall die.
She got them meat, and in quiet they bade
While it was night, syne ready soon they made,
Toward Airth-hold right suddenly they drew.
A strength there was, that well the other knew,
Of draw dykes, and full of water wan,
Wisely thereof has warned them this man.
On the backside he led them privily,
From the water as none to come was he.

Over a small bridge. Good Wallace entred in
Into the hall, himself thought to begin;
From the supper as they were bown to rise,
He salust them upon an awful wise;
His men him followed suddenly atanes,
Hasty sorrow was tailed in these wanes;
With shearing swords sharply about them dang,
Fell on the floor were felled them amang.
With Thomlyn Ware Wallace himself hath met,
A fellon stroke sadly upon him set,
Through head and swyre all through the cost him clave;
The worthy Scots fast sticked all the lave,
Keeped the doors, and dolefully them dight,
To scape away the Southeron had no might.
Some windows sought for to have broken out,
But all for nought, full fey was made that rout.
About the fire bruschit the blood so red,
An hundred men were slain into that stead.
Then Wallace sought where his Uncle should be;
In a dark cave he was set dolefully,
Where water stood, and he in irons strang.
Wallace full soon the braces up he dang;
Of that mirk hole brought him with strength and lift,
But noise he heard, of nothing else he wist;
So blyth before in world he had not been,
As there, with sight when he had Wallace seen.
In the dykes out the dead bodies they cast,
Graithed the place as that them liked best,
Made full good chear, and wise watches gart set,
While near the day they sleep withoutten let;
When they had light spulied the place in by,
Fand gaining gear, both gold and jewelry;

Over

Over all that day in quiet held them still;
What Southeron came, they receiv'd with good will,
In that labour the Scots they were full bain,
Southeron came in, but none yeed out again.
Women and bairns put in the pyllon's cave,
So they might make no warning to the lave.
Steven of Ireland, and Kerlie, that were wight,
Keeped the port upon the second night.
Before the day the worthy Scots they rose,
Turled good gear, and to the Torwood goes,
Remained there while night was come on hand;
Syne bowned them in quiet through the land.
The widow soon, frae they had passed doubt,
A servant sent, and let the women out,
To pass from Airth, where that them liked best.
Now speak I them that went into the West.

CHAP. V.

How *Wallace* burnt the *Englishmen* in *Dumbartoun.*

Wallace himself was siker guide that night,
To Dumbartoun the way he chooled right,
Ere it was day, for then the night was lang,
Unto the town full privily they gang;
Meikle of it Englishmen occupy'd.
Good Wallace soon through a dark garth him hy'd,
Unto a house, where he was wont to ken,
A widow dwelt was friendful to our men;
Above her bed, on the backside, was made
A dern window, was neither lang nor braide,
There Wallace call'd, and soon frae she him knew,
In haste she rose, and privily them in drew

To a close barn, where they might keeped be;
Both meat and drink she brought in great plenty.
A goodly gift to Wallace als she gave,
An hundred pounds, and more, attour the lave.
Nine sons she had were likely men and wight,
An oath to him she gart them swear full right;
In peace they dwelt, in trouble that had been,
And tribute paid to English Captains keen.
Sir John Monteith the castle had in hand,
But some men said, there was a private band
To Southeron made, by means of that false Knight,
In their supply to be in all his might;
Thereof as now I will no process make.
Wallace that day a short purpose can take;
When it was night he bade the widow pass,
Mark all the doors where Southeron dwelling was;
Syne after that he and his chevalry
Graithed them well, and weapons took in hy,
Went on the gate, when Southeron were on sleep.
A great ostry our Scots then took to keep.
An English Captain was sitting up so late,
While he and his with drink were made full mait.
Nine men were there, now set in hie courage,
Some would have had good Wallace in that rage,
Some would have bound Sir John the Graham through strength,
Some would have had good Boyd at the sword's length,
Some wist Lundie, that scaped was off Fife,
Some wighter were than Seton into strife.
When Wallace heard the Southeron make sik din,
He gart all bide, and him alone went in;
The lave remain'd to hear of their tidance.
He salust them with sturdy countenance.

Fellows,

Fellows, he said, since I came last frae hame,
In travel I was over land of uncouth fame,
From South Ireland I come in this countrie,
The new conquest of Scotland for to see;
Part of your drink, or some good I would have.
The Captain a shrewd answer to him gave,
Thou seem'st a Scot, and likely us to spy,
Thou mayst be one of Wallace company;
Contrare our King he risen is again,
The land of Fife he has redeem'd in plain;
Thou shalt bide here while we wit how it be,
Be you of his, you shall be hanged hie.
Wallace thought then it was no time to stand,
His noble sword he gripped soon in hand,
Athwart the face drave that Captain in teen,
Strake all away that stood above his een;
Another braithly in the breast he bare,
Both brane and bone the burly blade through share.
The lave rush'd up to Wallace in great ire,
The third he fell'd full fiercely in the fire.
Steven of Ireland, and Kerlie, in that throng,
Keeped no charge, but entred them among,
And other more that to the door can press,
While they him saw there could nothing them cease.
The Southeron men full soon were brought to dead.
The blyth hostler bade them good ale and bread.
Wallace said, No, while we have leisure mare,
To be our guide thou shalt before us fare,
And begin fire where that the Southeron lyes.
The hostler soon, upon an hasty wise,
Hint fire in hand, and to a great house yeed,
Where Englishmen were into meikle dread;

For they wist not while that the red lowe rose,
As wood as beasts among the fire then goes,
With pain fell rushed full sorrowfully.
The lave without of our good chevalry,
At ilka house, where the hostler began,
Keeped the doors, from them scaped no man,
For all their might, though King Edward had sworn,
Got none away that was of England born,
But either burnt, or but rescue were slain,
And some through force driven in the fire again.
Part of Scots folk in service them amang,
From any pain freely they let them gang.
Three hundred men were to Dumbartoun send,
To keep the land, as their Lords had them kend,
Skaithless of them for ay was this region.
Wallace ere day made him out of the town,
Unto the coyff of Dumbartoun they yeed,
And all that day sojourned out of dread,
Both meat and drink the hostler gart be brought.
When night was come, in all the haste they mought,
Toward Rosneth full earnestly they gang,
For Englishmen were in that castle strang.
On the Garlouth they purpos'd them to bide,
Betwirt the kirk, that near was there beside,
And to the castle full privily they draw,
Under a bray they bushed them right law,
Along the water, where common use had they,
From castle to the kirk they past ilk day.
A marriage als that day was to begin,
All ished out, and none were left within
That fence might make, but servants in that place;
Thus to that tryst they passed upon ease.

Wallace and his drew them full privily
Nearhand the place; when they were passed by,
Within the hold, and thought to keep that stead
From Southeron men, or else therefore be dead.
Complete was made the marriage into plain,
Unto Rosneth they returned again;
Fourscore and more were in that company,
But not array'd as was our chevalry;
To the castle they ween'd to pass, but let.
The worthy Scots so hardly on them set,
Forty atanes derfly to ground they bare;
The remanent affraid then was sa sare,
Longer in field they had no might to bide,
But fiercely fled from them on either side.
The Scotsmen there did well the entry win,
And slew the lave that were the house within;
Syne on the fleers followed wonder fast,
No Englishman with life there from them past.
The women soon they seized into hand,
Keeped them close, for warning of the land.
The dead bodies all out of sight they cast,
Then at good ease they made them for to rest;
Of purveyance seven days they lodged there
At rude costs, to spend they would not spare;
What Southeron came, they took all gladly in,
But out again they let none of that kin;
Who tidings sent the Captain of that stead,
Their servitors the Scots put all to dead,
Spoiled the place, and left no goods there,
Brake walls down, and made that bigging bare.
When they had spilt of stone-work that they mought,
Syne kindled fire, and from Rosneth they sought.

When they had burnt all tree-work in that place,
Wallace gart free the women, of his grace,
To do them harm never his purpose was.
Then to Faslan the worthy Scots can pass,
Where Earl Malcolm was biding at defence,
Right glad he was of Wallace good presence;
Then he fand there a noble company,
Sir John the Graham, and Richard of Lundie,
Adam Wallace, that worthy was and wise,
Barclay and Boyd, with men meikle to prise.
At Christmass there Wallace sojourned still;
Of his mother tidings were brought him till,
That time before she had left Ellerslie,
For Englishmen in it she durst not be;
From thence disguis'd she went in pilgrim's weed,
Some girth to seek to Dumfermling she yeed;
Sick she had been forsooth into that stead,
Deceast she was, God took her spirit to lead.
When Wallace heard that these tidings were true,
Great sadness then in ilk side can pursue;
In thank he took, because it's natural,
He loved God with siker heart and haill;
Better him thought, that it was happened so,
Than Southeron should put her to other wo.
He ordain'd Jop, and als good Master Blair,
Thither to pass, and for no cost to spare,
But honour do the corps till sepulture.
At his command they served ilk a hure,
Doing thereto as dead requires to have,
With worship wax the corps graithed in grave.
Again they turn, and shew'd him of her end.
He thanked God what grace that ever he send;

He sees the world so full of fantasie,
Comfort he took, and let all mourning be;
His most desire was for to free Scotland.
Now will I tell what new case came on hand.

CHAP. VI.

How Sir *William Douglas* wan the Castle of *Sanquhar*, and slew the Captain, and all his Men.

Sir William long of Douglasdale was Lord;
Of his first wife, as right was to record,
Deceast ere then, out of this worldly care,
Two sons he had with her, that lived there,
Which likely were, and able in courage,
To school were sent into their tender age;
James and Hew, so hight thir brethren twa,
And after soon their uncle could them ta,
Good Robert Keith had them from Glasgow town,
Attour the sea in France he made them bown;
At study syne he left them in Paris,
With a master that worthy was and wise.
The King Edward took their father the Knight,
And held him there, though he was never so wight,
While time he had assented to his will;
A marriage als they gart ordain him till,
The Lady Fers, of power and high blood,
But thereof came to his life little good.
Two sons he got on this Lady but mare.
With Edward's will he took his leave to fare.
In Scotland came, and brought his wife on peace,
In Douglas dwelt, forsooth it is no lies.

King Edward trow'd that he had ſtedfaſt been,
Faſt to their faith; the contrare ſoon was ſeen,
For ay Scots blood remained in Douglas,
Againſt England he prov'd in many place.
At Sanquhar was a caſtle fair and ſtrong,
An Engliſh Captain, that feil Scots did wrong,
Into it dwelt, and Bewford he was call'd,
He held all waſte, from thence to Douglas-hald;
Right near of kin was Douglas wife and he,
Therefore he trow'd in peace of him to be.
Sir William ſaw that Wallace roſe again,
And right likely to free Scotland of pain;
To help him part into his mind he caſt,
For in that life right long he could not laſt;
He thought no charge to break upon England,
It was through force that ever he made them band.
A young man then, that hardy was and bald,
Born to himſelf, and Thom Dickſon was call'd,
Dear friend, he ſaid, I would prove at my might,
And make a fray to falſe Bewford the Knight,
In Sanquhar dwells, and does full great outrage.
Then Dickſon ſaid, myſelf in that voyage
Shall for you paſs, with Anderſon to ſpeak,
Couſin to me, friendſhip he will not break;
For that ilk man their wood leads them until,
Through help of him purpoſe you may fulfil.
Sir William then, in all the haſte he might,
Thirty true men in this voyage he dight;
And told his wife to Dumfries he would fare,
A tryſt, he ſaid, of England he had there.
Thus paſſed he where that no Southeron wiſt,
With thir thirty through waſte land at their liſt;

While

While night was come he bushed them full law
Into a cleugh, near to the water Craw.
To the Sanquhar Dickson alone he send,
And he soon made with Anderson this end,
Dickson should take both his horse and his weed,
By it was day, a draught of wood to lead.
Again he past, and told the good Douglas,
Who drew him soon into a privy place.
Anderson told what stuff there was therein
To Thom Dickson, that was near of his kin,
Forty they are of men of meikle vail,
Be they on foot they will you sore assail;
If you happen the entry for to get,
On thy right hand a stalwart ax is set,
Therewith you may defend you in a thrang,
Be Douglas wise he bides not from you lang.
Anderson yeed to the bushment in hy,
Near the castle he drew them privily
Into a shaw, (Southeron mistrusted nought)
To the next wood, with Dickson, syne he sought,
Graith'd him a draught, on a slyp broad and law,
Charged a horse, and to the house can caw;
Array'd he was in Anderson his weed,
And bade have in. The Porter came good speed;
This hour, he said, you might have been away,
Untimeous thou art, for it is scantly day.
The yate yeed up, Dickson got in but mare,
A thwart over hand, that all the draught up bare,
He cutted it, to ground the slyp can ga,
Cumbred the yate, steiking they might not ma;
The Porter soon he hint into that strife,
Twice through the head he stick'd him with a knife.

The ax he got, that Anderſon of ſpake,
A beckoning made, therewith the buſhment brake.
Douglas himſelf was foremoſt in that preſs,
In over the wood entred, ere they would ceaſe.
Three watchmen ſaw, off walls were coming new,
Within the cloſe the Scots they ſoon them ſlew.
Ere any cry was raiſed in that ſtour,
Douglas had tane the yate of the great tower,
Ran up a gret, where that the Captain lay.
On foot he gat, and would have been away;
Over late it was; Douglas ſtrake up the door,
Bewford he fand into the chamber-floor,
With a ſtiff ſword to death he has him dight;
His men follow'd, that worthy were and wight.
The men they ſlew, that were into theſe wanes,
Syne in the cloſe aſſembled all atanes.
The houſe they took, and Southeron put to dead,
Got none, but one, with life out of that ſtead,
For that the yate ſo long unſteiked was.
This ſpy he fled, to Duriſdeer can paſs,
Told that Captain, that they had happened ſo;
Another he gart into the Eneth go,
In Tybris-muir was warned of this caſe,
And Lochmabane all ſembled to that place;
The country roſe, when they heard of ſik thing,
To ſiege Douglas, and heght they ſhould him hing.
When Douglas wiſt no ways from them to ſcape,
To ſailzie him he trow'd they would them ſhape,
Dickſon he ſent upon a courſer wight
To warn Wallace, in all the haſte he might.
Off the Lennox Wallace had tane in plain,
With three hundred good men of meikle main;

Kilſyth

Kilsyth castle, he thought to visie it,
One Ravensdale held, but true men let him wit,
That he was out that time in Cumbernauld,
Lord Cuming dwelt in tribute in that hald.
When Wallace wist, he gart Earl Malcolm ly
With two hundred in bushment near thereby,
To keep the house, that none to it should fare;
He took the lave, and in the wood near there
A scurriour set, to warn when he saw ought.
Soon Ravensdale came, of them he had no thought.
When he was come the two bushments between,
The scurriour warn'd the cruel men and keen;
Then Wallace brake, and followed on them fast.
The Southeron fled, for they were sore agast.
Ravensdale then had there but fifty men,
Among the Scots their deeds were little to ken.
When Earl Malcolm had barr'd them from the place,
No Southeron yeed with life that they did grace.
Part Lennox men they left the house to take,
On spulying then they would no tarry make.
To siege the house then Wallace could not bide,
Throughout the land in awful feir they ride.
Linlithgow town they burnt into their gate,
Where Southeron dwelt, they made their biggings he
The peel they took, and slew all were therein,
Of Southeron blood, the Scots thought it no sin.
Syne on the morn burnt Dalkeith in a gleid,
Then to a strength in Newbottle-wood they yeed.
By that Lawder, and Cristal of Setoun,
Came from the Bass, and burnt North-berwick tow
That Englishmen should there no succour get;
Whom they overtook, they slew withoutten let.

To meet Wallace they paſt with all their might,
A hundred men with them in armour bright.
A blyth meeting that time was them between,
When Earl Malcolm and Wallace has them ſeen.
Thom Dickſon then has met with good Wallace,
Who granted ſoon to reſcue the Douglas.
Dickſon, he ſaid, wot you their multiplie?
Three thouſand men there power may not be.
Earl Malcom ſaid, though they were thouſands five,
For this action methinks that we ſhould ſtrive.
Then Hew the Hay, that dwelt under trewage
Of Engliſhmen, he ſoon gave over the wage,
More for to pay as then he liked nought,
With fifty men to Wallace forth he ſought;
To Peebles paſt, but no Southeron there bade,
And at the croſs a plain cry there they made;
Wallace command, who would come to his peace,
And bide thereat, reward ſhould have but leſs.
Good Rutherford, that ever true had been,
In Etrick wood, againſt the Southeron keen,
Biding he had, and done them meikle dear,
Sixty he led of noble men in wear.
Wallace welcom'd who came to his ſupplie
With lordly feir, and Chiftain-like was he.
Them to array they yeed without the town,
Their number was ſix hundred of renown,
In birnies bright, all men of meikle vail,
With glad hearts they then paſt in Clydeſdale.

CHAP.

CHAP. VII.

How *Wallace* reſcued Sir *William Douglas* at *Sanquhar* Caſtle, and ſlew many of the *Engliſhmen* in their Flight.

The ſiege by then was to the Sanquhar ſet,
Sik tidings came, which made therein a let.
When Southeron heard that Wallace was ſo near,
Through haſty fray the hoſt was all on ſtear;
No man was there would for another bide,
Purpoſe they took in England for to ride.
The Chiftain ſaid, ſince their King had before,
From Wallace fled, the cauſe they had the more.
Faſt South they went, to bide it was great waith.
Douglas as then was thus quit of their ſkaith.
In Crawford muir by then was good Wallace,
When men him told, that Southeron upon caſe
Were fled away, and durſt not him abide.
Three hundred then he choſe with him to ride,
In light harneſs, and horſe that they would waill.
The Earl Malcolm he bade bide with the ſtail,
To follow them, a back-guard for to be;
To ſtuff a chaſe in all haſte bowned he,
Through Duriſdeer he took the gaineſt gate,
Right fain he would with Southeron make debate.
The plaineſt way above Morton they hold,
Keeping the hight, if that the Southeron would
Houls to purſue, or turn to Lochmabane,
But tent thereto the Engliſhmen took nane;
Down beneath they held, graith guides can them lear,
Above Closburn Wallace approached near.

In ire he grew, when they were in his sight,
To them he sped with will and all their might.
On an out-part the Scots set in that tide,
Sevenscore at card they had soon at a side.
The Southeron saw that it was happened sa,
Turn'd in again some rescue for to ma;
When they trow'd best against Wallace to stand,
Earl Malcolm then came right near at their hand.
The haill power took purpose for to flee.
Who were at card Wallace gart let them be,
On the foremost followed in all his might.
The Earl and his upon the lave can light,
Did all to dead unhorsed were that tide;
Feil men were slain upon the Southeron side.
Five hundred large, ere they past Dalswintoun,
On Southeron side to death were all brought down.
Of the Scots horse many began to tire,
Suppose themselves were cruel fierce as fire.
The fleers left both wood and waters haill,
To take the plain they thought it most avail.
In great battle away full fast they rode,
For into strengths they thought to make no bode.
Near Lochmabane and Lothyrmoss they went,
Beside Throtmaid, where feil Southeron were shent.
Right many horse, that running had sa lang,
And travell'd sore, they might no further gang.
Sir John the Graham upon his foot was set,
Then Wallace als lighted withoutten let.
Thir two on foot among their enemies yeed,
Were none, but horse, might pass from them through speed.
On Englishmen so cruelly they sought,
Whom they overtook again harmed us nought.

To

To Wallace came a part of power new,
On rested horse, that pertly could pursue;
Adam Currie, with good men of great vail,
And Johnstoun als, that dwelt into Eskdale;
And Kirkpatrick was in that company,
And Halliday, which sembled sturdily:
Where they entred, the sailzie was so sare,
Dead to the ground fell fricks then down they bare.
Sevenscore were haill of new men come indeed,
The Southeron part of them had meikle dread.
Wallace was horsed upon a courser wight,
That good Currie had brought into their sight,
To stuff the chase with his new chevalry;
He Graham command, and all his men for thy,
Together bide, and follow as they might.
Three Captains there full soon to death he dight.
That rested horse so wonder well him bare,
Whom he overtook again rose never mare;
Raithly he rode, and made full many a wound,
Thir three Captains he sticked in that stound,
Of Durisdeer, Eneth, and Tybris-muir.
Lord Clifford's Eme away to Clifford sure,
The whilk before had keeped Lochmabane;
No landed man scaped with him but ane;
For Maxwel als out of Carlaverock drew,
Unto the Southeron the gainest way can sue;
Into the chase so wisely can they ride,
Few got away that came upon that side.
Beside Cockpool full fell fighting they fand,
Some drowned were, some slain upon the sand;
Who scaped were in England fled away.
Wallace return'd, no prisoner took they;

In Carlaverock resting that night they made,
Upon the morn to Dumfries blythly rade;
There Wallace cry'd, who would come to his peace,
Against Southeron, their malice for to cease,
To true Scots he ordained warison,
Who faulted had he granted remission.
In Dumfries then he would no longer bide.
The Southeron fled off Scotland on ilk side,
By sea and land, without longer abade,
Of castles and towns, then Wallace Chiftains made,
Ruled the land, and put it into rest,
With true keepers, the which he trusted best.
The true Douglas, that I you told of ayr,
Keeper was made from Drumlanrick to Air:
Because he had on Southeron ilk thing wrought,
His wife was wroth, but it she shewed nought,
Under covert her malice hid perfite,
As serpent waits her time that she may bite;
To Douglas oft she did full meikle care,
Of that as now I leave while furthermare.

CHAP. VIII.

How *Wallace* sieged the Town of *Dundee*.

BUt Southeron men durst here no castle hold,
But left Scotland, before as I you told,
Save one Morton, a Captain fierce and fell,
That held Dundee. Then Wallace would not dwell,
Thither he past, and lapped it about.
When Morton saw, that he was in ilk doubt,
He asked leave with their lives for to go.
Wallace deny'd, and said, It beis not so,

The

The laſt Captain of England that here was,
I gave him leave with his men for to paſs;
You ſhall forethink ſik maſtry for to make,
All England ſhall of thee example take;
Sik men from him I ween'd for to have worn,
You ſhall be hanged, ſuppoſe thy King had ſworn.
He gart command no Scots ſhould to them ſpeak,
Confirm the ſiege, and ſo we ſhall us weak
On Engliſhmen, has ſik will of Dundee.
Scrimzeour he made their Conſtable to be.
One Ballingar of England, that was there,
Paſt out of Tay, and could to Whitby fare,
To London ſent, and told of all this caſe,
To hang Morton that vowed had Wallace.
Before this time Edward with power yeed
To war in France, for then he had no dread;
Before he trow'd Scotland ſhould be his own.
When they him warn'd, how his men were overthrown,
Again he turn'd to England haſtily,
And left his deed all fykit into fy.
Gaſcoigne he claim'd as his in heritage,
He left it thus, for all his great barnage;
And Flanders als he thought to take in hand,
And thir he left, and came to reave Scotland.
When that this King in England was come hame,
Summons they made, and charged Bruce by name,
And all other, that liv'd under his crown,
Biſhop and Baron, to come at their ſummon.
When Wallace twice, through grace, had freed Scotland,
This tyrant King took plainly upon hand,
For ſik deſire, that he might have no reſt,
He thought to him of it to make conqueſt.

In covetice he had reigned so long,
Chiftains he made; that they should not pass wrong
Guides they chooſed, from ſtrengths them for to ghy,
They thought no more to bide at jeopardy;
In plain battle, if they might Wallace win,
He trow'd of war they ſhould no more begin.
Leave I this King making his ordinance,
My purpoſe is to ſpeak ſomething of France.
The Engliſhmen, that Guienne held at wear,
Unto French folk they did full meikle dear.
King and Council ſoon in their wits they caſt,
To get Wallace they thought it was the beſt;
For Guienne land the Engliſhmen had they;
They ſhape them thus in all the haſte they may:
For they truſted, if Scotland were well ſtade,
Wallace would come, as he them promiſe made.
The ſame Herauld, before in Scotland was,
They him command, and ordain'd he ſhould paſs
Into Scotland, without longer delay,
Out of the Sluce, als goodly as he may.
Ready he was, in ſhip he went on caſe,
In Tay's mouth the haven he taken has;
Where Wallace was then at the ſailzie ſtill,
And he receiv'd the Herauld with good will;
Their writ he read, and ſaid him on this wiſe,
An anſwer ſoon he could them not deviſe.
To honeſt inn the Herauld then he ſend,
On Wallace coſt right bundantly to ſpend,
While time he ſaw how other matters yeed,
Then anſwer ſhould he have withoutten dread.
The wit of France thought Wallace to commend,
Into Scotland, with this Herauld, they ſend,

Part of his deed, and als the deſcription
Of him tane there, by men of diſcretion,
Clerks, Knights, Heraulds, and others that him ſaw;
But I hereof cannot rehearſe them aw.
Wallace ſtature, of greatneſs, and of hight,
Was judged thus, by diſcretion of ſight,
That ſaw him, both diſhabille, and in weed;
Nine quarters large he was in length indeed,
Third part that length in ſhoulders broad was he,
Right ſeemly, ſtrong, and luſty for to ſee.
His limbs were great, with ſtalwart pace and ſound,
His brawns were hard, his arms were great and round;
His hands were made right like to a palm-ear,
Of manly make, with nails both great and clear;
Proportioned long and fair was his viſage,
Right ſad of ſpeech, and able in courage;
Broad breaſt and high, with ſturdy craig and great,
His lips round, his noſe was ſquare and tret;
Bowan brown haired, on brows and brees light,
Clear aſper eyes, like diamonds full bright;
Under his chin, on the left ſide, was ſeen,
By hurt, a wane; his colour was ſanguine;
Als wounds he had in many divers place,
But fair and haill well keeped was his face.
Of riches he keeped no proper thing,
Gave as he wan, like Alexander King.
In time of peace, meek as a maid was he,
Where war approach'd the true Hector was he.
To Scotſmen ay full great credence he gave,
But known enemies they could not him deceive.
Their properties were well known into France,
Of him to be in good rememberance.

Maſter John Blair that pattern could receive,
In Wallace book hieved it with the lave;
But he hereof as then took little heed,
His laborous mind was all on other deed.
At Dundee ſiege thus earneſtful they lay;
Tidings to him Jop brought upon a day,
How King Edward, with likely men of vail,
An hundred thouſand, came for to aſſail,
Then Scottiſh ground they had tane upon caſe.
Into ſome part it grieved good Wallace.
He made Scrimzeour fill at the houſe to ly,
With two thouſand, and charged him for thy,
That none ſhould ſcape with life out of that ſtead,
That Southeron were, but do them all to dead.
Scrimzeour granted right faithfully to bide;
With eight thouſand Wallace could from him ride
To Saint Johnſtoun, four days he graith'd him there,
With ſad advice toward the South can fare.
For King Edward that time ordained had
Ten thouſand haill to paſs, that were full glad,
With young Woodſtock, a Lord of meikle might;
At Stirling-bridge he ordain'd them full right,
And there to bide, the entry for to wear,
Of Wallace then he trow'd to have no dear.
Their leave they took, and paſt forth, but delay,
Right far alyand, in a good array;
To Stirling came, but would not there abide,
To ſee the North then forward can he ride,
Sik new courage fell ſo in his intent,
Which made Southeron full ſore for to repent.

THE

THE

ACTS and DEEDS of the most Famous and Valiant Champion,

Sir *WILLIAM WALLACE*,

Knight of *ELLERSLIE*.

The Eleventh BOOK.

CHAP. I.

The Battle of *Sheriff-muir*.

THIS Woodstock rode into the North good speed,
Of Scots as then he had but little dread;
For well he trow'd for to refcue Dundee.
As into Fay their ships came by the sea.
His guides said, that they should him guide in by
Saint Johnstoun, where passage there was plainly.
The night they took, and looked them about,
So were they ware of Wallace and his rout.

In ſame part then he remayded his thought,
The King's command becauſe he keeped nought;
But when he ſaw they fewer were than he,
He would them bide, and either do or die.
Sir John Ramſay foremoſt his power ſaw,
And ſaid, yon are, that ye ſee hither draw,
Either Southeron, that come ſo cruelly,
Or Earl Malcolm to ſeek you for ſupply.
Wallace then ſmil'd, and ſaid, Engliſh they are,
Ye may them ken right well, wherever they fare.
On Sheriff-muir Wallace the field has tane,
With eight thouſand, that worthy were in wane.
The Southerón were right doughty in their deed,
Together ſtrake, well ſtuffed in ſteel weed.
Their ſpears then ſoon all into ſplinters ſprent.
The hardy Scots out through the Southeron went;
In ready battle ſeven thouſand down they bare,
Dead on the bent, that never recover'd mare.
With fell fighting with weapons grounden keen,
Blood from birnies was bruſhit on the green.
In the fell ſtour, that awful was and ſtrang,
The worthy Scots ſo fellon on them dang,
That all were dead within a little ſtound,
None off that place had power for to found.
Young Woodſtock has both hoſt and life forlorn.
The Scots ſpulzied of good gear them before,
What they thought beſt, of fine harneſs they waild,
Both gold and good, and horſe that might avail.

CHAP.

CHAP. II.

The Battle of *Falkirk*.

TO Stirling-bridge, without resting, they rade,
Ere more should come, Wallace this ordinance made,
Past over the bridge, and then he gart Wrights call,
And with Craftsmen undid the passage all;
Syne these same men he sent to the Depford,
Gart set the ground with strong sharp spikes of board;
But nine or ten syles he cast a gate before,
Alangs the schauld made it both deep and shore.
Then Wallace said, On one side shall we be,
Yon King and I, but if he Southward flee.
He sent Lawder, that had in hand the Bass,
Alangs the coast, where any vessel was,
And men with him, that could full wisely look,
Of ilka boat a board or two out took.
All ships they burnt of strangers that were there;
Seton and he to Wallace thus they fare,
In Stirling lay upon his purpose still,
For Englishmen to see what way they will.
The Earl Malcolm Stirling in keeping had,
To him he came with men of arms sad,
Three hundred haill, that siker were and true,
Of Lennox folk, their power to renew.
Sir John the Graham, from Dundaff privily,
To Wallace came with a good chevalry;
Tidings him brought, the Southeron came at hand,
In Torphichen King Edward was lodgand,
Stroying the place of purveyance was there,
Saint John's good as then they would not spare.

The good Stewart of Bute came to the land,
With him he led well more than twelve thousand,
To Cuming past was then in Cumbernauld;
Upon the morn bowned the Stewart bald,
Soon to array with men of arms bright,
Twenty thousand then sembled to their sight.
The Lords Stewart and Cuming forth they ride
To the Falkirk, and there height to abide.
The Scots Chiftain then out of Stirling past,
To the Falkirk he sped his host full fast.
Wallace and his then to array he yeed,
With ten thousand of doughty men in deed.
Who could behold their awful lordly vult,
So well beseen, so forward, stern and stult,
So good Chiftains, as with so few there been,
Without a King, was never in Scotland seen.
Wallace himself, and Earl Malcolm that Lord,
Sir John the Graham, and Ramsay at accord,
Seton, Lawder, and Lundie, that were wight,
Adam Wallace to that journey him dight;
And many good, which proved well in press,
But all their names I may not now rehearse.
Southeron ere then out of Torphichen fure,
Their passage made into Slamanane muir;
Into a plain set tents and pallioun,
South from Falkirk, a little above the town.
Good Jop himself judged them by his sight,
In whole number an hundred thousand right.
Of Wallace coming the Scots sik comfort took,
When they him saw, all dreadour they forsook;
For of envy were few there that it wist,
Treasonable folk their matters work through list.

Poison

Poiſon ſenſyne at the Falkirk is caid,
Through treaſon and corruption of aid.
Lord Cuming had enby at good Wallace,
For Earl Patrick that happened upon caſe,
Counteſs of March was Cuming's ſiſter dear;
Under colour he wrought in this manner,
Into the hoſt had ordain'd Wallace dead,
And made Stewart with him to fall in plead;
That Lord, he ſaid, that Wallace had no right
Power to lead, and he preſent in fight;
He bade him take the vanguard for to guy,
So wiſt he well that they ſhould ſtride for thy.
Lord Stewart ask'd at Wallace his counſail,
Said, Sir, you know what may us beſt avail;
Yon fellon King is awful for to bide.
Right unabaſh'd Wallace anſwer'd that tide,
And I have ſeen twice more into Scotland,
With yon ſik King, when Scotſmen took in hand,
With fewer men than now have hither ſought,
And this realm to full good purpoſe brought;
Sir, we will fight, for we have men enew,
As for a day, ſo that we all be true.
The Stewart ſaid, he would the vanguard have.
Wallace anſwer'd, and ſaid, ſo God me ſave,
That ſhall you not, as long as I may reign,
Nor no man elſe, while I ſee my right King;
If he will come, and take on him the crown,
At his command I will be ready bown;
Through God's greace I reſcued Scotland twice,
I were too mad to leave it on ſik wiſe,
To tine for boaſt that I have govern'd lang.
Thus hall in wrath fraeward him can he gang.

Stewart therewith all holnyt into hall,
Wallace, he said, by thee I tell a tale.
Say forth, quoth he, of the fairest ye can.
Unhappily his tale thus he began.
Wallace, he said, you take thee meikle cure,
So fared it by working of nature,
How an howlet complain'd of his fethreme,
While Dame Nature took of ilk bird, but blame,
A fair feather, and to the howlet gave;
Then he through pride rebuted all the lave.
Wherefore should you your fenzie shew so hie,
You think none here that should your fellow be;
Thus makes it, you are clad with our men,
Had we our men, thine were but few to ken.
At thir his words good Wallace burnt as fire,
Over hastily he answer'd him in ire,
You lied, he said, the sooth full oft has been,
There have I bade, where you durst not be seen
Contrare enemies, no more, for Scotland's right,
Than dare the howlet when the day is bright;
That tale full meet thou hast told of thy sell,
To your desire you shall not me compell;
Cuming it is has given thee this counsail,
Will God you shall of your first purpose fail:
That false Traitor, that I off danger brought,
Is wonder like to bring this realm to nought;
For thy ogart now either you shall die,
In prison bide, or cowardly to flee.
Rescue of me you shall get none this day.
Therewith he turn'd, and from them rode his way.
Ten thousand haill from them with Wallace rode,
None better were in all this world so broad,

As

As of sik men, that living were on life.
Alace, great harm fell Scotland through that strife!
Past to a wood from the Falkirk by East,
He would not bide for command or request;
For charge of none, but it had been his King,
That might that time bring him from his ettling.
The other Scots, that saw this dissension,
For discomfort to leave the field were bown;
But all these men were native to Stewart,
Principal of Bute, took hardiment in heart.
Lord Stewart was at Cuming grieved there,
Weght, if he liv'd, he should repent full sare
The great trespass, that he, through rakelsness,
Had gart him make to Wallace in that place.
For their debate it was a great pitie,
For Englishmen, then might no treaty be,
So fast hasted a battle to the field,
Thirty thousand that well could weapons weild;
The Earl Hartford was chosen their Chiftain.
The good Stewart then to array is gane;
The field he took, as true and worthy Knight.
The Englishmen came on with full great might.
Their fell meeting was awful for to see,
At that rancounter they gart fell Southeron die.
When spears were split, their swords they hint out soon,
On either side full doughty deeds were done;
Feil on the ground were felled in that place;
Stewart and his ran on their enemies race;
Blood bursted out through mail and birnies bright.
Twenty thousand, with dreadful weapons dight,
Of Southeron men, derfly to death they ding.
The remanent again fled to their King.

Ten thouland there, that from the death eſchew'd,
With their Chiftain into the hoſt relieu'd.
Again to ray the hardy Stewart yeed.
When Wallace ſaw this noble worthy deed,
Held up his hands, with humble prayer preſt,
O God, he ſaid, give yon Lord grace to laſt,
And power have his worſhip to attend,
To win thir folk, and take the haill commend;
Great harm it were he ſhould be overſet;
With new power they will on him rebet.
By that the Bruce an awful battle ray'd,
And Biſhop Beik, which oft had been eſſay'd,
Forty thouland, upon the Scots to fare,
With fell effeir; they raiſed up right there
The Bruce's banner, in gold of gules ſo clear.
When Wallace ſaw the battles approached near,
The right Lion againſt his own kinrike,
Alace, he ſaid, this world is contrare like!
This land ſhould be yon Tyrant's heritage,
That cometh thus to ſtroy his own barnage;
So I were free of it that I ſaid ayr,
I would forſwear Scotland for evermare;
Contrare the Bruce I ſhould reſcue them now,
Or die therefore, to God I make a vow.
The great debate in Wallace wit can wade,
Betwirt kindneſs, and wilful vow he made.
Kindneſs him bade reſcue them from their foe.
Then will ſaid, Nay, why, fool, wouldſt thou do ſo?
Thou haſt no wit with right thy ſelf to lead,
Shouldſt thou help them that would put thee to dead?
Kindneſs ſaid, Yea, for they are good Scotſmen.
Then will ſaid, Nay; verity thou mayſt ken,

Had they been good, all one we now had been,
By reason here the contrare well is seen;
For they thee hate more than a Southeron leid.
Kindness then said, That shew they not indeed;
Though one of them be false into his saw,
For cause of him you should not lose them aw;
They have done well into yon fellon stour,
Rescue them now, and take the high honour.
Will said, They would have reft from thee thy life,
You bode for them in many stalwart strife.
Kindness said, Help, their power is at nought,
Syne wreck on him that all the malice wrought.
Will said, This day they shall not helped be,
That I have said, shall ay be said for me.
They are but dead, God grant them of his blis,
Envy long syne has done great harm but this.
Wallace therewith turned for ire in teen,
Waith tears for bail burst out from both his een;
Sir John the Graham, and many worthy wight,
Weeped in wo for sorrow of that sight.
When Bruce his Battel upon the Scots strake,
Their cruel come made cowards for to quake;
Lord Cuming fled to Cumbernauld away,
About the Scots the Southeron lapped they.
The men of Bute before their Lord they stood,
Defending him, when that fell streams of blood
All them about in flothis where they yeed.
Bathed in blood was Bruce's sword and weed,
Through fell slaughter of true men of his own,
Soon to the dead the Scots were overthrown;
Syne slew the Lord, for he would not be tane.
When Wallace saw how thir good men were gane,

Lords, he said, What now is your counsail?
Two chois there are, the best I rede us wail,
Yonder the King, his host abandonand,
Here Bruce and Beik in battle for to stand.
Yon King in war has wise and fellon been,
Their captains als full cruel are and keen,
Better of hand is not living I wis,
In tyranny, ye trow me well of this,
Than Bruce and Beik to what part they be set,
We have a choice, which is full hard but let.
And we turn east for Strength in Lothian land,
They stuff a chace right sharp I dar warrand,
Take we the muir, yon king is us before,
There is but this withoutten words more.
To the Torwood, for our succour is there,
Through Bruce's host forsooth first must we fare;
Among us now there needeth no Debate,
Yon men are dead, we will not strive for state.
They consent haill to work right as he will,
What him thought best they granted to fulfil.
Good Wallace then that stoutly could him steer,
Before them rode intil his armour clear,
Rule ye your spears all in a number round,
And we have grace for to pass through them sound,
And few be lost, to our strength we will ride,
Want we many, in faith we shall abide.
The hardned horse fast on the great host rade,
The rierd that rose when spears in sunder glade,
Dushed in glass dewed by spears dint.
Fra forged steell the fire flew out but stint;
The fellon throng when men and horse remov'd,
Up drave the dust where they their pichtis prov'd.

The

The other hoſt then might not their deeds ſee
For ſtour that raiſe while they diſſever'd be.
The worthy Scots eight thouſand down they bare,
Few were at erd that good Wallace brought there;
The king cry'd horſe upon them for to ride,
But this wiſe Lord gave him counſel to bide.
The Earl of York ſaid, Sir, you work amiſs,
To break aray, yon men quite throw them is;
They ken the land, and will to ſtrengthis draw,
Take we the plain we are in peril aw.
The king conceiv'd that his counſel was right,
Ruled his hoſt, and bade ſtill in their ſight;
Ere Bruce and Beik might return their battail,
The Scots were through and had a great avail.
Wallace command the hoſt ſhould paſs away
To the Torwood in all the haſte they may;
Himſelf and Graham, and Lauder, turned in
Betwixt battels, prize and prowes to win;
And with them bade in that place hundreds three
Of weſtland men were us'd in jeopardie,
Upon wight horſe that warily could ride.
A ſlop they made where they ſet on a ſide,
No ſpears they had, but ſwords of temper'd ſteel,
Therewith in ſtour they let their en'mies feel.
How they full oft had proved been in preſs,
Of Engliſhmen they made feil to deceſs.
Ere Bruce thereof might well perceiving have,
Three hundred there were graithed to their grave.
The hardy Bruce an hoſt abandonit,
Twenty thouſand he rul'd by force and wit,
Upon the Scots his men for to reſcue,
Served they were with good ſpears enew.

And biſhop Beik a ſtuffe to him to be,
When good Wallace their Ordinance could ſee.
Alace! he ſaid, yon man has meikle might,
And o'er good will to undo his own right.
He bade his men toward his hoſt to ride,
Them for to ſave he would behind them bide.
Meikle he trows in God, and his own deed,
To ſave his men he did full doughty deed.

CHAP. III.

How the *Graham* was ſlain.

UPON himſelf meikle travel he taes,
The great battel compleat upon him gaes;
In the fore breaſt he returned full oft,
Whome'er he hit their laughning was unſoft.
That day in world then known was not his make,
A Southeron man he ſlew ay at a ſtraik;
But his own ſtrength might not againſt them be,
Toward his hoſt behoved for to flee.
The Bruce him hurt at the returning there,
Under the hals a wound both deep and ſair.
Blood burſted out braithly a ſpear's length,
From the great hoſt he fled toward his ſtrength.
Such a flyer before was never ſeen,
Not at Gadders of Gaudifer the keen,
When Alexander reſcu'd the forreours,
Might not to him be compar'd in thoſe hours,
The fell turning on followers that he made,
How bandonly before the hoſt he rade.
Nor how good Graham with cruel hardiment,
Nor how Lawder, among their en'mies went:

How

How they alone into that stour had stood,
While Wallace was in stanching of his blood.
Be then he had stemmed full well his wound,
With three hundred into the field came sound,
To rescue Graham and Lawder that were wight;
But Bishop Beik came with sik force and slight,
The worthy Scots retired far aback,
Seven aker broad, in turning of their back;
Yet Wallace has thir two deliver'd well
By his own strength and his good sword of steel.
The awful Bruce among them with great main,
At the rescue three Scots men hath he slain:
Whom he hit right, ay at a stroke was dead.
Wallace prest in therefore to set remeid.
With a good spear the Bruce was serv'd, but baid,
With great envy to Wallace fast he rade,
And he to him, assonzied not for thy,
The Bruce him mist, as Wallace passed by.
Awkward he strake with his sharp grinded glave,
Spear and horse craig til he in sunder drave.
Bruce was at erd ere Wallace turn'd about;
The great battel of thousands stern and stout,
They horsed Bruce with men of great valour,
Wallace alone was in that stalwart stour.
Graham pressed in and strake an English Knight,
Before the Bruce upon the basnet bright,
That frivole stuff, and all his other weed,
Both bone and brain the noble sword through yeed.
The Knight was dead, good Graham returned tight.
A subtil Knight thereat had great despight,
Follow'd at wait, and has perceived well
Graham's birnie was too narrow for some deal,

Beneath the waiſt, that cloſe it might not be,
On the fillet full ſternly then ſtrake he,
Pierced the back, in the bowels him bare,
With a ſharp ſpear, that he might live na mair.
Graham turn'd therewith, and ſmote that Knight in teen,
Throw the viſard, a little beneath the een.
Dead of that dint, to ground he duſhed down,
Sir John the Graham then ſwoon'd on his arſoun,
Ere he o'ercame to paſs to his party,
Feil Southeron men, that were on foot him by,
Sticked his horſe, that he no farther yeed,
Graham yielded God his good ſp'rit, and is dead.
When Wallace ſaw this Knight to dead was brought,
The piteous pain ſo ſore thrill'd in his thought,
All out of kind it alter'd his courage,
His wit in war was then but a wood rage.
His horſe him bore in field where ſo him liſt,
For of himſelf as then little he wiſt.
Like a wild beaſt that were from reaſon rent,
As witleſs wy into the hoſt he went,
Dinging on hard, what Southeron he right hit,
Straight upon horſe again might never ſit.
Into that rage full feil folk he dang down,
All him about was red a full great room.
When Bruce perceiv'd with Wallace it ſtood ſa,
He charged men long ſpears for to ta,
And ſlay his horſe, ſo he ſhould not eſcape.
Feil Southeron men to Wallace faſt can ſhape,
Pierced his horſe with ſpears on either ſide,
Wounds they made that were both deep and wide;
Of ſhafts part Wallace in ſunder ſhare,
But feil heads into his horſe left there.

Some

Some wit again to Wallace can redoun,
In his own mind so ruled him reasoun,
So for to die he thought no vassalage.
Then for to flee he took no tarryage,
Spurred the horse, which ran in good randoun
Till his own folk were biding at Carroun.
The sea was in, that they stopped and stood,
On loud he cry'd, and bade them take the flood;
Together bide, ye may not lose a man.
At his command the water took they than.
He returned, the Entry for to keep,
While all his host was passed o'er the deep;
Syne passed o'er, and dread his horse should fail,
Himself was clad in plate of heavy mail.
Set he could swim, he trow'd he might not well,
The clear water cooled the horse some deal.
Out o'er the flood he bare him to the land,
Syne fell down dead, and might no longer stand.
Keirly full soon a courser to him brought,
Then lap he up, among the host he sought.
Graham was away, and fifteen others wight,
On Magdalen day these folk to dead were dight,
Thirty thousand of Englishmen, for true,
The worthy Scots upon that day they slew;
What by Stewart, and syne by wight Wallace,
For all his price king Edward ru'd that case.

CHAP. IV.

Conference betwixt *Bruce* and *Wallace* at *Carron*.

TO the Torwood he bade the horse should ride,
Keirly and he past upon Carroun side.

Beholding o'er upon the south party,
Bruce foremost came, and could on Wallace cry.
What art thou there? A man Wallace can say.
The Bruce answer'd, that hast thou prov'd this day.
Abide, he said, you need not now to flee.
Wallace answer'd, I eschew not for thee,
But that power has thy own near fordoon,
Amends of this will God we shall have soon.
Language of thee, the Bruce said, I desire.
Say forth, quoth he, you may for little hire.
Ride from that host, and gar them bide with Beik,
I would fain hear what thou likest to speak.
The host bode still, the Bruce passed them frae,
He took with him but a Scot that hight Rae.
When that the Bruce out of their hearing were,
He turned in, and this question can speir.
Why work'st thou thus, and might in good peace be?
Then Wallace said, But in default of thee:
Through thy falshood thine own wit has misken'd,
I claim no right, but would this land defend;
That thou undoes through thy false cruel deed,
Thou hast tint two had been worth far more meed,
On this ilk day with a good King to found,
Nor five millions of finest gold so round,
That e'er was wrought in work or image bright,
I trow in world was not a better Knight,
Than was good Graham of truth and hardiment.
Tears therewith soon from Wallace eyes down went.
Bruce said, Far more on this day have we lost.
Wallace answer'd, Alace, they were ill cost,
Through thy treason, that should be our right King,
That wilfully destroys thine own offspring.

The Bruce asked, Will ye do my devise?
Wallace said, No, thou livest in such wise;
You would me make at Edward's will to be,
Yet had I rather to morn be hanged hie.
Yet shall I say as I would counsel give,
Then, as a Lord, you might at liking live,
At thine own will in Scotland for to reign,
To be in peace, and hold of Edward King.
Of that false King I think ne'er wage to take,
But contrare him with all my power to make.
I claim nothing as by title of right,
Though I might reave, since God has lent me might,
From thee thy Crown of this region to wear,
But I will not sik a charge on me bear.
Great God knows best what war I took on hand
For to keep free that which thou dost gain-stand.
It might be said of thee long time before,
In cursed time you was for Scotland born;
Schamyst you not, that never yet did good,
Thou runnagat, devourer of thy blood;
I vow to God, may I thy master be
In any field, you shall far rather die
Than shall a Turk, for thy false cruel weir,
Pagans to us does not so meikle dear.
Then leugh the Bruce at Wallace earnestnes,
And said, thou seest that now thus stands the case.
This day thou art with our power overset,
Against yon King war hand you may not get.
Then Wallace said, We are by meikle thing
Starker this day in contrare of yon King,
Than at Biggar, where he left many of his,
And als the field; so shall he do with this,

Or die therefore, for all his meikle might;
we have not loſt in this field but a Knight,
And Scotland now in ſik peril is ſtad,
To leave it thus my ſelf might be full mad.
Wallace, he ſaid, it proaches near the night,
Would you to morn, when that the day is light,
Ere nine of bell, meet me at this chapel,
By Dunipace I would hear thy counſel.
Wallace ſaid, Nay, ere that ilk time be ſpent,
Were all the men hyne to the Orient
Into a will with Edward, who had ſworn,
We ſhall bargain or nine hours of the morn;
And for his reif either he ſhall think ſhame,
Or die therefore, or flee in England hame.
But and you will, ſoon by the hour of three,
At that ilk tryſt, will God, you ſhall me ſee.
While I may laſt, this Realm ſhall not forfare.
Bruce promis'd him with twelve Scots to be there;
And Wallace ſaid, ſtood'ſt thou righteous to me,
Counterpalys I ſhould not be to thee.
I ſhall bring ten, and, for thy number, mae,
I give no force though thou be friend or fae.
Thus they departed, Bruce paſſed his way,
To Lithgow rode, where that King Edward lay,
The field hath left, and lodg'd by ſouth the town,
At ſupper ſat, as Bruce at palzioun
Thus entred in, and ſaw vacand his ſeat,
No water took, but made him to the meat.
Faſting he was, and had been in great dread,
Blooded were all his weapons and his weed.
Southeron Lords, ſcorn'd him in terms rude,
And ſaid, Behold, yon Scot eats his own blood.

The King thought ill they made sik derision,
He bade have water to Bruce of Huntington.
They bade him wash. He said, that he would not.
This blood is mine that hurteth most my thought.
Sadly the Bruce then in his mind remoyded
The woyds sooth that Wallace had him recoyded;
Then ru'd he soye, from reason had him known,
That blood and land should all like been his own.
With them he was long ere he got away,
But contrare Scots he fought not from that day.
Leave I the Bruce soye mov'd in his intent,
Good Wallace soon again to his host went,
In the Torwood which had their lodging made,
Fires they beit that was both bright and braid;
Of nolt and sheep they took at sufficience,
Thereof full soon they got them sustinence.
Wallace sleeped but shoyt while and soon rose,
To rule the host on a good make he goes,
Till Earl Malcom, Ramsay and Lundie wight,
With five thousand in battel them he dight.
Wallace, Lawder, and Christel of Seton,
Five thousand led, and Wallace of Richardton,
Full well array'd into their armour clean,
Past to the field where that the chase had been,
Among the dead seeking the woythiest,
The coyps of Graham, foy whom he mourned maist.
When they him found, and good Wallace him saw,
He lighted down and hint him from them aw
Up in his arms, beholding his pale face,
He kissed him, and cry'd full oft, alace!
My best brother in woyld that e'er I had,
My akald friend when I was hardest stad;

My hope, my health, thou wast in most honour,
My faith, my help, my strengthiest in flour.
In thee was wit, freedom and hardiness,
In thee was truth, manhood and nobleness,
In thee was rule, in thee was governance,
In thee virtue without ten variance;
In thee lawty, in thee was great largeness,
In thee gentries, in thee was stedfastness.
Thou wast great cause of winning of Scotland,
Though I began, and took the war in hand.
I bow to God, that has the world in wald.
Thy death shall be to Southeron full dear sald.
Martyr thou art for Scotland's right and me,
I shall be deng'd, or else therefore shall die.
Was no man there from weeping might refrain
For loss of him, when they heard Wallace plain.
They carry'd him with worship and dolour,
In the Falkirk graith'd him in sepulture.
Wallace commanded his host there to bide,
His ten he took, for to meet Bruce they vide.
Southwest he past, where that the tryst was set,
The Bruce full soon and good Wallace is met.
For loss of Graham, and als for proper teen,
He grew in ire, when he the Bruce had seen.
Their saluting was but boistrous and thrawn,
Rues thou, he said, thou art contrare thine awn.
Wallace, said Bruce, rebute me now no more,
Mine own deeds have bet me wondrous sore.
When Wallace heard with Bruce that it stood sa,
On knees he fell, fair countenance can him ma;
In arms soon the Bruce has Wallace tane,
Out from their men in counsel are they gane.

I cannot tell perfectly their language,
But this was it their men had in knowledge.
Wallace him pray'd, Come from yon Southeron King.
The Bruce said, Nay, there lets me yet one thing.
I am so bound with witness to be leal,
For all England I would not false my seal;
But of a thing, I beght to God and thee,
That contrare Scots again I shall not be;
Into a field, with weapons that I bear,
In thy purpose I shall thee never dear.
If God grants you of us o'erhand to have,
I will but flee mine own life for to save;
And Edward scape, I pass with him again,
But I through force be either tane or slain.
Break he on me when that my term is out,
I come to thee, may I scape from that dout.
Of their counsel I can tell you na mair.
The Bruce took leave and can to Edward fair,
Right sad in mind for Scotsmen that were lost.
Wallace in haste provided soon his host.

CHAP. V.

How King *Edward* was surprised at *Lithgow*, and *Bruce* held in Subjection in *England*.

He made Crawford Earl Malcom for to guide:
The laigh way to Enrawin they ride,
For their watches then should them not espy.
The other host himself led hastily
By south Manwel, while that they were between;
Of the outwatch thus scaped they unseen.

The Earl Malcom on Lithgow enters in,
O'er haſtily a ſtrike they can begin.
Wallace was not all to the battel bown,
When that they heard the cry riſe in the town.
On Edward's hoſt they ſet full ſuddenly,
Wallace and his made little noiſe or cry,
But occupy'd with weapons in that ſtour,
Feil fallen were dead that was without armour.
All diſarray'd the Engliſh hoſt was then;
Among palzeons the Scots, where many men
Cutted down cords, gart many tents down fall,
None ſonzied then, at once fighting were all,
Both Wallace hoſt, and Earl Malcom with might.
King Edward then, with awful fear on height,
Cried on Bruce, Aray, ſo ſtern and ſtout,
Twenty thouſand in arms him about
Into harneis had bidden all that night,
But frayed folk ſo dolefully were dight,
On ilka ſide they fled for fear of dead,
Wallace and his ſo rudly through them yeed;
Toward the King, and felled feil to ground,
Who bode them there right feil fighting has found.
That awful King right manfully abade
Till all his folk a great comfort he made.
The worthy Scots againſt him in that ſtour,
Feil Southeron ſlew into their fine armour,
So forwardly they preſſed in that throng,
Before the King they made ſlops them among.
Engliſh commons then fled on either ſide,
But noble men none other durſt abide.
The Bruce as then to Scots did no grievance,
A judge he was with ſeinzied countenance;

So

So did he never in no battel air,
Nor yet after, sik deed as he shew'd there.
The Earl Malcom by then came in the town,
The Earl Hartford to flee then had made bown.
The Lennox men set their lodging on fire,
Then feardly fled full many Southeron Sire.
The King Edward, that yet was fighting still,
Has seen them flee, that liked him full ill.
The worthy Scots fast toward him they press,
His bridel ne'er allay'd or they would rest.
His banner man Wallace slew in that place,
And soon to ground the banner down it rase.
The Earl of York counsel'd the King to flee,
And to return, since no succour they see.
The Englishmen have seen their banner fall,
Without comfort, to flee they purpose all.
Eleven thousand in town and field were deed
Of Edward's folk, ere his self left the stead.
Twenty thousand away together rade,
King and chiftains no longer tarry made.
The Scots in haste then to their horse they yeed,
To stuff the chace with worthy men in weed.
The Lennox folk, that wanted horse and gear,
Took them at will, to help them in that weir;
At stragil rade, what Scot might foremost pass,
On Southeron men full great slaughter there was.
Wallace has seen the Scots unorderly
Follow the chace, he made Chiftains in hy
Them for to rule, and all together ride,
Commanded them sik ane should other bide.
Into fleeing the Southeron subtil are,
See they the time they will set on us sare,

Feil ſcailed folk to them will ſoon renew,
For ye ſee well that they are men enew;
The followers were relieved well with ſkill,
In good aray they rade all at his will,
And ſlew down faſt what South'ron they o'ertake;
Contrare the Scots came ne'er maſtrie to make.
Into the chace they haſted them ſo near,
No Engliſhman out from the hoſt durſt ſteer.
The frayed folk at ſtragil were fleeand,
Drew to the King well more than ten thouſand.
Thirty thouſand in number then were they,
Into aray together paſt away.
Feil Scots horſe ſo were driven in travel,
Forerun that day ſo irked can defail.
The Southeron were with horſe ſerved full well,
Of Wallace chace the lords they had great feel;
Of horſe they were purveyed in great wain,
The King changed on ſundry horſe of Spain.
Then Wallace ſaid, Lords, ye may full well ſee,
Yon folk are now all that yon King may be;
For fault of ſtuff we loſe o'er meikle thing,
And we wight horſe to paſs before this King,
We ſhould make end of all this long debate,
Yet ſome of them ſhall handled be full hate.
Part of our horſe are holden freſh and wight,
Set on them fair while we are in this might.
Therewith the Scots ſo hard among them drew,
Of the outward three thouſand there they ſlew.
In Crawford muir many a man was ſlain,
Edward gart call the Bruce meikle of main;
Then ſaid he thus, Good Earl of Huntington,
Ye ſee the Scots puts feil to confuſion,

Would

Would you with men again on them relieve,
And mar them once, I shall, while I may live,
Love you far more than any other knight,
And for all this shall put you to your right.
Then said the Bruce, Sir, loose me of my band,
Then I shall turn, I beght you by the hand.
The King full soon consider'd in his mind,
When he heard Bruce answer him in sik kind,
From Englishmen the Bruce's heart set is,
Then cast he thus, how he should mend this miss;
And so he did, in England at his will
No Scotsman he let with the Bruce bide still,
But where he past held him in subjection
Of Englishmen, held him in great bandon.
He turned not, nor no more language made,
In ray'd battel the King to Sulway rade
With meikle pain fast upon England's coast,
Fifty thousand in that travel he lost.
When Wallace saw he scaped was away,
Upon Anan again returned they
To Edinburgh, withoutten tarry more,
Put in Crawford that captain was before;
Of heritage he had in Manwel land.
Wallace order'd each man should hold in hand
Their own office, as they before time had.
Thus in good peace Scotland with right he stad.
On the tenth day to St. Johnstoun he went,
Sembled the Lords, syne shew'd them his intent.
Scrimzeour came, that then had won Dundee,
Wallace commanded that time well kept he.
He sailzied so, while strong hunger them drave,
So feebl'd were, the house to him they gave.

Thole wageours ſoon put he to confuſion,
Syne brought Morton to make a concluſion
Befoze Wallace, and ſoon frae he him ſaw,
He gart hang him, foz all King Edward's aw.
Maſons, Miners, with Scrimzeour fozth he ſend,
Caſt down Dundee, and thereof made an end.
Wallace, when all thir deeds ſadly were done,
The Lozds he call'd, and his will ſhew'd them ſoon.
Good men, he ſaid, I was your governour,
My mind was ſet to do you ay honour,
And foz to bzing this realm to righteouſneſs;
Foz it I paſt in many painful place,
To win our own my ſelf I never ſpar'd,
At the Falkirk they ozdain'd me reward.
Of that reward ye hear no moze from me,
Unto ſik gifts God will full well have eye.
Now ye are free, thzough the Maker of might,
Gzant he you grace well to defend your right.
Als I pzeſume, if harm be ozdain'd me,
They are Scotſmen that ſhould the wozkers be.
I have enough of our old en'mies ſtrife,
Methinks our own ſhould not envy my life.
Mine office here o'er plainly I reſign,
I think no moze to take on me ſik thing.
In France I will, to win my living there,
As now advis'd, and here to come na mare.
The Lozds gain-ſtood, but all that helped nought,
Foz any there he did as he beſt thought.
Biſhop Sinclair was viſit with ſickneſs
Into Dunkeld, and ſyne, thzough God his grace,
Recover'd he, when Wallace paſt away,
After the Bruce he lafted meny day.

CHAP.

CHAP. VI.

How *Wallace* went again to *France*, and slew *John* of *Lyne* on the Sea.

GOOD Wallace thus took leave in Saint Johnstoun,
Eighteen with him to Dundee made them bown,
Longoveil past, that doughty was in deed,
The Barons son of Brechin with him yeed;
Two brethren als with their uncle them dight,
Symon Wallace, and Richard that was wight.
Sir Thomas Gray, this priest can with them fare,
Edward Little, good Jop and Master Blair.
Good Keirly past, had been with Wallace long,
And done full well in many fellon throng.
This Keirly then, that could with Wallace fare,
Will Ker he hight, mine Author will declare.
Keirly in Irish, is but Ker Little call'd,
In Carrick he had heritage of ald.
His forbear which ay worthy was of hand,
Saint David King him brought out of Ireland;
Syne at Dummoir, where first Norways came in,
This Ker made great discomfice of their kin,
With seven hundred vanquish'd nine thousand,
Some drown'd in Doun, some slain upon the land.
Thole whole lands the good King gave him until.
How Wallace past now further speak I will.
Among Merchants good Wallace took the sea,
Pray we to God, that he their leader be.
They sailed forth by Part of England's shore,
Till Humber mouth when that they came before,
Out of the South a great red sail they see,
Into the top three leopards standing hie.

The Merchants then, that ſign when that they ſaw
Coming ſo near, they were diſcomfort aw;
For well they wiſt, that it was John of Lyn,
Scotſmen to ſlay, he ſaid, it was no ſin.
Thir frayed folk yeed ſoon to confeſſion.
Then Wallace ſaid, Of ſik devotion
Yet ſaw I ne'er in no place where I paſt,
For this one ſhip methink you all agaſt.
Yon wood cats ſhall do us but little dear,
We ſaw them fail twice in a greater weir
On a fair field; ſo ſhall they on the ſea,
Deſpite it is to ſee them ſtand ſo hie.
The Steerſman ſaid, Sir, will ye underſtand,
He laveth none that is born of Scotland.
We may not flee from yon barge wot I well,
Well ſtuff'd they are with gun, gainzie of ſteel.
Upon the ſea yon reaver long hath been,
To right'ous men he does full meikle teen.
Might we be ſafe, it forſt not of our good,
Theſe ways he has, in ſhort, for to conclude.
A flood he bears upon his coat armour,
Ay drowning folk ſo painted in figure;
Suppoſe we mourn ye ſhould have no marvail.
Then Wallace ſaid, Here is men of more vail
To ſail the ſhip, therefore in how ye gae,
And then thy fears no more cummer us mae.
Wallace and his then ſoon to harneſs yeed.
When they were graith'd into their worthy weed,
Himſelf and Blair, and the Knight Longoveil,
Thir three has tane to keep the midſhip well.
Before were ſeven, and ſix by eſt were kend,
Syne two he choos'd the top for to defend;

And

And Gray he made their Steersman for to be.
The Merchants then saw them so manfully
To fend themselves, because they had no weed,
Out of the How they took then skins good speed,
Ay 'twixt two stuffed wooll as they might best,
Against the stroke that they should some part last.
Then Wallace leugh, and commended them aw,
Of sik harnels before he never saw.
By then the barge came on them wonder fast,
Seven score in her, that was nothing agast.
When John of Lyne saw them in armour bright,
He leugh, and said, thir halten words on hight,
Yon glaiked Scots can us not understand,
Fools they are, new coming off the land.
He cried, Strike, but no answer they made.
Blair with a bow shot fast withoutten bade,
Ere they clypped, he shot but arrows three,
At ilka shot he gart a reaver die.
The Briggans then they bicker'd wonder fast,
Among the Scots with shot and guns they cast;
And they again with spears headed so well,
Feil wounds they made through plates of finest steel,
Either other fastned with clipies keen,
A cruel counter was on ship-board seen.
The derf shot drave as thick as a hail show'r
Lasted therewith the space near of an hour.
When shot was gone, the Scots great comfort had,
At hand strokes they were both sicker and sad.
The Merchants als, with sik thing as they might,
Proved full well in defence of their right.
Wallace and his, at near strokes when they be,
With sharp swords then they gart feil Briggans die;

They in the top so worthy wrought with hand,
In the south top there might no reaver stand.
All the midship of Reavers was made waste,
That to give o'er they were in point almaist.
Then John of Lyne was right greatly agast,
He saw his folk failzie about him fast,
With eager will he would have been away,
Bad wind the sail in all the haste they may;
But from the Scots they might not then offskey,
The clyp so sore on either board they wey.
They saw nothing that might be to them ease,
Crawford on loft their sail hunt in a bleise;
Ere John of Lyne's shuip for to leave that stead,
Of his best men sixty were brought to dead.
Their ship by ours aboard was more of hight,
Wallace lap in among these Reavers wight,
A man he strake o'er board into the sea,
On the o'er loft he slew soon other three.
Longoveil entred, and als good Master Blair,
They gave no gyrth to freaks that they found there.
Wallace himself with John of Lyne was met,
At his collar a fellon stroke he set,
Both helm and head from the shoulders he drave,
Blair o'er the board in the sea cast the lave
Of his body, and all the remanand
Entred, and slew the Biggans that they fand.
The ship they took, great gold, and other gear
That these reavers had gather'd long in weir;
But Master Blair spake nothing of himsel,
In deed of arms what aventure he fell.
I Thomas Gray was then priest to Wallace,
Put in the book how then happen'd this case.

That

That Blair was in, and many worthy deed,
Of which himself had no pleasance to read.
Wallace ruled the ship with his own men,
And sailed forth the right course for to ken;
In the Sluce haven while that they entred be,
The Merchants well he keeped in safety,
Of gold and gear he took part that they fand,
Gave them the ship, syne passed to the land,
Through Flanders rode upon a goodly wise,
Entred in France, and sought unto Paris.
The glad tidings that to the King was brought
Of Wallace Come, did comfort all their thought.
They trow'd by him to get redress of wrong
The Southeron had in Guienne wrought so long.
The Peers of France were at their Parliament,
The King command, with true and haill intent,
They should foresee a Lordship to Wallace.
The Lords all one then deemed of this case,
For Guienne was all haill out of their hand,
They thought it best for to give him that land;
For well they thought he had so wrought before,
He should it win, or else to die therefore;
Also of it they might no profit have.
This was the cause to Wallace they it gave.
This decreet soon they shewed to the King,
Displeas'd he was they made him sik a thing.
Of Guienne, thus, when Wallace had a seal,
No land, he said, liked him half so well.
My chance is thus for to be ay in weir,
And Englishmen has done our realm most dear;
It was well known my defence righteous there,
Right have I here, my comfort is the mare.

I thank your Lords made sik reward to me,
Their purpose is I shall not idle be.
The King bade him be Duke of Guienne land.
To that command Wallace was gain-standand,
Because that land was hailly to conquace,
He thought to win it rather through God's grace.
But ne'ertheless the King had made him Knight,
And gave him gold for to maintain his might,
Syne gave plain charge to his war men of France,
They should be whole at Wallace ordinance;
And als of him he bade him arms take.
Wallace forsook sik changing for to make;
Since I began, I bare the Red Lion,
And thinks to be ay true man to that Crown.
I thank you; Sir, of this mighty reward,
Your gift herefore shall not right long be spar'd,
I think to quite some part ye kithe on me
In your service; or els therefore to die.
Good Wallace thought his time he would not waste,
Unto the war he graithed him in haste;
All Scottishmen that were into that land,
To him they sought with their fewty and hand.
Longoveil als a great power can raise,
In Wallace help this good Knight gladly gaes,
Ten thousand haill of noble men they were,
The broad banner of Scots displayed there;
Thir war men soon upon Guienne they sure,
Make biggings down which had been stark and sture.
Southeron they slew against them made debate,
Baithly on broad they raised fires full hate.
Schynnoun they took that Wallace first had woun,
And slew all men of Southeron was there found.

Into

Into that town Wallace his dwelling made,
All thereabout he wan the country haid.
The worthy Duke of Orleans was Lord,
Sembled his folk into a good accord,
Twelve thousand then he had in armour bright,
And thought to help good Wallace in his right.
Leave I them thus the Duke and Wallace baith,
And speak some part how Scotland took some skaith.

CHAP. VII.

How King *Edward* past into *Scotland* to deal the Lands thereof as he pleased, and took some Noblemen and sent them to Prison.

The false envy, the wicked fell treason
Among themselves brought fell to confusion.
The Knight Vallance in Scotland made repair,
The false Monteith, Sir John withoutten mare,
Betwixt them two was made a private band,
So on a day they met into Anand.
Of the Leynhouse Sir John had great desire.
Sir Aymer beght he should it have in hire
To hold in fee, and other lands moe,
Of King Edward, so he would pass him to.
Thus corded they, and syne to London went,
Edward was glad for to hold that poyntment.
Monteith was there bound man to that false King,
To further him to Scotland in all thing;
Syne passed home, and Vallance with him sure,
While he was brought again o'er Carlile mure.

King Edward then in ire and fierce outrage,
By thirty days he raiſed his barnage,
In Scotland paſt, and there no ſtopping fand,
No Chiftain there that durſt againſt him ſtand.
Monteith had told, they thought to make Bruce King,
All true Scots would be pleaſed of that thing.
Yet many fled and durſt not bide Edwart,
Some into Roſs, and in the Iſles paſt part.
Biſhop Sinclair again fled into Bute,
With that falſe King he had not will to mute.
Thus without ſtroke the caſtles of Scotland,
King Edward haill has tane in his own hand,
Divided ſyne to men that he would like,
Strengths and towns to Roſs through this Kinrik.
Both heght and haill obeyed all his will,
As he command, they purpoſe to fulfil.
The Biſhoprycks inclined to his Crown,
Both temporal and the religion.
The Roman uſe, that then was in Scotland,
He gart be brought, to ſhew where they them fand,
And, but redeem, they burnt them there ilk ane;
Salisbury uſe our Clerks they then have tane.
The Lords he took that would not of him hold,
In England ſent full noble blood of old.
Sir William Dowglas to London long he ſend,
In ſtrong priſon wherethrough he made his end.
The Earl Thomas that Lord was of Murray,
And Lord Fraſer from home he ſent away,
Als Hugh the Hay, and other heirs moe,
He gart Vallance with them in England go.
No man was left all this main-land within,
From Edward's peace was known of any kin.

Seton,

Seton, Lawder, dwelt still into the Bass,
With them Lundie, and men that worthy was;
The Earl Malcom and Campbel past but let,
In Bute succour with Sinclair for to get.
Sir John Ramsay and Ruthven then fled north,
To their cousin that Lord was of Fillorth,
Who past with them through Murray lands full right;
So found they there a gentle worthy Knight
That Climace hight, full cruel ay had been,
And kended well among his en'mies keen.
He thought never at Edward's faith to be,
Into his time he gart feil Southeron die.
He led thir Lords in Ross withoutten mare,
At the Stockfoord a stark strength bigged there;
Keeped that land right worthily by weir,
To their en'mies they did full meikle dear.
Adam Wallace, and Lindsay of Craigie,
Away they fled by night upon the sea,
And Robert Boyd who was both wise and wight,
Arran they took to kend them at their might.
The Corspatrick into Dunbar bade still,
Fewty full soon he had made Edward till.
Abernethy, Lord Soules, and Cuming als,
And John of Lorn that long had been full false,
The Lord Brechin, and many others bade
At Edward's faith, for gifts that he them made.
Justice of peace for twenty days set he
Of Englishmen in Lorn, that men might be
Plain to declare; but, for this cause, I wis,
That all Scotland by conquest then was his.
The Lords then, and the good Bishop Sinclair,
Out of Bute then they made a ballingair.

To good Wallace, told him their torment haill,
Then wrote they thus to get help of their bail.
Our help, our health, our hope, our governour,
Our goodly guide, our best Chiftain in stour,
Our Lord, our life, our strength in righteous place,
For God's sake redeem us of this case,
And take the Crown, to us it were kinder,
To bruik for ay, ere false Edward it wear.
The writ he got, but yet suffer he wauld,
For great falshood that part did him of auld.
Weikle dolour it did him in his mind,
Of this miskare, for he was true and kind.
He thought to take amends of that great wrang,
He answer'd not, but in his war forth rang.
Of King Edward yet more forth will I meil
Into what ways that he could Scotland deal.
In Saint Johnstoun the Earl of York he made
Captain to be of all these lands so braid,
From Tay to Dee, and under him Butler,
His grandsire at Kinclevin ended there,
His father als, Wallace them both had slain;
Edward therefore made him a man of main.
The Lord Bewmont into the north he send.
These Lordships all he gave them in commend,
To Stirling then from Saint Johnstoun he went,
There to fulfil the lave of his intent.
The Lord Clifford he gave then Douglasdale,
Ruler to be of the south marches haill.
All Galloway he gave Cuming in hand,
Wist none but God how long that state should stand.
The gentle Lord good Bishop Lambertoun,
Of Saint Andrews had Dowglas of renown.

Before that time young James both wight and wise,
To him was come from the schools of Parise.
A private favour the Bishop to him bare;
But Englishmen were so great masters there,
He durst not well in plain shew him kindness,
While on a day he took some hardiness.
Douglas he call'd, and could to Stirling fare,
Where King Edward was dealing the lands there.
He proffer'd him into the King's service
To bruik his own; fra he wist, in this wise,
Dowglas he was, then he forsook plainly,
Swore by Saint George, he bruiks no lands of me.
His father was in contrare of my crown,
Therefore as now he bides in our prison.
To the Bishop no other grant he made,
But, as he pleas'd, dealt forth all these lands braid.
To the Lord Soules all haill the Merse gave he,
And Captain als of Berwick for to be.
Oliphant then that he in Stirling fand,
When he him had, he would not keep his band,
The which he made ere he him Stirling gave,
Deceitfully thus could he him deceive.
Into England sent him to prison strong,
In great distress he lived there full long.
When Edward King had dealt all this regioun,
His leave he took, in England made him bown.

CHAP. VIII.

How *Cuming* beguiled the *Bruce*, and ſhewed it to King *Edward*.

BUT of Stirling ſouthward as they could ride,
Cuming happ'ned near hand the Bruce to bide.
Thus ſaid he, Sir, and ye could keep counſail,
I can ſhew here which may be your avail.
The Bruce anſwer'd, Whate'er you ſay to me,
As for my part ſhall well concealed be.
Lord Cuming ſaid, Sir, know you not this thing,
That of this realm you ſhould be righteous King.
Then ſaid the Bruce, Suppoſe I righteous be,
I ſee no time to take ſik thing on me.
I am holden into mine en'mies hand,
Under great oath, when I come in Scotland,
Not part from him for profit nor requeſt,
Nor for no ſtrength, but if death me arreſt.
He beght again to give this land to me,
Now find I well it is but ſubtility;
For thus thou ſeeſt he deals mine heritage,
To Southeron part, and ſome to traitors wage.
Then Cuming ſaid, Will ye, to hear, accord,
Of my lands haill and you like to be Lord,
You ſhall them have, for your right of the crown;
Or, and you like, Sir, for my warriſoun,
I ſhall you help with power at my might.
The Bruce anſwer'd, I will not ſell my right;
But on this wiſe, what Lordſhip you will crave
For thy ſupply, I beght you ſhall it have.
Come from yon King, Sir, with ſome jeopardie,
Now Edward has all Galloway given to me,

My nephew Soules that keepeth Berwick town,
At your command his power shall be bown.
My nephew als a man of meikle might,
The Lord of Lorn has rown into the hight.
My third nephew a Lord of great renown,
Will rise with us of Brechin the Barroun.
Then said the Bruce, Fell there so fair a chance,
That we might get again Wallace from France,
By wit and force he could this Kinrik win,
Alace, we have o'er long been holden in twin!
To that language Cuming made no record,
For old done deeds did in his mind remord.
The Bruce and he compleated forth their bands,
Syne that same night they sealed with their hands.
This ragment left the Bruce with Cuming there,
With King Edward in England home can fare.
And there remain'd while this ragment was known,
Three years and more ere Bruce pursu'd his own.
Some men deems that Cuming the ragment send,
Some men again the contrare does defend.
None may say well Cuming was sake-losing,
Because his wife was Edward's near cousing.
He served death by right law of his King,
So rekleſly miskeeped sic a thing.
Had Bruce past by but bode to Saint Johnstoun,
By haill assent he had receiv'd the Crown;
On Cuming syne he might have done the law,
He could not thole from time that he him saw.
Thus Scotland left in hard perpleritie,
Of Wallace more in some part speak will we.

THE

ACTS and DEEDS of the most Famous and Valiant Champion,

Sir *WILLIAM WALLACE*, Knight of *ELLERSLIE*.

The Twelfth BOOK.

CHAP. I.

How *Wallace* wan the Land of *Guienne* in *France*.

THE ſore travel, the earneſt buſineſs,
The fell labour he had in many place,
To win the land that the good King him gave,
Into his reign he would no Southeron ſave.
In Guienne land Wallace was ſtill at weir,
Of Scotland's loſs it did his heart great dear;
Of true Scots in mind he had great pitie,
He thought to help when he his time might ſee.

Of set battels five he discomfit haill,
With jeopardie, and many strong assail;
Syne they forsook, and durst him not abide,
The Southeron fled from him on either side
To Bourdeaux into great multiplie,
That town they stuff'd with victual by the sea.
All Guienne land Wallace brought to his peace,
To Bourdeaux yate he past ere he would cease.
On out-biggings full great mastry they made,
Still sixty days that sore sally they bade.
Fortress and work that was without the town,
They brake and brunt, and put to confusion.
Hedges, alleys, by labour that were there,
Foiled and spoil'd, they would no fruit spare.
The Englishmen made great defence again
With shot and cast, for they were great of main;
Of guns they were and gainzies stuffed well,
Of artill'ry and weapons of good steel,
With men and meat within were busked been;
Their great Captain was wise, cruel and keen.
Of Gloceſter that huge Lord and als heir,
This Earl had been well used into weir,
Keeped his men by wit and hardiment,
Without the town there durst none from him went.
The lands without were near wasted away,
Warmen so long into the country lay.
In Wallace host so scanted the victual,
They might not bide longer for to assail.
Then this wise Lord the Duke of Orleans
To Wallace said, Sir, ye should know this chance,
It stands o'er well with thir false Southeron blood,
For on no wise we can now stop their food.

The

The haven they have and ships at their will,
Of England comes victual enough them till.
This land is poor'd of food that should us beild,
And ye see well als they forsook the field.
They will not fight though we all here should bide,
Ye may of peace plenish all thir lands wide.
My counsel is, in plain, anent this thing,
That ye would pass with worship to the King,
By his assent you may at leisure wale,
With provision again for to assail.
Wallace inclin'd, and thanked this wise Lord,
Then they tranointed all in good accord,
Past up in France with honour to the King,
And shew'd him hail the verity of this thing;
And he thereof in heart was wonder glad.
Frenchmen before the hundredth year not had
Of Guienne half so meikle in their hand.
Writing by then was new come off Scotland,
From part of Lords and good Bishop Sinclair,
Besought the king into thir terms fair,
Of his gentrice, and of his goodly grace,
For their supply, to counsel good Wallace
To come again, and bring them off bandon,
And take to wear the crown of this region.
This writ as then he would not to him shaw,
Right loath he was for friendship, feed, or aw,
Wallace should pass so soon from his presence,
A dwelling-place he took to residence.
In Schynnoun still Wallace his dwelling made,
And held about it right lihand lands braid.

CHAP. II.

How a Knight in *France* sought to slay *Wallace*.

A Keen Captain then claim'd in heritage
Office of it, and great lands into wage,
Therefore he thought good Wallace for to slay,
Under colour sik mastry for to ma.
Long time he sought to get a day and place,
Said, he desir'd then service with Wallace.
A tryst they set with sixteen on the side,
Fifty thereby he gart in bushment bide
Of men in arms. When he with Wallace met,
Right awfully he bade them on him set.
No armour had Wallace men in that place,
But sword and knife they bore on them through grace.
Parties being met near a fair forest side,
Right bousteously this Captain said that tide,
That Wallace held his land out of unright.
Right soberly he said to that French Knight,
I have no lands but which the King gave me,
My life therefore has been in jeopardie.
The Knight answer'd, thy life you shall forlorn,
Or else that land, the contrare who had sworn.
Aback he lap, and out his sword he drew;
The bushment brake when he that token shew.
Good Wallace thought that matter stood not well,
He gripped soon a shearing sword of steel,
And at a stroke the Knight to dead he drave,
About sixteen then lapped all the lave.
Wallace and his so worthily they wrought,
Full feik they slew that forest on them sought.

The

The Knight's brother right stalwart was and strang,
And thought he should be venged or they gang,
Of Wallace men some part they wounded sair.
Mowing there was into a medow fair
Nine stout carls, all servants to that Knight,
Syne syths they hint, and ran in all their might
To the fighters; or they came near that place
Of them perceiv'd right well was good Wallace,
So awful thing, of sik he never saw,
Them to resist himself can to them draw;
Into the stour left his men fighting still,
To meet these carls that came with eager will.
The first let draw at Wallace with his syth,
Deliver'd he was, and high o'erlap the syth,
And awkward he strake the churl on the head,
Deidly on ground he has him left for dead.
The other he met, o'erlap his syth so keen,
On the shoulder als strake him in that teen,
Through all the cost the noble sword down share.
The third he met with a right awful fare
The grounden syth at Wallace he let draw.
This good Captain cleanly o'erlap them aw.
With his good sword he made a hideous wound,
Left them for dead, syne on the fourth can found,
On the wan-bone with great ire can him tae,
Cleaved the cost right cruelly in twa.
Three foremost syths thus good Wallace o'erlap,
And four he slew, they saw sik was his hap;
For ay a man he slew at every straik,
The lave fled fast, thus can the power slaik.
Wallace follow'd and soon the fifth o'ertaes,
Strake him to dead, that no farther he gaes,

Syne sped him fast to his own men again,
By then they had the Knight his brother slain.
Sixty and six to dead sixteen has dight,
Except seven men that fled out of their sight;
Five mowers als that Wallace self with met.
To Frenchmen since no sik a tryst he set,
Because that they him brought to sik a case.
The King heard tell well-scaped was Wallace,
Sent for him soon, and pray'd him for to be
Of his houshold, to live in good safety;
For well he saw they had him at envy,
Still with himself he gart him bide for thy.
Thus two haill years with mirth Wallace abade
Still into France, and many journey made.
The King him pleas'd in all his goodly main,
From him he thought he should not part again.
Lords and Ladies honour'd him rev'rently,
Wretches and shrews ay had him at envy.

CHAP. III.

How *Wallace* slew the two Champions in *France*.

TWO Champions that time dwelt with the King,
Had great despite at Wallace in all thing.
Together ay yeed thir two Champions,
Of fellon force and froward intentions,
Right great despite they spake oft of Scotland;
While on a day it happ'ned upon hand,
Wallace and they were left all them alone,
By aventure, into a house of stone.
They us'd to bear no weapons in that hall,
They trow'd therefore amiss they might not fall;

There

There commun'd they of Scotland scornfully.
Then Wallace said, ye wrong us outragely;
Since we are bound in friendship to your King,
And he of us is pleased in all thing;
Als Scotsmen has help'd this realm of dread,
Methinks you should give good word for good deed.
What may you speak of your en'mies but ill?
In lightness they made answer him untill,
And him despised in their language als,
The Scots, they said, have ever yet been false.
Wallace took one on the face in his teen
With his good hand, while nose, and mouth, and een,
Through the braith blow, all bursted out of blood,
Butless to ground he smote him where he stood.
The other hint to Wallace in that stead,
For well he weend his fellow had been dead.
And he again in grief him gripped sore
While spr'its fail'd near, that he might do no more.
The first freik rose, and smote on Wallace fast,
Both to the dead he brought them at the last.
Upon a pillar their harns out he dang,
And with his hands out at the door them flang,
And said, What Devil mov'd yon churls at me,
Long time in France I would have let them be.
Tryst for truth thus were they dead indeed,
Though Frenchmen likes of it not for to read.
Als I will cease, and put it not in rhyme,
Better it is who right can look the time.
Many great Lord was displeased in France,
But the good King that knew all haill the chance,
In great despite of Scotland spoke had they.
This past o'er; while after another day

Was none of them that durſt it undertake
He had done wrong, nor therefore battel make.
This royal Roy a high worſhip him gave,
As conqueror him honour'd o'er the lave.

CHAP. IV.

How *Wallace* ſlew the Lion in *France*.

A Fell Lion the King he gart be brought
Within a Barrace, for great harm he wrought,
Tirlac'd in iron, no more power him gave,
Of woodneſs he exceeded all the lave;
But he was fair, and right fellon in deed,
In that ſtrong ſtrength the King gart men him feed,
Keeped him cloſs from folk and beſtial.
In court there dwelt two Squires of great avail,
That couſins were unto thir Champions twa,
The which before Wallace happ'ned to ſlay.
A band they made in private colluſion,
At their power to work his confuſion,
By any means, through fraud or ſubtilty,
After, therefore, they raught not for to die,
To death or ſhame ſo that they might him bring.
Upon a time they went unto the King;
This man, they ſaid, that you ſo wealthful make,
He ſees nought here but he would undertake,
By his great force to put to confuſion;
Now he deſires to fight with your lion,
And bade us ask at you this battel ſtrang,
Ye grant him leave in that barrace to gang.
Sadly again to them anſwer'd the King,
Sore me fore-thinks that he deſires ſik thing;

But

But I will not for grief, nor great pleasance,
Deny Wallace what he desires of France.
Then went they forth and met soon with Wallace,
A figur'd tale they told him of this case.
Wallace, they said, the King desires that ye
Direnze battel so cruel for to see,
And charges you to fight with this lion.
Wallace answer'd in hasty conclusion,
And said, I shall, whate'er be the Kings will,
And at my power right gladly to fulfil.
Then passed he unto the King but mair,
A Lord of court when he approached there,
Unwisely speird, withouten provision,
Wallace, dare you go fight with our lion?
And he said, Yea, to the King suffer me,
Or with your self, if you ought better be.
What will ye more? This thing admitted was,
That Wallace should on to the lion pass.
The King them charg'd to bring him good harness;
And he said, Nay, God shield me from sik case.
I would take weed, should I fight with a man,
But for a dog, that nought of arms can,
I will have none, but single as I ga;
A great mantle about his hand can ta,
And his good sword, with him he took na mair,
Abandonly in barrace entred there.
Great chains were wrought in the yate with a gin,
And pull'd it to when Wallace was therein.
The wood lion, on Wallace where he stood,
Ramping, he bray'd, for he desired blood;
With his rude paws in mantle wrought he sae.
Athwart the back then Wallace can him tae

With his good ſword that was of burniſh'd ſteel,
His body in two it thruſh'd ev'ry each deal;
Syne to the King he raked in great ire,
And ſaid on loud, Was this all your deſire,
To ware a Scot thus lightly into vain?
Is there more dogs that you would yet have ſlain?
Go, bring them forth, ſince I muſt your dogs quell,
To do bidding while that I with you dwell.
It gain'd full well I graith me to Scotland,
For greater deeds there men has upon hand,
Than with a dog in battel to eſchieve;
At you and France for ay I take my leave.
The King perceiv'd that Wallace grieved was,
So earneſtly he asked leave to paſs,
Ru'd in his mind that it was happ'ned ſa,
So lewd a deed to let him undertae,
Knowing the worſhip, and great nobleneſs
Of him, which ſprang that time in many place,
Homely he ſaid, It ſhould diſpleaſe you nought,
This ye deſir'd, It mov'd ne'er in my thought;
And, by the faith I ow the Crown of France,
I thought never to charge you with ſik chance,
But men of wail that asked it for you.
Wallace anſwer'd, to God I make a vow,
I liked ne'er ſik battel to be in,
Upon a dog no worſhip is to win.
The King conceiv'd how this fallhood was wrought,
The Squires both were to his preſence brought,
Could not deny when they came him before,
All their treſpaſs they told withoutten more.
The King order'd they ſhould be done to dead,
Smote off their heads without any remeid.

The

The Champions, lo, for envy causeless,
To sudden death Wallace brought them through case;
The Squires als from their falshood was kend,
Envy them brought both to a sudden end.
Lords, behold, envy the ill dragon,
In cruel fire he burneth this region;
For he is not, that bound is in envy,
But some mischief it brings him hastily.
Forsake envy, you shall the better speed,
Hereof as now I will no farther read;
But in my matter, as I before began,
I shall declare as plainly as I can.

CHAP. V.

How *Wallace* came out of *France*.

WHEN Wallace saw they had him at envy,
Longer to bide he could not then apply,
Better him thought in Scotland for to be,
And venture take either to live or die,
To help his own he had a more pleasance,
Than there to bide with all the wealth of France.
Thus his haill mind, manhood and high courage,
Was plainly set to win out of bondage,
Scotland again from pain and fellon sore,
He vow'd he should, or else to die therefore.
The King has seen how good Wallace was set,
The letter then him gave withoutten let,
The which of late from Scotland was him send,
Wallace it saw, and well their harms kend;
By the first writ thereto accordial,
Them to supply he thought he would not fail.

Whereto should I hereof long process make?
Wallace of France a goodly leave can take.
The King has seen, that it would not else be,
To chamber went and might not on him see,
Great languor took when Wallace can remove,
That King to him keeped kindness and love.
Jewels and gold, his worship for to save,
He bade them give, as much as he would have.
Lords and Ladies they weeped wonder fast,
When Wallace there so took his leave, and past.
No man he took but which he hither brought,
Again with him good Longoveil forth sought;
For pain nor bliss that good Knight left him never,
What case befel, while death made them dissever.
Toward the Sluce in goodly fair past he,
A vessel got, and made him to the sea,
Eight ship-men feed, and goodly wage them gave,
To Scotland sure, the firth of Tay they have.
Upon a night Wallace the land has ta'en
At Erns-mouth, and is to Elchock gane.
He gart the ship in covert sail away,
So out of sight they were ere it was day.
At Elchock dwelt then Wallace cousin dear,
That Crawford hight; when they the house came near,
On the back side Wallace a window fand,
And in he call'd. Soon Crawford came at hand,
From time he wist that it was good Wallace,
Into his barn he ordain'd them a place,
A mow of corn he builded them about,
And closed well, none might perceive without;
But at a place where meat he to them brought,
And bedding too, as goodly as he mought.

A therm

A dern hole forth, on the north side, they had
To the water, whereof Wallace was glad.
Four days or five in rest they sojourn'd there,
While meat was gone, then Crawford bown'd for mare
To Saint Johnstoun, there purveyance for to buy.
Englishmen thought he took more boundantly
Than he was wont at any time before;
They have him tane, put him in prison sore,
What guests he had, to tell they make request.
He said, It was but to a kirking feast;
Yet they presume the coming of Wallace,
Knowledge to get they cast a subtile case.
They let him pass with thing that he had bought,
Syne after soon in all the haste they mought
To harness yed the power of the town.
Eight hundred men with Butler made them bown,
Follow'd on dreigh, while that this man came hame.
Wallace him saw, and said, he served blame.
In my sleeping a fell vision me told,
To Englishmen that thou should me have sold.
Crawford then said, he'd been tormented sair
With Englishmen, that had him in dispair;
Therefore rise up, and for some succour see,
I dread full sore, they set watches on me.
The worthy Scots then graith'd them in good weed,
Their weapons took, syne forth of that house yeed.

CHAP. VI.

How *Wallace* slew the young *Butler* in *Elchock* Park.

THUS suddenly fell Southeron they saw,
Too few they were to bide against them aw.

That keenly came with young Butler the Knight.
Then Wallace said, A plain field is not right,
But Elchock park is near hand here beside,
The first sally we think there to abide.
Nineteen they were, and Crawford, with good will,
The twentieth man, the number to fulfill.
The park they took, Wallace a place hath seen
Of great holins, that grew both high and green,
With thorter trees a sort of strength made he,
Ere that were won they trow'd to gar feil die.
The wood was thick, little of breadth or length,
Had they had meat, they thought to hold that strength.
The Englishmen passed to Crawford's place,
Fand in the barn the lodging of Wallace;
Then Crawford's wife in hands soon have they tane,
And ask'd at her what way the Scots were gane;
Right well they trow'd that Wallace should there be,
Off France in Tay he was come by the sea.
She would not tell, for boast, nor yet reward.
Then Butler said, You have been o'er long spar'd;
Therewith he grew in matalent and ire,
And gart them big a baitful broad heim fire,
The Southeron swore therein she should burnt be.
Then Wallace said, She shall not end for me;
Great sin it were yon sakless wight to slae.
Ere she should end, in faith there shall die mae.
He left the strength, and the plain field can ta,
On loud he cry'd, any said, Lo, here thy fae.
Think st thou not shame for to torment a wife,
Come first to me and make end of our strife.
Fra Butler had upon good Wallace seen,
Through old malice he wore near wood for teen,

Upon

Upon the Scots shuip them all with great main,
But Wallace soon the strength he took again.
A fell bicker the Englishmen began,
Assailzied sore with many cruel man;
But they within were noble at defence,
Wade great debate by force and violence.
At the entry fifteen they brought to dead,
Then all the lave removed from that stead,
Yeed to array again to sally new.
Wallace beheld which well in weir him knew,
Fellows, he said, again all at this place
They will not faill, but thus now stands the case.
Yon Knight he thinks for to divide his men
In seir parts, the sooth ye shall well ken,
Again on us to prove how it may be;
As worthies now some ways for them to see,
Contrare their might a good defence to make.
Now Longoveil, you shall sir with thee take,
William my eme as many with you go,
And five with me, as now we have no moe.
Knight Butler then parted his men in three.
Wallace visied where Butler shuip to be,
Thither he past that entry for to wear,
On ilka side they sally with great fear.
Wallace let part in the entry begin,
But none yeed out that on the Scots came in.
Seven foremost was which in the forest yeed,
Wallace five men which doughty were in deed,
Ilk one slew one, and Wallace gart two die.
Butler was ber'd, and said, this will not be,
Aback he drew, and let his courage slake,
The worthy Scots prov'd well for Scotland's sake.

Good Longoveil his counter made so sore,
And Crawford als, they sally'd them no more.
Right near by then approached near the night,
And stars appear began into their sight,
Southeron set watches, and to supper went.
The Butler was sore griev'd in his intent,
Yet fair'd they well of stuff, wine, ale and bread.
Wallace and his they wist of no remeid,
But cold water that ran throughout a strand,
In that lodging none other food they fand.
Then Wallace said, Good fellows, think not long,
Will God, we shall be soon out of this throng,
Suppose we fast a day, or yet a night,
Take all in thanks this pain for Scotland's right.
The Earl of York was in Saint Johnstoun still,
To Butler sent, and bade him bide at will,
To him full soon there should come new power,
And als himself, thus told the messenger.
Butler would fain Wallace had yielded been
Ere the Earl came, for thir causes were seen,
His grandsire both and his father he slew,
This Knight therewith toward the park him drew,
What chear they made, upon the Scots he call'd,
Then Wallace said, Far better than you wald.
The Butler said, I would fain speak with thee.
Wallace answer'd, thou may'st for little fee.
Wallace, he said, thou hast done me great skaith,
My right father and grandsire you slew baith.
Then Wallace said, For that state thou art in,
It were my debt for to undo thy kin.
And I think als, so God of heaven me save,
That my two hands shall graith thee to thy grave.

The

The Butler said, that is not likely now,
In my credens, and you will firmly trow,
But we thee had, we shall gar thy sides sow.
Of this I ask, and thou would make me grant,
What I thee hecht, that thing thou shalt not want.
Say forth, quoth he, be thy desire reasonable,
I shall it grant withoutten any fable.
The Butler said, Wallace, thou knowest right,
Thou may not scape for power nor for slight;
And since thou seest it may not better be,
For thy gentrice you will yield thee to me.
Then Wallace said, thy will unskilful is,
Thou wouldst I did which is o'er high amiss,
Yielding I am to better, I can prove,
To mighty God, that Maker is, above;
For every day, since I had wit of man,
Before my work, to yield me I began;
And als at e'en, when that I failed light.
I me betook to the Maker of might.
The Butler said, Methinks you have done well,
Yet of a thing, I pray thee, let me feel,
For thy manhood thus forthward to me lest.
When that thou seest you may no longer last
On this ilk place, which I have tane to wear,
That you come forth, and all other forbear.
Then Wallace leugh at his cruel desire,
And said, I shall, though you were wood as fire,
And all England contrare thereof had sworn,
I shall come out at that ilk place the morn,
Or else this night, trust well what I thee say,
I bide not here while nine hours of the day.

Butler sent forth the check watch on ilk side,
In that ilk place boldly he bown'd to bide.
Thus still they bade while day began to pear,
A thick mist fell, the planet was not clear.
Wallace assayed at all places about,
Like as he would at any place break out;
While Butler's men some part from him can go
To help the lave, when they saw it was so.
Wallace and his fast sped them to that stead
Where Butler bade, fell men they drave to dead,
The worthy Scots soon past through that mellie,
Crawford their host was sore hurt on the knee,
At erd he was, good Wallace turn'd again,
And at one stroke he has the Butler slain,
Hint up that man under his arm so strong,
Defending him out of that fellon throng.
Good room he made among them where he goes,
With his right hand he slew five of their foes;
Bore forth Crawford, by force of his person,
Nine aker broad, or e'er he set him down.
The Southeron found that their Captain was dead,
All him about, but then was no remeid;
Thirty with him of the wightest they brought,
Dead at that place whereat the Scots forth fought.
Wallace and his by then was from their sight,
Southeron bade still for sore loss of that Knight.
The mist was mirk, that Wallace liked well,
Himself was guide, and said to Longoveil,
At Methven wood is my desire to be,
On bestial there for meat that we may see.
By then they were well come unto the hight,
The mist scailed, the sun shew'd fair and bright;

Soon

Soon were they ware, a little space them by
Four and twenty were in a company.
Then Wallace said, Be you men friend or foe,
We will to them, since that they are no moe.
When they came near, a noble Knight it was,
The which to name hight Elys of Dundas,
And Sir John Scot also, a worthy Knight,
Into Strathern a man of meikle might;
For there he had great part of heritage,
Dundas's sister he had in marriage.
Passing they were, and might no longer last,
To Englishmen, their fewty for to test.
The Lord Brechin sik command had them made,
Of Edward they should hold all their lands braid;
But frae they saw that it was wight Wallace,
Lifted their hands, and thanked God of grace,
Of his great help which he had sent them there.
To Methven wood with one assent they fare,
Soon got them meat of bestial that they fand,
Rested that day, when night was come on hand,
To Birnam wood, but resting, are they gane,
Where they have found the good Squire Ruthven,
In out-law use he had long lived there
On bestial, while he might get na mare.
They tarried not, but into Athole yeed,
Where meat was scant, then Wallace had great dread,
Past into Lorn, and right little fand there,
Of wild and tame that country was made bare;
But in the strengths, where food there was left none,
The worthy Scots then made a piteous moan.
Sir John Scot said, he had far rather die
Into good name, and leave all his heirs free,

Than for to bide as bound in subjectioun.
When Wallace saw thir good men of renown
With hunger stad, almost might live no more,
Wit ye, for them he weeped wonder sore.
Good men, he said, I am the cause of this,
At your desire I shall amend this mis,
Or leave you free some chevisance to ma,
All him alone he bown'd from them to ga;
Pray'd them to bide while he might come again,
Out o'er a hill he passed to a plain.

CHAP. VII.

How *Wallace* slew the five Men that came on him sleeping, and how he got Meat to his Men.

OUT of their sight, into a forest side,
He sat him down under an oak to bide;
His bow and sword he leaned to a tree,
In anguish, grief, and grouf so turned he,
His piteous mind was for his men so wrought;
That of himself little as then he rought.
O wretch! he said, that ne'er could be content
Of o'er great might, that the great God thee lent,
But thy fierce mind willful and variable,
With great Lordship thou could not so bide stable;
A willful wit, for to make Scotland free,
God likes not that which I have tane on me,
Far worthier of birth than I was born,
Through my desire, with hunger are forlorn.
I ask of God them to restore again,
I am the cause, I should have all the pain.

While

While studying thus, while syting with himsel,
While at the last upon sleeping he fell.
Three days before there had him followed five,
The which were bound, or else to lose their live;
The Earl of York bade them so great guardoun,
That they by theft heght to put Wallace down.
Three of them were all men born of England,
And two were Scots, that took this deed on hand;
And some men said, their third brother betray'd
Kildromie east, where great sorrow was laid.
A child they had, which helped to bear meat
In wilderness among the mountains great.
They had all seen dissevering of Wallace
From his good men, and where he bade on ease,
Among thick wood in covert held them law,
While they perceiv'd he could on sleeping saw,
And then thir five approached Wallace near,
What best to do at other they can speir.
A man said thus, It were a high renown,
And we might quick lead him to Saint Johnstoun;
Lo, how he lies, we well our grips may wale,
Of his weapons he shall get none avail,
We shall him bind in contrare of his will,
And lead him thus on back side of yon hill,
So that his men shall nothing of him knaw.
The other four assented to his saw;
And then thir five thus made them to Wallace,
And thought through force to bind him in that place.
What, trow'd thir five for to hold Wallace down,
The manliest man, the starkest of persoun
Living he was, and als stood in sik right,
We trust well, God his deeds had in his sight.

They gripped him, then out of sleep he brayd,
What meaneth this right suddenly he said.
About he turn'd, and up his arms he thrang,
On these traitors with knightly force he dang,
The starkest man into his arms hint he,
And all his harns he dang out on a tree;
His sword he got soon after that he rose,
Champion like among the four he goes,
Ever a man he gart die at a dint,
When two were dead, the other would not stint,
Made them to flee, but then it was no boot,
Was living none might pass from him on foot.
He follow'd fast, and soon to dead them brought,
Then to the child sadly again he sought.
What didst thou here? The child, with a pale face,
On knees he fell, and asked Wallace grace,
With them I was, and knew nothing their thought,
Into service, as they me bade, I wrought.
What bear'st thou there? But meat, the child can say.
Go, take it up, and pass with me away.
Meat in this time is far better than gold.
Wallace and he forth founded o'er the fold.
Who brought Wallace from his enemies bald,
Who but great God, that has the world in wald,
He was his help in many fellon thrang,
With glad chear thus unto his men can gang.
Both rosted flesh there was, als bread and cheese,
To succour them that were in point to leese;
Then he it delt to men four and fifty,
Which had before fasted over days three,
Syne took his part, he fasted had as long.
Where heard you ever any in lik throng,

In

In hunger ſo ſleeping, and weaponleſs,
So well recover as Wallace did this caſe?
Plainly by force vanquiſh'd his en'mies five.
Ye men of wit this queſtion deſcribe
Withoutten glois, I will tell forth my tale.
How came this meat? the fellowſhip ask'd haill.
To their deſire Wallace none anſwer yald,
Where five were dead he led them forth, ſyne tald.
Greatly diſpleas'd was all that chevalry,
To a Chiftain, they held it fantaſy,
To walk alone. Wallace, with ſober mood,
Said, as hereof is nothing come but good.
To the lowland full faſt again they ſought,
Speird at the child if he could wiſh them ought,
Where they might beſt of purveyance for to win.
Of none he ſaid was that country within,
Nor all about, as far as I can knaw,
While that you come down to the Rannach haw,
That Lord has ſtuff, bread, ale, and good bernage,
Of King Edward he takes full meikle wage.
Then Wallace ſaid, My ſelf ſhall be your guide,
I know that ſteed about on either ſide.
Through the wild land he guided them full right,
To Rannach hall they come upon the night.
A watch was out, and that full ſoon they tae,
He was a Scot, yet would he not him ſlae,
But gart him tell the manner of that place;
Thus entred they within a little ſpace.
The yate they wan, for caſtel was there none,
But mud-wall work withoutten lime or ſtone.
Wallace in haſte ſtrake up the chamber door
But with his foot, that ſtalwart was and ſtour.

Then they within awaked suddenly,
The Lord got up, and mercy can he cry;
From time he wist that good Wallace was there,
He thanked God, syne said thir words mair,
True man I was, and won against my will
With Englishmen, suppose I like it ill.
All Scots we are that in this place are now,
At your command all bainly we shall bow.
Of our nation good Wallace had great pitie,
Took oaths of them, and then meat asked he.
Good chear they made while light day on the morn.
This true man then soon sembled him before
Three sons he had, that stalwart were and bold,
And twenty men of his kin in houshold.
Wallace was blyth they made him sik supply,
Said, I thank God, that we thus multiply.
All that day o'er in good liking they rest,
Watches they wale to keep them that could best,
Upon the morn the light day when they saw,
Then Wallace said, Our power for to know,
We take the field, and up our banner raise
In right of Scotland, in contrare of our faes.
We will no more us now in covert hide,
Power to us will semble on ilk side.

CHAP. VIII.

How *Wallace* sieged *Saint Johnstoun*, and put all the *Englishmen* out of *Scotland*.

THEN horse they got, the best men that were there,
Toward Dunkeld the gainest way they fare.

The

The Bishop fled, and got to Saint Johnstoun,
The Scots slew all were there of that natioun,
Both poor and rich, and servants that they fand,
Left none alive that was born of England.
The place they took, and made them well to fare,
Of purveyance that Bishop had brought there.
Jewels they got, both gold and silver bright,
With good chear there five days sojourn'd right;
On the sixth day Wallace to counsel went,
Gart call the best, and shew'd them his intent.
No men we have to sally Saint Johnstoun,
Into the north therefore let us make bown,
In Ross, ye know, good men a strength have made,
Hear they of us, they'll come withoutten bade;
Als into Bute the Bishop good Sinclair,
Fra he get wit, he'll come withouten mair.
Good westland men of Arran and Rauchlie,
Fra they be warn'd, they will all come to me.
This purpose took, and in the north they ride,
No Englishman durst in their way abide.
Whom Wallace took, they knew the old ransoun,
Fra he came home, to flee they make them bown,
And Scotsmen assembled to Wallace fast,
In awful weir throughout the land they past.
Strengths were left, wit ye, all desolate,
Against thir folk they durst make no debate.
In ray'd battel they rode to Aberdeen,
The whole number, seven thousand then were seen;
But Englishmen had left that town all waste,
On ilka side away they can them haste,
In all that land left neither more nor less.
Lord Bewmont took the sea at Buchanness.

Through Scotland then was manifeſt in plain,
The Lords that fled in heart were wonder fain.
The Knight Climes of Roſs came ſuddenly
In Murray land with their good chevalry.
The houſe of Nairn that good Knight well has tane,
Slew the Captain and ſtrange men many ane;
Out of Murray in Buchan land came they
To ſeek Bewmont, but he was paſt away;
Then thir good men to Wallace paſſed right.
When Wallace ſaw Sir John Ramſay the Knight,
And others good that had been from him long,
Great courage then was raiſed them among.
The land he rul'd as that him liked beſt,
To Saint Johnſtoun ſyne rode ere they would reſt.
At every port a ſtalwart watch he made,
Confirm'd a ſiege, and ſtedfaſtly abade,
Biſhop Sinclair into all haſte him dight,
Came out of Bute with ſeemly men to fight;
Out of the iſles of Rauchlie and Arran,
Lindſay and Boyd, with good men many ane,
Adam Wallace Baron of Richardtoun
Full ſadly ſought to Wallace of renown.
At Saint Johnſtoun they bade at ſally ſtill,
For Southeron men they might well paſs at will;
For in their way there durſt no en'mies be,
But fled away by land, and als by ſea.
About that town thus aſſembled they but more,
For they had been with good Wallace before.
Seton, Lawder, and Richard of Lundie,
In a good barge they paſt about by ſea;
Saint Johnſtoun's haven their anchor have they ſet.
Two Engliſh ſhips they took withoutten let,

The one they burnt, syne stuff'd the other well
With artill'ry, and stalwart men in steel,
To keep the port, there should come no victual
Into that town, nor men that might them wail.
From south and north many off Scotland fled,
Left castels waste, feil lost their lives to wed.
The Southeron Bishop before that left Dunkel,
To London past, and told Edward himsel,
In Scotland there had fallen a great mischance.
Then sent he soon for Aymer the Vallance,
And asked him then what was best to do.
He beght to pass, and take great gold thereto,
Into Scotland, sik means there for to make,
Against Wallace on hand thus can he take.
He said, he would undo King Edward's crown,
Except he would through treason put him down.
King Edward beght, what thing that Vallance band,
He should it keep, were it both gold and land.
Vallance took leave, and is in Scotland went,
To Bothwell came, syne cast in his intent.

CHAP. IX.

Vallance and Sir *John Monteith*'s Plot against *Wallace*.

WHAT man there was might best Wallace beguile,
And soon he fand, within a little while,
Sir John Monteith, that Wallace gossip was.
A messenger Sir Aymer has gart pass
Unto Sir John, and soon a tryst has set,
At Ruglin kirk thir two together met.
Then Vallance said, Sir John, thou know'st this thing,
Wallace again rises contrare the King,

And thou mayſt have what Lordſhip you will wale,
If you would work as I can give counſel.
Yon tyrant holds realms in trouble baith,
To thrifty men it does full meikle skaith.
He truſteth thee, right well you may him take,
Of this matter an end I think to make.
Were he away, we might at liking reign
As Lords all, and live under a King.
Then Monteith ſaid, He is our governour,
For us he bade in many fellon ſtour,
Not for himſelf, but for our heritage;
To ſell him thus it were a foul outrage.
Then Vallance ſaid, And you well underſtood,
Great need it were, he ſpills ſo meikle blood
Of Chriſtian men, puts ſouls in peril;
I bind me als, he ſhall be holden haill,
As for his life, and keeped in priſon;
King Edward would have him in ſubjection.
Then Monteith thought, ſo would they keep command,
He would full fain have had him off Scotland.
Vallance ſaw him in a ſtudy to be,
Three thouſand pounds of fine gold let him ſee,
And hecht he ſhould the Lennox have at will.
Thus treaſonable Monteith granted theretil;
Obligation with his own hand he made,
Syne took the gold, and Edward's ſeal ſo braid,
And gave them his, when he his time might ſee
To take Wallace o'er Solway, give him free
To Engliſhmen; by this treaſonable concord
Sir John ſhould be of all the Lennox Lord.
Thus Wallace ſhould in England keeped be,
So Edward might make Scotland to him free.

There

There covetise was o'er great master seen,
None sampel takes how another has been.
For covetise, the serpent is of hell
In prison put, into great pains and fell.
For covetise, good Hector to the dead
Is put, and there for him is no remeid.
Through covetise Alexander was lost,
And Julius als for all his reif and boast.
Through covetise, died Arthur of Britain.
For covetise, there had died many ane.
For covetise, the traitor Ganzelon
The flower of France he put to confusion.
For covetise they poison'd good Godfray
In Antioch, as the author will say.
For covetise, Monteith, upon false ways,
Betray'd Wallace that was his gossip twice,
Vallance in haste, with blyth will and glad heart.
To London past, and shew'd it King Edwart.
Of this contract he had far more pleasance,
Than of fine gold he'd given him in balance.
A greater weight than his ransom might be,
Of Wallace forth yet something speak will we.

CHAP. X.

Saint Johnstoun taken, and the Earl of *Fife* spared.

At Saint Johnstoun was yet the sieging still.
In a morning the South'ron with good will,
Five hundred men in harness right jundly,
They issued forth to make a jeopardy
At the south port, upon Scot and Dundas,
Which in that time right wise and worthy was,

Against their foes right sharply fought and sore,
In that counter seven score to dead them bore.
Yet Englishmen, that cruel were and keen,
Full fiercely fought, where doughty deeds were seen,
From the west yate then drew all the Scots hail
To the fighters. When South'ron saw no bail,
All in again full fast they can them speed,
The Knight Dundas prov'd so doughty in deed.
O'er near the yate full bandonly he bade,
With a good sword full great mast'ry he made;
Not witting well his fellows were him frae,
In at the yate the South'ron can him tae,
Unto the Earl they led him hastilie.
When he him saw, he said he should not die;
To slay this one it may us not remeid;
He sent him forth to Wallace in that steed.
On the north side his bestials had he wrought,
While he him saw, of this he wist right nought,
Sent to the Earl, and thanked him largelie,
Yeght for to quit when he sik case might see;
But yet therefore soverance he would not grant,
Though they yielding would come as recryant;
For gold nor good, he would no tribute take,
A strong assault then he began to make.
The Earl of Fife dwelt under trewes long
Of King Edward, and then he thought it wrong,
That Wallace so was sieging Saint Johnstoun,
But if he come in right help of the crown.
To Englishmen he would not keep that band,
Then came he soon with good men of the land;
And John Vallance was then Sheriff of Fife,
To Wallace past, sterked him in that strife.

That

That Earl was come haill of true noble blood,
From the old Thane, who in his time was good.
Then all about to Saint Johnstoun they gang,
The fellon fault was hideous, sharp and strang,
Full fell faggots into the ditch they cast,
Hather and hay they band upon stakes fast,
With trees and earth a great passage they made,
Out o'er the walls they yeed with battel braid.
The Southeron men made great defence again,
Till at the walls there was a thousand slain.
Wallace yeed in and his ray'd battel right,
All Southeron men derfly to dead they dight.
To save the Earl Wallace the Herald send,
Good Jop himself, the which before him kend;
For Dundas sake they said he should not die,
Wallace himself this ordain'd for to be.
A small hackney he gart to him betake,
Silver and gold his charges for to make,
Set on his cloak a token for to see,
The lion in war that should his conduct be,
Convoyed him forth, and no man him withal,
Women and bairns Wallace gart free them all,
And syne gart cry, true Scotsmen to their own,
Plenisht the land which had been long o'erthrown.

CHAP. XI.

How *Edward Bruce* came to *Wallace*.

THEN Wallace past the south land for to see
Edward the Bruce, in his time right worthie;
That year before he had in Ireland been,
And purchased there of cruel men and keen:

Againſt their foes right sharply fought and sore,
In that counter seven score to dead them bore.
Yet Engliſhmen, that cruel were and keen,
Full fiercely fought, where doughty deeds were seen,
From the west yate then drew all the Scots hail
To the fighters. When South'ron saw no vail,
All in again full fast they can them speed,
The Knight Dundas prov'd so doughty in deed.
O'er near the yate full bandonly he bade,
With a good sword full great mast'ry he made;
Not witting well his fellows were him frae,
In at the yate the South'ron can him tae,
Unto the Earl they led him hastilie.
When he him saw, he said he should not die;
To slay this one it may us not remeid;
He sent him forth to Wallace in that steed.
On the north side his bestials had he wrought,
While he him saw, of this he wist right nought,
Sent to the Earl, and thanked him largelie,
Heght for to quit when he sik case might see;
But yet therefore soverance he would not grant,
Though they yielding would come as recryant;
For gold nor good, he would no tribute take,
A strong assault then he began to make.
The Earl of Fife dwelt under trewes long
Of King Edward, and then he thought it wrong,
That Wallace so was sieging Saint Johnstoun,
But if he come in right help of the crown.
To Engliſhmen he would not keep that band,
Then came he soon with good men of the land;
And John Vallance was then Sheriff of Fife,
To Wallace past, sterked him in that strife.

That

That Earl was come haill of true noble blood,
From the old Thane, who in his time was good.
Then all about to Saint Johnſtoun they gang,
The fellon ſault was hideous, ſharp and ſtrang,
Full feil faggots into the ditch they caſt,
Hather and hay they band upon ſtakes faſt,
With trees and earth a great paſſage they made,
Out o'er the walls they yeed with battel braid.
The Southeron men made great defence again,
Till at the walls there was a thouſand ſlain.
Wallace yeed in and his ray'd battel right,
All Southeron men derfly to dead they dight.
To ſave the Earl Wallace the Herald ſend,
Good Jop himſelf, the which before him kend;
For Dundas ſake they ſaid he ſhould not die,
Wallace himſelf this ordain'd for to be.
A ſmall hackney he gart to him betake,
Silver and gold his charges for to make,
Set on his cloak a token for to ſee,
The lion in war that ſhould his condmā be,
Convoyed him forth, and no man him withal,
Women and bairns Wallace gart free them all,
And ſyne gart cry, true Scotſmen to their own,
Plenisht the land which had been long o'erthrown.

CHAP. XI.

How *Edward Bruce* came to *Wallace*.

THEN Wallace paſt the ſouth land for to ſee
Edward the Bruce, in his time right worthie;
That year before he had in Ireland been,
And purchaſed there of cruel men and keen:

Fifty in feir were of his mother's kin
At Kirkcudbright on Galloway entred in;
With these fifty he had vanquish'd nine score,
And syne he past, withoutten tarry more,
To Wigton soon, and that castel has tane,
Southeron were fled, and left it all alane.
Wallace him met with true men rev'rently,
To Lochmabane went all that chevalry.
They made Edward both Lord and leader there,
This condition Wallace him heght but mare.
But a short time to bide Robert the King,
If he came not in this region to reign,
That Edward should receive the Crown but faill,
Thus heght Wallace, and all the barnage haill.
In Lochmabane prince Edward lived fra,
And Wallace past in Cumnock with blyth will,
At the Black-rock where he was wont to be,
Upon that stead a royal house held he.
Englisch Wardens to London past but mare,
And told the King of all their great misfare,
How Wallace had Scotland from them reduce,
And how he had received Edward Bruce.
The commons swore they should come never mare
Upon Scotland and Wallace living were.

CHAP. XII.

How *Wallace* was taken by Sir *John Monteith*, and led into *Englisch* Land, and slain.

THEN Edward wrote to Monteith privily,
Pray'd him to haste, the time was passed by

Of

Of the promise the which that he was bound.
Sir John Monteith into his wit has found,
How he should best his purpose to fulfil.
His sister's son in haste he call'd him till,
And ordain'd him in dwelling with Wallace;
An oath again he gart him make on case,
What time he wist Wallace in quiet draw,
He should him warn, what aventure might fall.
This man granted that sik thing might be done,
With Wallace thus he was in service soon.
As of treason Wallace had little thought,
His laborous mind on other matters wrought.
Thus Wallace thrice has made all Scotland free,
Then he desir'd in lasting peace to be;
For as of weir he was in some part irk,
He purpos'd then to serve God and the kirk,
And for to live under his righteous King;
That he desir'd above all earthly thing.
The herald Jop in England soon he send,
And wrote to Bruce right heartily his commend,
Beseeching him to come and take his Crown,
None should gain-stand, Clerk, Burgess, nor Baroun.
The herald past, when Bruce saw his credence,
Thereof he took a perfect great pleasance;
With his own hand again wrote to Wallace,
And thanked him of lawty and kindness,
Beseeching him this matter to conceal,
For he behov'd out of England to steal,
For long before was keeped the ragment,
Which Cuming had to bide the parliament,
Into London, and if they him accuse,
To come from them he should make some excuse.

He pray'd Wallace in Glasgow muir to walk
The next first night of July for his sake,
And bade he should but into quiet be,
For he with him might bring few chevalrie.
Wallace was blyth when he this writing saw,
His houshold soon he gart to Glasgow draw,
That month there he ordained them to bide,
Keirly he took with him ilk night to ride,
And this young man that Monteith to him sent,
Wist none but thir what way that Wallace went;
The which gart warn his eme the eighteenth night.
Sixty full soon Sir John Monteith gart dight
Of his own kin, and of ally was born,
To this treason he gart them all be sworn.
From Dumbarton he sped them hastily,
Near Glasgow kirk they bown'd them privily.
Wallace past forth where that the tryst was set,
A spy they made, and follow'd him but let,
To Robraston was near by the way side,
And but a house where Wallace us'd to bide,
He walk'd on foot while passed was midnight;
Keirly and he then for a sleep them dight.
They bade this man, that he should watch his part,
And waken Wallace, come men from any part.
When they sleeped, this traitor took good heed,
He met his eme, and bade him have no dread,
On sleep he is, and with him but a man,
You may him have, for any craft he can.
Without the house their weapons laid them frae,
For well they wist, got Wallace one of thae,
And on his feet, his ransom should be sold;
Thus sembled they about that feeble hold.

This

This traitor watch from Wallace then he ſaw
Both knife and ſword, his bow and arrows aw;
After midnight in hands they have him tane,
Diſchowyll on ſleep, with him no man but ane.
Keirly they took, and led them off that place,
Did him to dead withoutten longer ſpace.
They thought to bind Wallace with ſtrengths were ſtrong,
On foot he got the fell traitors among,
Gripped about, but no weapons he fand,
Yet with a ſtooll that did beſide him ſtand,
The back of one he burſted in that thrang,
And of another the harns out he dang.
Then as many as hands on him might lay,
By force him hint for to have him away,
But that power might not a foot him lead
Out of that houſe, while they or he were dead.
Sir John ſaw well by force it might not be,
Ere he were tane he thought rather to die.
Monteith bade ceaſe, and thus ſpake to Wallace,
Syne ſhewed him a right falſe ſubtil caſe.
Ye have ſo long here uſed you alone,
While wit thereof is into England gone,
Therefore hear me, and ſober your courage.
The Engliſhmen, with a full great barnage,
Are aſſembled here, and ſet this houſe about,
That ye, by force, on no ways may win out.
Suppoſe ye had the ſtrength of good Hector,
Among this hoſt ye may not long endure,
And they you take, in haſte your death is dight.
I have ſpoken with Lord Clifford that knight,
With their Chiftains well-meaned for your life,
They ask no more but be quit of your ſtrife.

To Dumbarton ye shall forth pass with me,
At your own house you may in safety be.
Southeron sik use with Monteith long had they,
That Wallace trow'd some part that he would say.
Monteith said, Sir, lo, weapons none we have,
We come in traist, your life if we may save.
Wallace trow'd well, and he his gossip twice,
That he would not, by any manner of wise,
Him to betray for all Scotland so wide,
An oath of him he asked in that tide,
There wanted wit, what should his oaths more,
Forsworn he was to him long time before.
The oath he made, Wallace came in his will,
Right fraudfully all thus shewed him till.
Gossip, he said, pris'ner they must you see,
Or they by force will else take you from me.
A courch with slight upon his hands they laid,
And under syne with severe cords they braid,
Both sharp and tough, and fast together drew,
Alace, the Bruce might sore that binding rue,
Which made Scotland soon broken upon case,
For Cuming's death and loss of good Wallace.
They led him forth in fear among them aw,
Keirly he miss'd, and then the Southeron saw,
Then wist he well that he betrayed was,
Toward the south when with him they can pass;
Yet they him said, in truth he should not die,
King Edward would keep him in good safetie,
For his honour in war that he had wrought.
But the sore bands so troubled all his thought,
Credence thereto forsooth he could not give,
He wist full well they would not let him live.

A false

A falſe full cauſe they Monteith for him told,
When on this wiſe good Wallace he had ſold;
Some of them ſaid, It was to ſave their Lord,
They lied all out that made that falſe record.
At the Falkirk the good Stewart was ſlain,
Our chronicles that do rehearſe in plain,
On Magdalen day, the eighteenth year before,
Cuming's death thereof it witneſſeth more,
At Robraſtoun Wallace was treaſonably
Thus falſly ſtoln from his good chevalry,
In Glaſgow lay, and wiſt not of this thing;
Thus he was loſt in biding of his king.
South they him led ay holding the weſt land,
Deliver'd him in haſte o'er Solway ſand.
The Lord Clifford and Vallance took him there,
To Carlile town full faſt with him they fair,
In priſon him ſtad, that was a great dolour,
That houſe after was called Wallace tow'r.
Some men then ſaid, that knew not well the caſe,
In Berwick they to death put good Wallace,
Contrare is known firſt by this opinion,
For Scotſmen then had wholly Berwick town,
And Scotland free, until that Soules it gave
For Lord Cuming to England with the lave.
Another is, The traitors durſt not paſs,
That ſold him ſo, where Scotſmen maſters was.
The third point is, The commons of England,
What they deny, they will not underſtand,
Nor credence give further than they may ſee
That thing be done, for witneſs that may be.
To ſee him die Edward had more deſire,
Than to be Lord of all the great empire.

For this cause they keeped him so lang,
While the commons might unto London gang.
Alace, Scotland, to whom shall ye complain!
Alace, from pain who shall thee now restrain!
Alace, thy help is falsly brought to ground,
Thy best Chiftain in breath in bands is bound!
Alace, thou hast now lost thy guide of light!
Alace, who shall defend thee in thy right!
Alace, thy pain approaches wonder near,
With sorrow soon thou must be set on fear!
Thy gracious guide, thy greatest governour,
Alace, o'er near is come his fatal hour!
Alace, who shall thee beit now of thy bail!
Alace, when shall of harms you now be haill!
Who shall thee defend! who shall thee now make free!
Alace, in weir who shall thy helper be!
Who shall help! who shall thee now redeem!
Alace, who shall the Saxons from thee fleem!
I can no more, but beseech God of grace,
Thee to restore in haste to wealth and peace:
Since good Wallace may succour thee no mare,
The loss of him encreaseth meikle care.
Now of his men in Glasgow still that lay,
What sorrow rose when they him mist away.
The cruel pain, the woful complaining,
Thereof to tell it were o'er heavy thing;
I will let be, and speak of it na mare,
Little rehearse is o'er meikle of care,
And principally where redemption's none,
It helpeth nought to tell their piteous moan;
The deed thereof is yet in remembrance,
I will let slaik of sorrow the ballance.

But Longoveil to Lochmabane could pass,
And there he heght, where good Prince Edward was,
Out of Scotland he should pass never more,
Loss of Wallace sought to his heart so sore.
The realm of France he vow'd he ne'er should see,
But venge Wallace, or therefore else to die.
There he remain'd while coming of the King,
With Bruce in weir this good Knight forth can ring;
Remembrance syne was in the Bruce's book,
Second he was when they Saint Johnstoun took,
Follow'd the King at winning of the town,
The Bruce therefore gave him full great guardown.
All Chartris land the good King to him gave,
Chartris since syne of his kind came the lave.
Whereto should I far in that story wend,
But of my book to make a final end?
Robert the Bruce came home on the fourth day
In Scotland, after Wallace was away,
To Lochmabane, where that he found Edwart,
Whereof he was greatly rejoyc'd in heart;
But fra he wist Wallace away was led,
So meikle bail within his breast was bred,
Near out of wit he worthed for to weed.
Edward full soon then to his brother yeed.
A sudden chance this was in wo from weal,
Good Edward said, this helpeth not a deal,
Let mourning be, it may make no remeid,
Ye have him tint, ye should revenge his dead;
But for your cause he took the war in hand,
In your defence, and there has free'd Scotland,
The which was lost from us and all our kin,
Were not Wallace, we had ne'er entred in.

Mirrour he was of lawty and manhead,
In war the beſt that ever power ſhall lead.
Had he liked for to have tane your Crown,
Could none him let that was in this regioun.
Had not been he, ye ſhould not had entreſs
Into this realm: for treaſon and falſeneſs
That ſhall ye ſee; the traitor that him ſold,
From you he thinks Dumbarton for to hold;
Some comfort take, and let ſlake of this ſorrow.
The King charged Edward upon the morrow,
Redreſs to take of wrong that wrought him was,
To Dalſwintoun he ordain'd him to paſs,
And men of arms, give they found Cuming there,
Put him to death, for no deed they ſhould ſpare.
They found him not. The King himſelf him ſlew
Into Dumfries, where witneſs were enew.
That happens wrong o'er great haſte in a king,
To work by law it may ſkaith meikle thing.
I need hereof no farther for to ſhaw,
How that was done 'tis well known to you aw.
But young Dowglas firſt to the King can paſs,
In all his weir both wight and worthy was;
Nor how the King has tane on him the Crown,
Of all that here I make but ſhort mention;
Nor how Lord Soules gave Berwick town away,
How after ſyne ſoon tint was Galloway;
How John of Lorn againſt his right King raiſe,
On either ſide how Bruce had many faes;
How bold Brechin contrare his King could ride,
Right few was then in weir with him to bide;
Nor how the north was giv'n from the good King,
Which mave him long in painful weir to reign.

Ay true to him was James the good Dowglas,
For Bruce's right bade well in many place,
Under the King he was the beſt Chiftain,
But Wallace raiſe as Chiftain him alane,
Therefore to him is no comparifon,
As of a man, ſave rev'rence of the Crown.
But ſo many as of Dowglas hath been
Good of a kin, was ne'er in Scotland ſeen.
Comparifon well that can I not declare,
Of Bruce's book as now I ſpeak na maze,
Maſter Barber who was a worthy Clerk,
He ſaid the Bruce among his other werk.
In this matter prolix I am almaiſt,
To my purpoſe briefly I will me haſte,
How good Wallace was ſet among his faes,
To London with him Clifford and Vallance gaes,
Where King Edward was right fain of that fang,
They have him ſet into a priſon ſtrang.

CHAP. XIII.

Wallace's End at *London*.

IF Wallace end my ſelf would leave for dreads,
To ſay the worſt, but righteouſnels me leads.
We find his life was all ſo very true,
His fatal hour I will not feinzie now.
Monteith was falſe, and that o'er well was known,
Feil of that kin in Scotland then was ſown,
Charged to bide under the great judgment,
That King Robert acted in Parliament.
Thereof I make no longer continuance,
But Wallace end in world was diſpleaſance;

Therefore I ceale, and put it not in rhyme.
Scotland may thank the blessed happy time
That he was born, by principal points two,
This is the first, ere that we farther go.
Scotland he free'd, and brought it off thirlage,
And now in heaven he has his heritage.
As it proved by good experience,
Wise Clerks yet it keep in remembrance,
How that a Monk of Burie Abbey than,
Into that time a right religious man;
A young man als with him in order stood,
Who knew his life was clean, perfect and good.
This father Monk was visit with sickness,
Out of the world as he should pass on ease.
His brother saw the spirit like to pass,
A bond of him right earnestly he could ask,
To come again, and shew him of the meed,
That he should have of God for his good deed.
He granted him, that his prayer to prive,
To come again, if God would give him leave.
The spirit chang'd out of this worldly pain,
In that same hour came to the Monk again.
Sik thing has been, and is by voice and sight,
Where he appear'd, there shew'd so meikle light;
Like lanterns it illuminate so clear,
That worldly light thereto might be no peer.
A voice said thus, God has me granted grace
That I shall keep my promise in this place.
The Monk was blyth of this clear figure fair,
But a fire-brand in his forehead he bare,
As that him thought misliked all the lave.
Where art thou, spirit? Answer'd, So God me save,

All

In Purgatory. How long shall you be there?
But half an hour to come, and little mare.
Purgatory is, I let you well to wit,
In any place where God will it admit.
An hour of space I was there deem'd to be,
And that passeth, suppose I speak with thee.
Why hast thou that and all the lave so haill,
For of science I thought me most avail?
Who prides therein, that labour is in waste,
For science comes but of the Holy Ghaist;
After thine hour, where is thy passage clean?
When time is come, he said, to lasting heav'n.
What time is that, I pray thee now declare.
Two are on life must be before me there.
Which two are they? the verity me ken.
The first hath been a great slayer of men.
Now they him keep to martyr in London town
On Wednesday, before King and commoun;
Is none in life that hath so many slain.
Brother, he said, that tale is but in vain,
For slaughter is to God abominable.
Then said the sp'rit, Forsooth this is no fable,
He is Wallace, defender of Scotland,
For righteous war that he took upon hand.
There righteousness is loved o'er the lave,
Therefore in heaven he shall that honour have.
Syne a poor priest is meikle to commend,
He took in thanks what thing that God him send,
For daily mass, and hearing confession,
Heaven he shall have to lasting warison.
I am the third granted through God his grace,
Brother, he said, tell I this in our place,

They will but deem, I either dream or rave.
Then said the Sp'rit, this witness you shall have,
Your bells shall ring, for ought that ye may do,
When they him slay, half an hour of that day.
And so they did, the Monk wist what them ail'd,
Through broad Britain the voice thereof was scail'd.
The spirit took leave at God's will to be.
Of Wallace end to hear it is pitie;
And I would not put men in great dolour,
But lightly pass attour his fatal hour.
On Wednesday falle Southeron forth him brought,
To martyr him as they before had wrought.
Right sooth it is, a Martyr Wallace was,
As Oswald, Edmund, Edward, and Thomas;
Of men in arms led him a full great rout.
With a bold sp'rit good Wallace blink'd about,
A priest he ask'd, for God that dy'd on tree.
King Edward then commanded his Clergy,
And said, I charge, on pain of loss of life,
None be so bold yon tyrrant for to shrive;
He has rung long in contrare my highness.
A blest Bishop soon present in that place,
Of Canterbury he then was righteous Lord,
Against the King he made this right record,
And said, My self shall hear his confession,
If I have might in contrare of thy crown;
And thou through force will stop me of this thing,
I vow to God, who is my righteous King,
O'er all England I shall thee interdict,
And make it known you are an heretick.
The Sacrament of kirk I shall him give,
Syne take thy choice, to starve or let him live,

It were more vail, in worship of thy Crown,
To keep sik one in life in thy bandown,
Than all the land and goods that thou hast reft;
But covetise thee ay from honour dreft.
Thou hast thy life rung long in wrongous deed,
That shall be seen on thee or on thy seed.
The King gave charge they should the Bishop tae,
But the wise Lords counsel'd to let him gae.
All wise men said, that his desire was right;
To Wallace then he raiked in their sight,
And sadly heard's confession to an end.
Humbly to God his sp'rit he did commend,
Lowly him serv'd with hearty devotion
Upon his knees, and said an orison.
His leave he took, and to Westminster rade.
The Lockmen then they bare Wallace but bade
Unto a place his martyrdom to take,
For to his death he will'd no Further make.
Fra the first night he was tane in Scotland,
They keeped him into the samen band.
Nothing he had that would have done him good,
But Englishmen him serv'd of carnal food.
His worldly life desired sustenance,
Though he it got in contrare of pleasance.
These thirty days his hands they durst not stalk,
While he was bound on a scample of aik,
With iron chains that were both stark and keen.
A Clerk they set to hear what he would mean.
Thou Scot, he said, that so great wrong has done,
Thy fatal hour, you see, approaches soon,
Thou shouldst in mind remember thy misdeed,
That the Clerks may, when they their psalms do read

For Christian souls, that make them oft to pray,
In their number thou may be one of thae;
For now thou seest on force thou must decease.
Then Wallace said, For all thy rude rehearse,
Thou hast no charge, suppose that I did miss,
Yon blest Bishop has hecht I shall have bliss;
And trow I well, that God shall it admit,
Thy feeble words shall not my conscience smit.
Comfort I have of way that I should gang,
Most pain I feel that I bide here so lang.
Then said this Clerk, Our King oft sent thee till,
Thou might have had all Scotland at thy will,
To hold of him, and ceased of thy strife,
So as a Lord reigning forth all thy life.
Then Wallace said, Thou speak'st of mighty thing,
Had I lasted, and got my righteous King,
And worthy Bruce had received his Crown,
I thought have made England at his bandown;
So utterly it should been at his will,
What pleased him, to save thy King or kill.
Well, said this Clerk, I see thou repents nought,
Of wickedness thou hast a fellon thought;
There's none in world that has so many slain,
Therefore to ask, methinks you should be bane,
Grace at our King, and syne at his barnage.
Then Wallace smil'd a little at his language.
I grant, he said, part Englishmen I slew
In my quarrel, me thought not half enew.
I mov'd no war but for to win our own,
To God and man the right full well is known.
Thy frustrate words do nothing but tyre me,
I thee command on God's 'half let me be.

A She-

A Sheriff gart this Clerk soon from him pass,
Right as they durst they grant what he would ask.
A psalter book Wallace had on him ever,
From his childhood with it he would not sever;
Better he trow'd in plage for to speed,
But then he was dispulzied of his weed.
This grace he ask'd at Lord Clifford that Knight,
To let him have his psalter book in sight;
He gart a priest it op'n before him hold,
While they to him had done all that they would.
Stedfast he read, for ought they did him there,
Fell Southeron said, that Wallace felt no fare.
Good devotion so was his beginning,
Continu'd therewith, and fair was his ending,
While speech and spirit all at once can fair
To lasting bliss, we trow for evermare.
I will not tell how he divided was
In five parts, and ordained for to pass,
But thus his sp'rit by likelinels was well.
Of Wallace like who has a further feel,
May shew forth more with wit and eloquence,
For I to this have done my diligence.
After the proof got from the Latin book,
Which Master Blair in his time undertook,
In fair Latin compiled to an end,
With thir witnels the more is to commend.
Bishop Sinclair then Lord was of Dunkel,
He got this book and confirm'd it himsel
For very true, thereof he had no dread,
Himself had seen great part of Wallace deed.
His purpose was to have it sent to Rome,
Our father of kirk thereon to give his dome.

But Maſter Blair, and als Sir Thomas Gray,
After Wallace they laſted many a day.
Chir two knew beſt of good Sir William's deed,
From ſixteen year while nine and twenty yeed.
Forty and five of age Wallace was call'd,
That time that he was to the Southeron ſald.
Tho this matter be not to all pleaſance,
His ſoothfaſt deed was worthy to advance.
All worthy men that read this rural dite,
Blame not the book though I be imperfite.
I ſhould have thanks, ſince I no travel ſpar'd,
For my labour no man hecht me reward;
No charge I had of King or other Lord,
Great harm I thought his good deeds ſhould be ſmord.
I have ſaid here near as the proceſs goes,
And feinzied not for friendſhip nor for foes.
For coſts hereof was no man bound to me,
In this ſentence I had no will to lie;
But in as much as I rehearſed nought
So worthily as noble Wallace wrought.
But in one point, I grant, I ſaid amiſs,
Chir two Knights ſhould blamed be for this,
The Knight Wallace of Craigie righteous Lord,
And Liddale als, gart me make wrong record.
On Allertoun muir the crown he took one day,
To get battel as mine author will ſay,
Chir two gart me ſay that another wiſe,
Till Maſter Blair we did ſome part deſpiſe,
Go noble book, fulfill'd of good ſentence,
Suppoſe you be barren of eloquence.
Go worthy book, fulfill'd of ſoothfaſt deed,
But in language of help thou haſt great need.

When

When good makers rang well into Scotland,
Great harm it was that none of them thee fand;
Yet there is part that can thee well advance,
Now bide thy time, and be a remembrance.
I you beseech, of your benevolence,
Who will not love, take not mine eloquence.
It is well known I am a rural man,
For here is said as goodly as I can.
My tongue did never ornate terms embrace,
Now beseech God, that giver is of grace,
Made hell and earth, and set the heaven above,
That he us grant of his dear lasting love.

FINIS.

RELATIONES

QUÆDAM

ARNALDI BLAIR Monachi de *Dumfermelem*,

ET

Capellani D. *WILLIELMI WALLAS* Militis, 1327.

MEMORANDUM, Quod anno Salutis M. CC. LXXXXIIII. Dominus *Willielmus Wallas* factus eſt *Scotiæ* Gubernator.

Anno M. CC. LXXXXVII. Dominus *Willielmus Wallas* miles debellavit *Anglos* ad pontem de *Strevelinge*, cum eorum duce *Heugone* de *Creſſinghame*, & pontem ligneum fregit.

In eodem anno obſedit arcem de *Coupar* in *Fyfe*, & CC milites *Anglos* interfecit. Laus ſit Chriſto.

Anno Gratiæ M. CC. LXXXXVIII. Rex *Angliæ Edwardus* male ferens mala & anguſtias ſibi & ſuis per *Willielmum Wallas*, [*illatas*] congregato grandi exercitu, partem *Scotiæ* hoſtiliter intravit, habens ſecum in ſuo auxilio quoſdam de nobilibus *Scotiæ*. Contra quem occurrens dictus Dominus *Willielmus* cum cæteris

magnatibus dicti regni, commisso grandi bello juxta *Variam Capellam* XI. Kal. Augusti in Festo Sanctæ *Mariæ Magdalenæ*, non sine grandi damno, tam procerum, quam mediorum gentis *Scotiæ*, in fugam conversus est; nam propter conceptam maliciam ex fonte invidiæ generatam, quam erga dictum *Willielmum*, *Cuminenses* cum suis complicibus [*habebant*] campum deserentes, illæsi evaserunt. Cognitâ autem malicià, dictus *Willielmus* se & suos salvare desiderans, per aliam viam fugere festinavit. Quos ex adverso *Robertus Brois* [& *Antonius Bek*] insequentes, cum inter utriusque regni cohortes profunda & immeabilis vallis apparet, ipse *Robertus* de *Brois* clamavit ad *Willielmum*, Quis eum coëgit talia præsumere, ut in contrarium altipotentiæ regis *Angliæ*, & potioris partis *Scotiæ* tam temerariè contenderet decertare? Ad quem hujusmodi [*verba*] respondit D. *Willielmus Wallas*, Tua, *Roberte*, inertia & effœminata ignavia me stimulat ad tui juris & patriæ liberationem, sed & nunc semivir de cubilibus ad aciem, ab umbra ad solem progressurus, cujus corpus delicatum mollibus assuetum, pondus prælii pro pace, & patriæ liberatione, loricæ onus segniter assumes, cur me sic persequeris?

His dictis *Robertus* de *Brois* quasi ex gravi somno evigilans ad tutiora loca se recepit, & hæc verba nunquam ex corde suo decesserunt; & ultra non habuit conceptum favere opinioni *Anglorum*, unde seipsum quotidie fortior effectus reservabat: omnia verba hæc ab amico suo fideli prolata, conferens in corde suo, in quo prævaluit (uti scribit *Seneca*, dicens, "Habet hoc optimum generosus animus, quod facilè concitatur ad honesta: neminem excelsi ingenii virum vilia delectant: felix qui altius consultus ad meliora impetum [al. *imperium*] animi dedit, prout se extra conditionem fortunæ prospera temperabit, adversa comminuet alia admirabilia despiciet") D. *Willielmo Wallas* igitur cum suis ex acie delapso, proh dolor! superbiâ utriusque regni ex ardenti invidiâ: nobilis communitas *Scotiæ* per montes & colles, per valles & planities miserabiliter jacuit prostrata: inter quos de numero nobilium valentissimus miles Dominus *Johannes Senescallus* cum suis *Brandanis*, & Comes de *Fyfe Macduffe* cum ejusdem incolis penitus sunt extincti.

Deci-

Decimo ſeptimo Septembris in anno Gratiæ M.CC.LXXXXVII. Dominus *Willielmus* de *Wallas* obſedit caſtrum de *Dundee*, & Burgenſibus ſub pœna vitæ mandavit, ut obſidionem feſtinarent. Quod non multo poſt tempore ceperunt. Ipſe D. *Willielmus Wallas* interea *Heugonem Creſſinghame* cum quatuor millibus [al. *milliabus*] armatorum debellavit, & ipſum D. *Heugonem* interfecit ad vicum de *Craigie*, III. idus Septembris. In hoc prælio de numero nobilium *Scotiæ* nulli perierunt niſi [al. *præter*] *Andreas* de *Morravia*, pater nobilis *Andreæ*. Hoc prælio [al. *prælium*] cum magna laude dictus *Willielmus* potitus eſt, de quo hæc Metra habentur.

Ex quo cor validum Scoti *ſumpſere, monente*
Wilhelmo Wallas, *& eos guerrare docente,*
Ut quos captivos tenuit gens Anglica *vivos*
Ad patriam, Scotos, *facerent* * *propriam* ‡ *redivivos.*
Inſuper & regem facerent regnare Johannem,
Inde regno proprio, quod ſi vellet alieno
Regi ſervire, poſſent ſua jura perire,
Hinc tricenteno milleno terminus uno
Annorum Domini, dicuntur vincere Scoti
Anglos *infeſtos, quos reddunt funere mœſtos,*
Ut pons teſtatur, ubi bellum grande notatur.

Hoc anno, viz. Chriſti incarnationis, M.CC. LXXXXVII. Cuſtos regni cum magno exercitu *Northumbriam* intravit, & omnia ferro & flamma devaſtavit, uſque ad *Tiuam* amnem & *Novum Caſtrum* Oppidum; & ibi hiemavit uſque ad nativitatem Domini. Combuſta quoque eſt tota terra de *Allerdale*, abductis ſpoliis, ditatus *Scotus*, ſanus ad propria rediit & ſecurus. In hac expeditione *Aberdonienſes* ſervitium nobile præſtiterunt.

Anno a partu Virginis M.CC.LXXXXVIII. hoc audiens *Edwardus*, rabidâ ſuccenſus irâ, & ſeipſum præ dolore non ſuſtinens, guerrare regem *Franciæ* & [an *ut?*] diſpoſuit, intermiſit, quod itaque *Gallis* ceſſit ad maximam conſolationem, nam judicio grandi ſi *Scoti* eum ex *Gallia* per guerrarum molimina non revocaſſent, major pars domus *Franciæ* in pendibulo [al. *pendulo*] præ-

* *Al.* proprium. ‡ *An* reducivos.

ſtitiſſet. Divertens igitur Rex *Edwardus* a *Galliis*, petiit terras proprias, [an *patrias?*] ubi audiens ſtrages & depopulationes per *Scotos* ſibi & ſuis illatas, ſcripſit cuſtodi *Scotiæ Willielmo Wallas* literas comminatorias, inter cætera dicens, quod ſi ipſe rex in regno perſtitiſſet, non auſus fuiſſet *Wallas* talia attentaſſe, ſed ſi auderet *Angliam* reinvadere, manus ipſius regis ſibi & ſuis præſto ultrices, vindictam de præſumptione ſentiret expectandam. Dominus *Willielmus* regni *Scotiæ* cuſtos, comminabili jactantiâ regis auditâ, verbum ei remiſit, ſe ultra ſolemnitatem Paſchalem regnum ſuum rurſus reinvaſurum.

Congregatis hinc inde utriuſque regni exercitibus prope *Stanmure*, deventum eſt veriſimiliter ad conflictum, ubi ex parte *Scotorum* tirones & cordatus [*cordata*] juventus, miliciæ licentiam a cuſtode petierunt, ut ante aciem poſſint pro ipſorum calcaribus deauratis *Anglos* experire [*experiri*] quod fieri noluit cuſtos & eis ſub pœnam [*pœna*] vitæ interdixit. Nec non maturitate præconcepta incedentes; cum ex adverſo rex *Angliæ*, innumerabili multitudine, & pompoſo tubarum clangore, perſtrepens, prætendebant ſe exercitum *Scotorum* quem [an *quam?*] non difficilè correpturum ſentiebant, ſed cum cerneret rex ſapienter, ſe et unanimi & ſolido inceſſu procedentes non diſtanter per medium miliare a congreſſu; ſuorum commilitonum conſilio ſe cum ſuis regyrans, locum dedit malitiæ [al. *militiæ*] quod videntes *Scoti*, voluerunt regem unanimiter perſequi fugientem, ſed ne hoc fieret *Scotiæ* cuſtos ſub amiſſione vitæ interdixit, dicens quod inter cætera certamina, inter regna, præaudita pulchriorem victoriam eſſe, attendere magnanimum regem *Angliæ* in ſolo ſuo, quod ſuum eſſe dicebat, cum ſuis regalibus, concionibus, & metuendis ſatrapis, a minutis communienſibus regni *Scotiæ* terga dediſſe, nondum extracto gladio parte ex adverſa. Quo ab ore ejus mellito, [al. *metito*] ab univerſo *Scotorum* exercitu, audito, de equis deſcendentes & ad terram ſe proſternentes Deum glorificaverunt, Sanctum *Andream*, nec non ipſum confeſſorem divum *Cuthbertum* in cujus memoriali, hæc dies celebris agebatur. Quia per talis gubernatoris induſtriam & tutelam, virtus inimicorum evanuit & ſtolida eorum potentia; & tam *Scoti* quam *Scotia*, laude perhenni tam prædicabilis victoriæ [*potiti ſint.*] *Angli* ferunt, quod rex

eorum

non ibi fuit in perſona propria, ſed in tunica armorum aliquis ei ſimilis effulſit. De quo bello ſic ſcriptum fuit.

Congregat hic Scotos *dictus cognomine* Wallas,
Sicut grana legit quod fertur Gallice Wallas,
Anglos *perſequitur ut bellum continuaret,*
Et libertatem Scotiæ *bello renovaret.*
Tunc Anglicorum *ſubverſio, tantaque, talis,*
Quam nunquam ſimilem ſentivit pars Borealis:
Uſque Novum Caſtrum *periit* Northumbria *tota,*
Sic verſus Stanmure *complent* Scoti *ſua vota.*
Anno præfato redeunt domini iterato
Angli, Bervico *pugnaturi, tibi dico*
Feſto Cuthberti *vernali tempore, certi*
Scoti *ſpectabant campum, pugnare putabant*
Ut promiſerunt Angli, *ſed non tenuerunt*
Ut promiſerunt, ſed ſtatim terga dederunt;
Quod cum viderunt Scoti, *triſtes abierunt*
Reciproco regis fert Anglia *dedecus ejus.*
Concio Scotena *collaudans dona ſuprema,*
Et ſi non * *plena grates tamen fert ut egena*
Surgit & exultat, domus omnis laude reſultat,
Tunc rex aufugit, hinc triſtior Anglia *mugit.*

Duodecimo Junii anno Salutis M. CC. LXXXXVIII. Cuſtos regni debellavit *Anglos* in prælio ad *Black-iron-ſide* in *Fifa*, cum eorum duce & ductore *Amyero* de *Valentia* comite *Pembrochiæ*, in hoc quoque prælio vulneratus eſt nobilis *Johannes Grhamus*, & *Duncanus* de *Balfour* vicecomes de *Fife* occiſus fuit cum paucis ex militibus.

In hoc ipſo anno, viz. XXVIII. menſis Auguſti, Dominus *Wallas Scotiæ* Cuſtos, cum *Johanne Grhame*, & *Johanne* de *Monteith*, militibus, nec non *Alexandro Scrimzeour* Conſtabulario villæ de *Dundee*, & vexillario *Scotiæ*, cum quinquagentis militibus armatis rebelles *Gallovidienſes* punierunt, qui regis *Angliæ* & *Cuminorum* partibus ſine aliquo jure ſteterunt, horreas villæ de *Aire* repletas cum militibus *Anglorum*, ex improviſo, nocturno tempore, cremarunt, & ſpoliam amplam [*ſpolia ampla*] ſecum reportarunt.

* *Al.* Plenas.

Et ſic in horreo muſti
Sunt Angli *optime uſti.*

Hoc etiam anno, cum *Scotia* mirabiliter, imo feliciter, ſagacitate Cuſtodis reſpirans, cum unuſquiſque in ſuo perſiſteret, & terram ut ſolito coleret, ſæpiſſimeque de inimicis triumpharet, magnates & potentes regni *Scotiæ*, invidia inebriati, conjurationem clandeſtinam contra Cuſtodem, vultus virgineos protendentes ſibi; ſed caudis ſerpentinis ad invicem colligatis confinxerunt, dicentes, Nolumus hunc regnare ſupra nos. Plebeii tum & e popularibus, una cum pluribus ex nobilibus, quorum mens ſanior erat, & ad rempublicam proclivior, laudabant Dominum Deum, eo quod ipſi per talem propugnatorem, ab emulorum auſibus erepti, propriis poterant laribus confoveri. O ſtolida fatuitas fatuorum! *Willielmus Wallas* non ſe ingeſſit ad regnandum, ſed ab omnibus ad regendum contra voluntatem electus, & cum tu *Scotia* acephala teipſum non defendere potueras, ipſe tibi brachium extiterat immane, & ſalus in tempore tribulationis. O emula invidia! cur tantum dominaris in *Scotia? Scotorum*, proh dolor! natura eſt, odiere non ſolum alienæ, ſed & probi patriotæ felicitati, & hoc reſpectu inferiorum, ne ſibi coæquentur. In hoc poterint aſſimulari *Chaini*, qui invidebat proſperitati *Abel*; *Racheli*, fæcunditati *Liæ*; & *Sauli*, *Davidi* felicitati: & ut ita dicam *Scoti*, *Wallas* magnanimitati. Sic per invidiam procuratus eſt lapſus cleri, ruina populi, & caſus regni.

Anno Gratiæ M. CC. LXXXXIX. inclitus ille *Willielmus Wallas*, *Anglorum* malleus, filius nobilis militis Domini *Andreæ Wallas*, Domini de *Kragge*, caput levavit; erat enim ſtatura procerus, corpore giganteus, facie ſerenus, vultu jucundus, lateribus protenſus, humeris latus, oſſibus groſſus, ventre congruus, aſpectu gratus, ſed viſu ferus, renibus amplus, brachiis & cruribus vigoroſus, pugil acerrimus, & omnibus artubus fortiſſimus & compactus. Inſuper ſic Altiſſimus & ipſius vultum varia quadam hilaritate favorabili inſignem, ita dicta & facta illius quodam cœleſti dono gratificaverat, ut omnium fidorum corda *Scotorum* ſolo aſpectu ſibi in gratiam & favorem conciliaret. Et nec mirum, erat enim in donis liberaliſſimus, in judiciis æquiſſimus, in conſolatione triſtium

ſtium compatientiſſimus, in conſilio peritiſſimus, & locutione luculentiſſimus, inſuper omnia falſitatem & mendacia perſequens, ac proditionem deteſtans, propter quod fuit Dominus Deus *Ihaſrahelis* cum eo, propter quem erat vir in cunctis proſperè agens, eccleſiam venerans, eccleſiaſticos reverens, pauperes & viduas ſuſtentans, pupillos & orphanos refovens, oppreſſos relevans, furibus & raptoribus inſidians, ſuper eos ſine pretio juſticiam exercens cum rigore. Cujuſmodi juſtis operibus, quia quam maximè Deum gratificabat, ipſe propterea omnia ejus opera dirigebat. *Anglos* ad *Bertham* oppidum tribus præliis devicit, & pontem in duo diviſit, per quod multi ex *Anglis* in fluvio ſubmerſi fuerunt, cum eorum ductore *Johanne Withringtoune* milite.

Anno Domini M.CC.LXXXXIX. *Johannes* de *Cumine* & *Johannes Fraſer*, cum eorum ſequentibus, tribus magnis præliis ad *Roſlyne* debellarunt & devicerunt *Anglos*, a *Bigare* uſque per ſpatium ſexdecem milliarium. Hoc prælium commiſſum in die *Symonis* & *Judæ*, cujus memoriam nulla ætas obliterabit, cum VIII. millia *Scotorum* debellarunt & fugarunt XXX. millia *Anglorum*, primo die Januarii in anno M.CCC.II.

Anno milleno trecentenoque ſecundo,
Lucente die feſtum recolente Mathiæ,
In Roſlyne *campo nova gratia luxit ab alto,*
Nempe Johanne *duce* Scotorum Cuminenſe,
Anglis *confuſis, ceſſit victoria* Scotis.

Anno Domini M.CCC.III. aufugit Dominus *Robertus* de *Brois* ab *Edvardo* rege *Angliæ*, quem rex *Angliæ*, multos a tergo, ut eum reducerent, miſit; ſed ille ſpem omnem & fiduciam in Deo collocans, rabiem *Anglorum* evaſit, & ſalvus in *Scotiam* revertitur.

Anno Salutis humanæ M.CCC.IIII. poſt reverſionem Domini *Roberti* ex *Anglia*, venit ad *Lochmabane* in VII. die, & convenit cum *Johanne Reade Cumin* ad *Dumfreis*, quem ob inſidiam & nefariam detractionem dicti *Roberti* de *Brois* ad *Edwardum* tyrannum *Angliæ*, dictum *Johannem* coram magno altari in eccleſia de *Dumfreis* trucidavit, ut voluit Chriſtus, & ſic *Scotiam* ab inſidiis *Cumini* liberavit.

Anno M. CCC. IIII. VII. die Septembris, nobilis *Willielmus Wallas* per Dominum *Johannem* de *Monteith* apud *Glaſgow* nihil mali ſuſpicans, fraudulenter & prodicionaliter capitur, & regi *Angliæ* traditur, *Londini* demembratur, & ejus membra per diverſa loca *Angliæ* & *Scotiæ*, in opprobrium *Scotorum*, turribus ſuſpenduntur. Et notandum eſt hic tria concurrere, viz. *Edwardum* tyrannum, *Johannem* de *Monteith* immanem proditorem, & Dominum *Willielmum Wallas* innocentem, ad inſcribendam glorioſam famam nobilis *Wallatei* in æternitatis libris. Damnandus ſit dies Nativitatis *Johannis* de *Monteith*, & excipiatur ſuum nomen ex libro vitæ; maledictus ſit in æternum inhumanus iſte tyrannus, cum nobilis ille *Scotorum* ductor pro ſuæ virtutis præmio vitam æternam habebit in ſecula ſeculorum. Amen.

Non Scotus *eſt*, *Chriſte*, *cui liber non placet iſte.*

In obitum clariſſimi Ducis Gulielmi Vallas, *quem* Edvardus *primus*, Anglorum *rex*, *ſibi proditum*, *ſupplicio* Londini *affecerat*, *Carmen.*

INVIDA mors triſti *Gulielmum* funere *Vallam*,
Quæ cuncta tollit, ſuſtulit.
Et tanto pro cive cinis, pro finibus urna eſt:
Friguſque pro lorica obit.
Ille licet terras, loca ſe inferiora, reliquit;
At fata factis ſupprimens,
Parte ſui meliore ſolum, cœlumque pererrat,
Hoc ſpiritu: illud gloria.
At tibi ſi inſcriptum generoſo pectus honeſto
Fuiſſet, hoſtis proditi
Artibus, *Angle*, tuis in pœnas parcior iſſes,
Nec oppidatim ſpargeres
Membra viri ſacranda adytis, ſed ſcin' quid in iſta
Immanitate viceris?
Ut *Vallæ* in cunctas oras ſpargantur & horas,
Laudes, tuumque dedecus.

COM-

COMMENTARIUS

IN

RELATIONES ARNALDI BLAIR.

RELATIONES] Titulus M. S. contentis respondet: neque enim vel annales, vel historia dici possunt, quod nec rerum circumstantiæ plenæ, nec gestorum ordo & series ritè tradantur, & quædam repetantur. A diversis (ut verisimile est) congestæ sunt hæ nudæ relationes.

Arnaldi Blair] Libro de vita & actis *Gul. Vallæ* militis, metris linguæ vernaculæ scripto, author Magister *Johannes Blair* nuncupatur, ibidemque, ob doctrinam & prudentiam multum commendatur, ut qui *Parisiis* sub clarissimis viris bonas artes didicerat. Is junioribus annis *Taoduni, Vallæ* condiscipulus fuit; & eidem regni Custodi constituto a Sacris & Consiliis fuit, ejusque in expeditionibus individuus comes, & cum manu tum consilio promptus, tam marte quam mercurio valebat.

Ejus Elogium dedit Thomas Dempsterus *his verbis*, *Libro* 19. Historiæ Eccles. Gentis *Scotorum*, *Pag.* 86.

Jo. Blarus nobili familiâ Presbyter, *Scotiæ* ab *Edvardo Anglo* tyranno oppressæ misertus, acerrimo ejus vindici *Guilielmo Wallassio* se junxit, eique sacra administravit, cujuslibet fortunæ co-

mes, & ut ita preces concepit, ut bellica pericula non fugeret, ita in acie verſabatur, ut bonæ cauſæ fiſus, victoriam a Deo ſemper expectaret. Scripſit geſta *Gulielmi Wallas*,

De liberata tyrannide Scotia.
Claruit anno M. CCC.

Is, mortuo Heroe ſuo patrono, ſeculum reliquit, & *Fermelodun* ſe monachum profeſſus eſt, aſcito pro more nomine *Arnaldo*. Ex M. SS. patet relationes has ſcriptas fuiſſe anno Chriſti 1327. Opem ferente *Thoma Gray* rectore de *Liberton*; teſte libro de geſtis *Vallæ*, cui Titulus *Acts and Deeds of Sir* William Wallace, Book V.

Maſter John Blair *was one of that meſſage,*
A worthy Clerk, both wiſe and als right ſage.
He was the Man that chiefly undertook,
That firſt compil'd to dite the Latin *Book*
Of Wallace *Life, right famous of renown,*
And Thomas Gray *Parſon of* Libertoun.
With him they were, and put in Hiſtorial
Oft, one or both, meikle of his travel.

Memorandum, quod anno M. CC. LXXXXIIII. *Dom.* Willielmus Wallas *factus eſt* Scotiæ *Gubernator*] *Thomas Walſingham* primæ notæ ſcriptor *Anglus*, poſtquam mortem Herois noſtri crudelem deſcripſerat, Hiſt. *Angl. Edvardo* I. Pag. 61. hunc characterem ejus ſubjunxit.

Hic (inquit) ex infima gente procreatus, proceſſu temporis factus eſt vir ſagittarius, illius artis peritia quæritans victum ſuum. Cumque ſemel & ſecundo ſuam fortitudinem pariter & audaciam expertus fuiſſet, altiora appetens, petivit a *Scotis* licentiam ut poſſit *Anglicos* infeſtare, promittens ſe totam *Angliam* conquiſiturum, & *Scotos* victores uſque *Londonias* producturum. *Scotis* vero, cito ſibi conſentientibus, & ipſum eorum ducem conſtituentibus, militiæ donatus eſt cingulo, a quodam comite regionis illius. Inde coepit ſervagari provincias uſque *Northumbriam*, maximum tumultum concitando, villas & agros depopulando, prædas agendo, & magnam partem patriæ incendio devaſtando. Videntes

tes ergo *Scoti* viam ſuam proſperari, confluebant ad eum in multitudine vix numerabili, non ſolum juvenes, ſed etiam ipſe ſenes, ita ut in brevi tantum conflarit exercitum, quanto nullus princeps juxta *Scotorum* opinionem reſiſtere prævaleret. Igitur de tanta multitudine gloriabundus, concepit audaciam præſumptibilem dominum ſuum, regem *Angliæ* inquietandi. Sed quæ merces pro de meritis ſibi provenerit, ſuperius ſatis claret.

Anno M. CC. LXXXXVII. D. *Willielmus Wallas* miles debellavit *Anglos* ad pontem de *Strevelinge* cum eorum duce *Heugone* de *Creſſinghame*, & pontem ligneum fregit. [*Et poſt id fuſius ſic explicatur*] Decimo ſeptimo Septembris in anno Gratiæ M. CC. LXXXXVII. Dominus *Willielmus* de *Wallas* obſedit caſtrum de *Dundee*, & Burgenſibus ſub pœna vitæ mandavit, ut obſidionem feſtinarent, quod non multo poſt tempore ceperunt. Ipſe D. *Willielmus Wallas* interea *Heugonem Creſſinghame*, cum quatuor millibus [al. *milliabus*] armatorum debellavit, & ipſum D. *Heugonem* interfecit ad vicum de *Craigie*, III. idus Septembris. In hoc prælio de numero nobilium *Scotiæ* nulli perierunt niſi [al. *præter*] *Andreas* de *Morravia*, pater nobilis *Andreæ*. Hoc prælio [al. *prælium*] cum magna laude dictus *Willielmus* potitus eſt, de quo hæc metra habentur.

Ex quo cor validum Scoti *ſumpſere, monente*
Wilhelmo Wallas, *& eos guerrare docente,*
Ut quos captivos tenuit gens Anglica *vivos*
Ad patriam, Scotos, *facerent* * *propriam,* ‡ *redivivos.*
Inſuper & regem facerent regnare Johannem,
Inde regno proprio, quod ſi vellet alieno
Regi ſervire, poſſent ſua jura perire.
Hinc tricenteno milleno terminus uno
Annorum Domini, dicuntur vincere Scoti
Anglos *infeſtos, quos reddunt funere mœſtos,*
Ut pons teſtatur, ubi bellum grande notatur.

Hujus belli ad *Strevelyne* pontem, hiſtoriam fuſius enarrat vetus ſcriptor *Anglus*, *Henricus* de *Knighton Leyceſtrienſis*, *de eventibus* Angliæ, *Lib.* 3. *Pag.* 2516. *& ſeqq.* [vid. Hiſt. *Angl.* Script. X. in folio, *Londini* 1652.] cujus relationem apponendam duxi.

* *Al.* proprium. ‡ *An* reducivos?

Adhuc diſſecabantur *Scoti* in cordibus ſuis, differentes obſides quos promiſerant, & poſtulantes omnia ſua, & antiquas conſuetudines ſuas ſicut a Rege *Scotorum* antiquitus tenere conſueverant. Noſtri (*ait*) ſic irritati, cum nollent talia ulterius ſuſtinere, proceſſerunt armati ad villam de *Strevelyne*. (*Et poſtea*) Mittebantur interim duo fratres prædicatores ad exercitum *Scotorum*, qui in altera parte montis ſupra monaſterium *Skamskynel* cum illo latrone *Willielmo Wallas* latitabat, ſi forte pacem amplecti vellent quam tendebant. Ad hæc ille latro, renunciate inquit veſtris, pro bono pacis non venimus, & parati ſumus ad pugnam, ad vindicandum ſcilicet, & liberandum regnum noſtrum; aſcendant igitur cum voluerint, & nos paratos inveniunt in barbis eorum. Erant autem ut dicebatur, C. LXXX. equites, XL. mille peditum; cumque talia dicerentur, præſumptuoſi mox ex noſtris dicebant, aſcendamus ad eos, noſtri enim ſunt: inter quos adjecit Theſaurarius regis (*Hugo* de *Creſſinghame*) homo quidem pompoſus & filius mortis, non expedit Domine comes (de *Warenna* ſupremus exercitus *Anglici* præfectus) ulterius protelare negotium, & theſaurum regis noſtri in vanum expendere, ſed aſcendamus, & faciamus debitum noſtrum ut tenemur aſtricti. Motus itaque comes in verbis iſtis, præcepit ut pontem aſcenderent & tranſirent. Tranſierunt itaque vexillarii regis & comitis, & inter primos ſtrenuiſſimus ille miles Dominus *Marmaducus* da *Tweuge*; cumque vidiſſent hoſtes tot jam veniſſe, quot ſuperare poterant, ut credebant, mox deſcenderunt de monte, &, miſſis viris lanceatis, occupaverunt pedem pontis, ita quod extunc nulli patebat tranſitus vel egreſſus, ſed in revertendo ſicut in feſtinando ſuper pontem præcipitati ſunt multi & ſubmerſi. Deſcendentibus itaque *Scotis* de monte, dixit dictus *Marmaducus* conſociis ſuis, eſtne fratres tempus, ut equitemus ad eos? quibus reſpondentibus quod ſic, mox ſtimulatis equis mutuo egreſſi ſunt, & corruentibus quibuſdam ex *Scotis* ceteri equeſtres quaſi omnes in fugam verſi ſunt. Quos cum inſequeretur fugientes, dixit unus ex noſtris Domino *Marmaduco*, domine mi, decepti ſumus, non enim ſequuntur noſtri, & vexilla regis non comparent. Ad hæc reſpicientes retro, viderunt multos ex noſtris & vexillarios regis & comitis corruiſſe. Dixeruntque, præcluſa eſt jam nobis via ad pontem, & a populo noſtro

ſtro intercepti ſumus, melius eſt igitur ut tradamus nos aquæ periculo, ſi forte tranſire poſſumus, quam hoſtium cuneos penetrantes quaſi pro nihilo corruamus, difficilis, immo impoſſibilis jam factus eſt nobis tranſitus per medium *Scotorum*. Ad hæc iſte ſtrenuiſſimus miles *Marmaducus*, " Certe, cariſſimi, nunquam dicetur " de me quod gratis me ſubmerſerim, abſit & hoc a vobis, & ab " honorabili nomine *Anglorum*, ſed ſequimini me, & per medi- " um eorum viam vobis faciam uſque ad pontem."

Stimulatoque dextrario, mox irruit in hoſtes, & nunc hos nunc illos cædens gladio, per medium tranſivit illæſus, patuitque via magna ſequentibus eum; erat enim fortis robore, & ſtaturæ proceræ. Apprehenſo itaque ponte per fortitudinem ſtrenue militantis, omnes extunc quotquot ex noſtris ibi remanſerant, corruerunt; numero armatorum fere centum, & peditum quaſi V. M. inter quos CCC. *Wallenſes*. Et cum multos ex noſtris vita privaverant, tandem quidam ex noſtris, qui remanſerant, aquam natando tranſierunt. Unus etiam miles ex noſtris cum difficultate aquam tranſiit in equo armato. Corruit eodem die inter *Scotos* lancearios, prænominatus theſaurarius regis *Angliæ* Dominus *Hugo* de *Creſſinghame*, rector eccleſiæ de *Ruddeby*, & capitalis juſticiarius in *Aſſiſis Eborac*. Qui, cum eſſet præbendarius in multis eccleſiis, & multarum haberet curam animarum, nunquam tamen arma ſpiritualia vel caſulam induit, ſed *Galeam* & *Loricam* in quibus corruit; & qui gladio linguæ ſuæ multos olim extriverat in judiciis multis, gladio tandem perverſorum occiſus eſt. Quem excoriantes *Scoti*, diviſerunt inter ſe pellem ipſius per modicas partes, non quidem ad reliquias, ſed in contumelias; erat enim pulcher & graſſus nimis, vocaveruntque eum non theſaurarium, ſed traiturarium regis: & verius hoc quam credebant, multos enim ſeduxit in die hac, ſed & ipſe ſeductus eſt; qui erat levis & lubricus, elatus ſuperbia, & avaritiæ deditus. In proximo congreſſu noſtrorum cum *Scotis*, ſeneſcallus *Scotiæ* & comes de *Levenax* qui prius pacifici venerant, cum vidiſſent noſtros corruiſſe, confeſtim receſſerunt ad ſuos qui in ſilvis latitabant juxta polles [an *colles?*] Qui nefandum videntes eventum, egreſſi ſunt obviam noſtris, & multos particulariter fugientes peremerunt ibidem ad polles a portantes ſpolia multa, & quadrigas onuſtas abducentes, non

enim poterant quadrigæ vel ſummarii a fugientibus abduci de facili in lacubus & mariſcis. Comes vero noſter citra pontem ſemper exiſtens, reverſo Domino *Mardoch* cum ſuis, præcepit pontem frangi & comburi: & commiſſa cuſtodia ejuſdem caſtri de *Strevelyne* prædicto *Mardoch*, promiſit ei fideliter quod infra primas decem ebdomas veniret in ejus auxilium cum manu forti: non tamen adimplevit quod promiſit, oblituſque ſenectutis ſuæ profectus eſt apud *Berewycum* cum feſtinatione tanta, quod dextrarius in quo ſederat in ſtabulo fratrum minorum poſitus nunquam guſtavit. Deinde proceſſit ad filium regis in partes auſtrales, & reliquit patriam penitus deſolatam: facta fuit confuſio hæc tertio idus Septembris, ſcilicet feriâ quartâ.

Pontem ligneum fregit] *Buchananus* (*Rerum* Scot. *Lib.* 8. *P.* 251.) ait, *Fortha* amnis, nuſquam ferme vadoſus, illic (quanquam & minoribus amnibus receptis, & maris æſtu reciproco auctus) ponte ligneo tranſire poterat. Ibi *Creſſinghamio* cum parte majore exercitus tranſmiſſo, pons, ſive (ut noſtri prædicant) architecti operâ, qui non multo ante, compagines trabium ita laxaverat, ut majorem vim non poſſet ſuſtinere, ſive tot peditum, equitum, machinarumque pondere, arte nulla adhibita, fractus. *Anglorum* iter interrupit.

Tua, Roberte, *inertia*] Hanc *Vallæ* orationem ſic carmine reddidit *Johannes Johnſtonus* in ſuis Heroibus *Scotis*, titulo *Guliel-mus Vallas*.

Oratio *Vallæ* ad *Robertum Bruſſium* (qui paulo poſt regnum eſt adeptus) ad *Carrontem* amnem poſt infælicem pugnam ad *Varium Sacellum*.

Siccine degeneres animos, & inertia pulſat
Corda metus; generis nec memor ipſe tui es?
Ergo potes patriæ fœdas ſpectare ruinas,
Triſtis, & acciſæ ut nil moveare malis?
Regna tua hæc: tibi debentur: tua regna capeſſe.
Sit pudor ô tandem barbara ſigna ſequi!
Non me dira fames, famæ regnive cupido
Impulit huc, patriæ ſed pereuntis amor.

Non

Non fortuna capit, non mens mea regna cupivit,
Præmia noſtra vides, vulnera, tela, neces.
Aude ingens animi. Spondent tibi ſidera regnum
Fataque. Tu ſequere huc, quo tua fata vocant.

Niſi Andreas *de* Moravia] Fuit is Dominus de *Bothwell*, &, in prima *Vallæ* expeditione in *Angliam*, unus ex ducibus exercitus, cujus expeditionis hiſtoria apud *Henricum* de *Knighton* extat *de Eventibus* Angliæ, *Lib.* 3. *Pag.* 2521. *& ſeqq.* Poſt (*ait*) iſta nefanda principia, animati ſunt *Scoti*, & corda *Anglorum* confuſa ſunt. *Northumbrenſes* etiam, timore perterriti, evacuaverant patriam ab uxoribus & parvulis & omni ſuppellectili, mittentes cum eis animalia uſque *Novum Caſtrum*, & ſparſim per provincias; cumque diu morarentur *Scoti* in eiſdem locis, nec latius in *Angliam* proceſſiſſent, credebant in hoc *Northumbrenſes*, ipſos nolle fines ſuos ingredi, & ſic ad propria regreſſi ſunt, reducentes ſecum omnia; quod cum *Scoti* didiciſſent per exploratores ſuos, mox & quaſi latenter *Northumbriam* ingreſſi ſunt, & circumgyrantes ſubito patriam, peremerunt multos, & prædas maximas aſportaverunt. & extunc erant *Scoti* ingredientes & egredientes ad libitum, cubantes in foreſta de *Ruthesburid*, nec erat qui exterreret eos: vacabant itaque *Scoti* incendiis & rapinis a feſto Sancti *Lucæ* uſque ad feſtum Sancti *Martini*, & non erat qui impediret eos, niſi quidam ex noſtris qui erant in præſidio caſtri de *Berwyk*, & aliorum caſtrorum aliquando exeuntes, extremas eorum reliquias cædebant. In modico tamen tempore; in feſto vero Sancti *Martini* & per octavas ſequentes, conglobati *Scoti* proceſſerunt ubique vaſtantes omnia; cumque veniſſent *Karliolum*, miſerunt ad urbem ſacerdotem quendam abſque *Levita* qui diceret. *Hæc mandat vobis Dominus meus* Willielmus *Conqueſtor, ut vitæ veſtræ conſulentes, abſque ſanguinis effuſione reddatis ei villam & caſtrum, dabitque vobis vitas & membra, & omnia catalla veſtra; quod ſi non feceritis, confeſtim expugnabit vos, & ad internecionem uſque delebit. At illi reſponderunt ei,* Quis eſt ille Conqueſtor? *at ille,* Wilielmus *quem* Wallas *nominatis.* Adjecerunt & illi, rex noſter, inquiunt, curam & cuſtodiam civitatis iſtius & caſtri, vice & nomine ſuo, & hæredum ſuorum, nobis tra-

didit, & credimus eum non habere gratum, & ratum habere velle, ut Domino tuo *Willielmo* ea liberemus; ſed vade, & dic ei, ut ſi eam habere voluerit, veniat ad modum boni Conqueſtoris & locum expugnet, habeatque, ſi poſſit, civitatem & caſtrum & univerſa in eis contenta: moxque recedente, retenderunt machinas, & ad reſiſtendum paraverunt ſe. Quod videntes *Scoti*, declinaverunt ab urbe, vaſtaveruntque univerſa per medium Foreſtæ de *Ingelwode* cum *Berlande* & *Allerdale* uſque *Derwent* ad *Cokermeue*.

Idem author, *Pag.* 2521. nobis exhibet literas protectorias canonicis de *Exſeldeſham* conceſſas, his verbis. Habuitque tunc *Willielmus* ille in literis ſequentibus ſocium nominatum, qui eiſdem canonicis literas ſuas protectorias conceſſerunt, conceptas in hac forma.

" *Andreas* de *Moronia* [Moravia *potius*] & *Willielmus Wallas*, " duces exercitus regni *Scotiæ*, nomine præclari principis Domi- " ni *Johannis*, Dei gratia, illuſtris Regis *Scotiæ*, de conſenſu com- " munitatis regni ejuſdem, Omnibus hominibus dicti regni ad " quos præſentes literæ pervenerint, ſalutem. Sciatis nos, nomi- " ne dicti regis, priorem & conventum de *Exſeldeſham* in *Nor-* " *thumbria*, terras ſuas, homines ſuos, & univerſas eorum poſſeſ- " ſiones, ac omnia bona ſua mobilia & immobilia, ſub firma pace " & protectione ipſius Domini Regis, & noſtra juſte ſuſcepiſſe; " Quare firmiter prohibemus, ne quis eos in perſonis, terris, ſeu " rebus, malum, moleſtiam, injuriam, ſeu gravamen aliquod infer- " re præſumat, ſuper plenaria forisfactura ipſius Domini Regis; " aut mortem eis vel alicui eorum inferant ſub pæna amiſſionis " Vitæ & membrorum, præſentibus poſt annum minime valituris. *Act. apud* Exſeldeſham, VII. *die Novembris.*

Item, aliæ Literæ protectoriæ.

" *Andreas*, &c. Sciatis, quod ſuſcepimus unum canonicum de " *Exſeldeſham*, cum ſuo armigero uno & duobus famulis ſuis, in " ſalvum & ſecurum conductum Regis noſtri & noſtrum, ad ve- " niendum ad nos ubicumque fuerimus, quondocumque neceſſe " fuerit, & expediens dictæ domui. Et ideo vobis omnibus, & " ſingulis nomine dicti Domini Regis, mandamus firmiter injun- " gentes, quatenus cum aliquis canonicus dictæ domus cum præ-

dicto

" dicto armigero, & famulis ſuis, præſentes literas ſecum habens,
" cauſa veniendi ad nos, inter vos venerit, ipſos ſub ſalva cuſtodia
" ad nos ducatis; ita quod nullus eos in perſonis ſeu rebus mole-
" ſtet, in aliquo, ſub regis plenaria forisfactura, aut mortem eis,
" vel alicui eorum inferat ſub pœna amiſſionis vitæ & membro-
" rum. Præſentibus ad voluntatem noſtram duraturis.

Ipſum autem D. *Vallam*, dum Cuſtos eſſet, chartas terrarum conceſſiſſe, teſtatur *Johannes Major* (*De geſtis* Scotorum, *Lib.* 4. *Fol.* 71.) dum ait, " A *Scotis*, qui *Anglorum* partes pertinaciter
" ſecuti ſunt, terras abſtulit, & eas de republica *Scotica* bene me-
" ritis pro arbitrio impertivit, quibus hodierno die nonnulli gau-
" dent cum literis *Gulielmi Wallacei* tunc Regentis.

Hen. Knighton, *De eventibus* Angl. *Lib.* 3. Egredientes tandem *Scoti* de loco illo, tenderunt acies ſuas verſus *Novum Caſtrum* ex parte *Boreali* de *Tyne*; & cum eſſent ex oppoſito illius villæ de *Rytona* egreſſi, ſunt viri quidam illius villæ, & maledicebant eos, non timentes eos, ex eo quod aqua ſuperabundaret in parte. Moxque ex *Scotis* tranſierunt multi, & eandem villam incendentes continuo reverſi ſunt. Fugientibus incolis, jam ſtatim rumor aſcendit adveniunt *Scoti*, crevitque clamor & ululatus eorum per provinciam totam. Et fugerunt, & ſecum aſportaverunt bona ſua, non quidem in gaudio, ſed in fletu & luctu, nec erat qui reſiſteret, ſive ad reſiſtendum ſe pararet, niſi *Dunelmum* & cives de *Novo Caſtro*. Viri etiam animoſi qui erant in præſidio *Novi Caſtri* paraverunt ſe ad pugnam, egredientes ab urbe, non longe tamen, eo quod pauci fuerant reſpectu multorum. Quod videntes *Scoti* declinaverunt ab urbe, & dividentes inter ſe ſpolia quæſita, tradiderunt *Galwalenſibus* partes ſuas, & abierunt in loca ſua.

[*Anno Chriſti incarnationis*, M. CC. LXXXXVII. *Cuſtos regni, cum magno exercitu* Northumbriam *intravit*] *Pag.* 2479. Idem *Henricus Knighton* meminit expeditionis *Scotorum* in *Northumbriam* ſic. Ad annum 1296. menſe (inquit) Aprilis, *Scotorum* exercitus copioſus a caſtro de *Godworthe* [*Jedworthe* potius] veniens, ſexto idus Aprilis, ingreſſi ſunt fines *Northumbriæ*, in valle de *Reed*, obſidentes Caſtellum de *Hyrbotef* [*Hyrbotill* potius] per duos dies, ſed cum proficere ſe non viderent, immo perdidiſſent aliquos de ſuis, digreſſi ſunt inde vaſtantes & con-

cremantes ex orientali parte de *Tyne*, *Cocodale*, *Reedſdale*, & *Northumbriam*, cum *Cambridge* uſque *Exſeldeſham*, ibique fugientibus canonicis hoſpitati ſunt uno die. Mane autem facto, cum jam monaſterium illud omnibus quaſi bonis ſpoliaſſent, appoſuerunt & ignem, & monaſterium cum tota villa combuſſerunt. Inde vero vertentes, domum ſanctarum monialium de *Lameſlay*, cum cæteris adjacentibus in patria, incendio horribili concremarunt, in fine illius diei Jovis pernoctantes apud *Lanertoſt*. Cumque eorum fuit voluntas ulterius procedere, noluit ipſe Deus, & ideo impediti ſunt: affuit enim nuncius ex ſuis qui diceret, quod exercitus regis *Angliæ* veniens in proximo aſſiſteret; attoniti vero & ſtupefacti in hoc, cum quaſdam domos ejuſdem monaſterii, tamen non eccleſiam, incendiſſent, ſummo mane diei Veneris per medium *Foreſtæ Nicholai*, cum magna præda reverſi ſunt. Et infra, *Page* 2480. Venerunt (*ait*) *Scoti* ad villam de *Carlile* circiter quingenti armati, & grandis multitudo pedeſtrium, & fecerunt inſultum fortem ad villam, & incenderunt ſuburbium, adeo quod major pars civitatis infra muros fuit incenſa; & præcipue per unum exploratorem qui fuit in carcere, qui ferramenta ſua fregit, & miſit ignem in domum carceris, unde magna pars villæ fuit exuſta. Et murum aſcendens, clamavit ad *Scotos* quod conſtanter & viriliter agerent ſecuri de ſuo propoſito, ſed defecerunt ſicut Deus voluit, & ille poſtea de igne tractus & ſuſpenſus eſt. Et diſſoluta ſunt corda multorum civium, dicentium, capta eſt civitas, fugiamus. Concurrerunt multi ad ignem, & pauci ad portas civitatis; mulieres tamen, viriliter agentes, attulerunt quoſdam lapides, & projecerunt lapides in hoſtes, inſuper & calidam aquam effuderunt; extincto tandem igne, omnes unanimiter ſe in hoſtes dederunt, & eos fugarunt.

Idem *Hen. Knighton*, *Lib.* 3. *Cap.* 9. *Pag.* 2513. alterius expeditionis *Vallæ* ſic meminit. Erat (inquit) quidam latro publicus *Willielmus Wallas* nomine, qui multos temporibus exulaverat; hic tunc exiſtens vagus, & profugas omnes exulantes convocavit ad ſe, & factus eſt quaſi princeps, & creverunt in populum multum. *Huic etiam aſſociatus eſt illi miles* Willielmus Douglas, Qui in captione caſtri de *Berwyk* ſe cum ſuis regi noſtro dederat, ſalva ſibi vita & membris, quem cum rex ad omnia reſtituiſſet, factus.

factus eſt omnium bonorum immemor, ſicque latro latroni ſociatus eſt, liberatorem ſuum ſaltem in ſubditis perſecutus eſt in mortem.

In hæc NOTÆ.

Erat quidam latro publicus Willielmus Wallas] De proſapia D. *Gul. Vallæ* varia notarunt Scriptores noſtri, Quæ ipſorum verbis apponentur. Inter primos, *Johannes Major* [*De geſtis* Scot. *Lib.* 4. *Fol.* 70. ait, Fuit hic *Gulielmus* de mediocri ſolum nobilium domo in terra de *Kyla* prope *Aëriam*, in qua cognomen illud plurimum valet, ortus. Fuit enim ſecundo genitus, cujus frater major natu eques auratus erat. *Hector Boethius* [*Scotorum* Hiſt. Lib. 14. Fol. 294.] ait de eo, quod erat patre equite aurato Natus.

Buchananus [*Rerum* Scotic. *Lib.* 8. *Pag.* 250.] de eo refert, Quod erat homo nobili & antiqua familia, ſed in re tenui natus ac educatus. Ad quæ verba, notat D. *Thomas Craſordius* in re antiquaria verſatiſſimus. [*not. in* Buchan.] His Father was Laird of *Ellerſlie*, beſide *Paiſly*, and was Brother to the Laird of *Richartoun*, now ſtiled Laird of *Craigie*, an ancient Baron in *Kyle*; but *William Wallace* had an elder Brother living at this Time.

Chronicle, VIII. Book, *Winton* MS. ſays of him.

William Wallace,
He was come of Gentlemen.
In ſimple ſtate he was then.
His Father was a manly Knight,
His Mother was a Lady bright.
He was gotten and born in Marriage:
His eldeſt Brother the Heritage
Had, and joſid in his Days.

The Book of the Acts and Deeds of Sir William Wallace, *P.* 2. deſigneth him Knight of *Ellerſlie*.

Of William Wallace *as ye have heard told,*
His Forefathers, who likes to underſtand,

Of old Linage and true blood of Scotland.
Sir Rannald Crawford *right Sheriff of* Air,
In his time he had a Daughter fair;
To young Sir Rannald *Sheriff of that Town*
Was Siſter fair, of good Fame and Renown;
Malcom Wallace *her got in Marriage*,
That Ellerſlie *then had in Heritage*,
Auchenbothie, *and many other Place.*
Now Malcom Wallace *got with his Lady bright*,
Malcom Wallace *a good and gentle Knight*,
And William *too, as Chronicles bear on Hand*,
Who after was Reſcuer of Scotland.

Huic aſſociatus eſt miles Willielmus Douglas] Mr. *Thomas Crawford* in his Notes upon *Buchanan*, telleth us, That this *William* Lord *Douglas*, ſirnamed the *Hardie*, was the fourth of that Name *William*, and was Captain of *Berwick* when it was taken. He hath furniſhed us in his MS. Hiſtory of the Houſe of *Dowglas*, a full Account of him.

The Hiſtory of William *the* Hardie, *fourth* William *Lord* Douglas, *done from Mr.* Thomas Crawford's *MS. Hiſtory of the Houſe of* Dowglas.

HE was Brother to *Hugh* ſeventh Lord of *Dowglas*, and his Succeſſor, for his ſingular Valour he was juſtly ſirnamed *William* the *Hardie*. He was twice married, his Lady was Siſter to the Lord *Robert Keith* Marſhal of *Scotland*, and Sheriff of *Lothian*, who bare to him two Sons, *James* and *Hugh*. After her Death he married an *Engliſh* Lady, named *Ferrares*, who alſo bare to him two Sons, *Archibald* Lord of *Galloway* (Progenitor of the Earls of *Dowglas* and *Angus*, with their Cadets) and Sir *John Dowglas* Captain of *Lochleven*, of whom are deſcended the Earls of *Morton*, the Lairds of *Lochleven*, *Stanipath*, *Mains*, *Tilliquhillie*, *Langnidrie*, and ſundry other. It was in

in his time that *John Baliol*, having given up his Allegiance to King *Edward*, *Edward* was not much diſpleaſed thereat, thinking he had thereby a fair Quarrel to make war for conquering the Kingdom of *Scotland*, which he hoped to attain the more eaſily, becauſe he knew the moſt Part of the *Scottiſh* Nobility either hated, or deſpiſed their King *John Baliol*; and becauſe the moſt powerful Lords of *Scotland* held many great Lands of himſelf in *England*, and were his Vaſſals. Firſt therefore he taketh Truce with the *French* for a Time, and by fair Promiſes of the Crown of *Scotland*, allured *Robert Bruce* the elder, with his powerful Faction, to joyn with them; the like he obtained of the Earl of *March*, and other great Men in *Scotland*, who held Lands in *England* for Services done to his Father and Grandfather in the Barons Wars. Having thus prepared all Things, he advanced with his Army (levied for *France*) to beſiege *Berwick*, which was fortified againſt him, the Lord *William Dowglas* being Governour of the Caſtle thereof. The firſt Aſſault was made by his Navy, which was vanquiſhed by the *Scots*. Some of the *Bruce*'s Faction, and many *Engliſhes* with them, marched towards the Town with *Scottiſh* Colours, giving out, that *Baliol* was coming to their Aid, and deſiring the Gariſon to iſſue out and to joyn with them, ſetting upon the Backs of the *Engliſhes* as they departed. The Gariſon raſhly iſſuing forth, was ſuddenly encloſed betwixt theſe counterfeit Friends, and an Ambuſh of *Engliſh* lying betwixt them and the Town, the moſt Part were killed, and the Town taken, and all within the ſame, young and old, were put to the Sword; the Caſtle and *Reidhal*, belonging to the *Flemiſh* Merchants, well fortified, made obſtinate Reſiſtance, and killed *Richard* of *Cornwal*, Couſin-german to the King; but this Merchant Houſe being ſet on fire, the Caſtle (not able to ſtand out longer) yielded upon Quarters of Life and Liberty, which was granted to all, except the Governor Sir *William Dowglas*, who, refuſing to ſwear Homage to King *Edward*, was kept in Priſon. *Berwick* was thus taken on *Good-friday*, *March* 1295.

Dunbar was thereafter taken with greater Slaughter, (by the Treachery of *Patrick* Earl of *March*) and ſo the Flower of the Nobility and Gentry of *Scotland* being killed or taken, no new

Army could be levied; and *Baliol* ſeeing all revolt from him, and deſpairing to recover his Eſtate, ſubmitted himſelf, and reſigned the Crown of *Scotland* to King *Edward*, who thinking himſelf now ſure of all, and minding to gain the Friendſhip of ſo worthy a Man as the Lord *Dowglas* (whom otherwiſe he could not move) beſtowed on him the Daughter of *William* de *Ferrares* Earl of *Derby*, being near of the Blood royal of *Scotland*, for her Mother was eldeſt Daughter to *Roger* de *Quincie* Earl of *Winton* and *Wincheſter*, begotten upon the Daughter of *Allan* Lord of *Galloway*, and *Margaret* of *Huntingtoun*. This Policy nothing prevailed againſt his loyal Affection to the Liberty of his Country, for ſoon after, perceiving the Nobility who were left, through Deſperation to give over the publick Cauſe, only Sir *William Wallace* a Gentleman of mean Fortune (Son to Sir *Malcom Wallace* of *Ellerſlie*) but of invincible Courage and Activity, ſhewing himſelf zealous to recover the Liberty of the afflicted Kingdom, he (with *Malcom* Earl of *Lennox*) joyned with him, and theſe valiant Gentlemen who had followed his Conduct. Theſe Worthies holding a Meeting at the *Foreſt* Kirk in the Sheriffdom of *Selkirk*, chooſed *Wallace* Governor and Warden of *Scotland*, with whom they purſued the War ſo hotly, that in few Days they recovered all the north Parts of *Scotland*, chaſed the Earl of *March* and the Lord *Robert Bruce* the elder into *England*, and overthrew at *Stirling* Bridge a great Army commanded by the Earl of *Warren* and Sir *Hugh Creſſinghame*, and all the next Winter ſtayed with a great Army in the very Bowels of *England*; againſt whom in the Spring King *Edward* himſelf coming with a puiſſant Army, yet durſt not hazard Battle.

Thereafter, whilſt *Wallace* was buſied in the *Highlands* of *Lennox*, *Argyle* and *Lorn*, the Lord *William Dowglas* being left in his own Country, perceived an *Engliſh* Knight, *Beaufort* by Name, Captain of the Caſtle of *Sanquhar*, near Kinſman to his Wife the Lady *Ferrares*, and preſuming upon that Friendſhip to behave himſelf more ſecurely, and to uſe great Cruelty and Spoil upon the adjacent Countries, he ſurpriſed him and his Caſtle of *Sanquhar* by a Stratagem, in this Manner. He had a truſty Servant, a young Gentleman named *Thomas Dickſon*, whom he

he acquainted with this Purpoſe, and informed him to proceed. *Thomas Dickſon*, as he was inſtructed, practiſed with one *Anderſon*, who uſed to lead Wood and other Fuel to the Caſtle of *Sanquhar*, ſo that one Morning timeouſly, taking *Anderſon*'s Habit and Carriage, he came to the Caſtle Gate, and being let in by the Porter (thinking him to be *Anderſon*) he made the Cart to fall down in the very Entry, ſo that the Port could not be cloſed, and diſpatching the Porter, gave the Sign to the Lord *Dowglas* lying in Ambuſh nigh to the Place, who entred the Caſtle with all Speed, and forcing the Entry of the great Tower, killed the Captain, with all the Gariſon, except one Man who eſcaped, and informed the *Engliſh* Gariſons lying at *Duriſdeer*, *Tiberſmure* and *Enoch* (ſome ſix or ſeven Miles diſtant at moſt) of the Loſs of the Caſtle of *Sanquhar*, ſhewing withal how it might be eaſily recovered. The Lord *Dowglas*, on the other Part, ſeeing their Purpoſe, and being unprovided for a Siege, immediately diſpatched *Thomas Dickſon* Poſt to *Wallace*, being then in the *Lennox*, who, without Delay, haſted with his Forces to the Relief of the Lord *Dowglas*. The *Engliſh*, who had gathered a great Army out of the next Gariſons, were buſy aſſaulting the Caſtle of *Sanquhar*, hearing the Approach of *Wallace*, raiſed the Siege, quit Gariſons, and made haſte towards *England*; but *Wallace* purſued them ſo hotly, that the better Part of them were killed before they paſſed the Borders. *Wallace* purſued this Victory ſo hotly, that in few Days he recovered all the ſouth Parts of *Scotland*, and ſettled the Country in good Quiet, eſtabliſhing the Lord *Dowglas* as Governor of the South-weſt Countries, betwixt *Drumlanrig* and *Aire*. Theſe Things fell out in the Year 1298. which Paſſages, as the moſt Part of Actions done in the Time of Sir *William Wallace*, are either paſſed over, or ſlenderly touched by the Writers of our Chronicles, altho' the Truth thereof be unqueſtionable, being recorded by theſe Eye-witneſſes, who wrote the Diary, or Hiſtory of Sir *William Wallace* in *Latin*, which is paraphraſtically turned in *Engliſh* Ryme, the Interpreter expreſſing the main Body of the Story very truly, howſoever, miſſing or miſtaking ſome Circumſtances, he differeth therein from the *Latin*. Beſides, the Charter of twenty Merk

Land of *Haſileſide* in *Dowglaſdale*, beſtowed upon this valiant *Thomas Dickſon*, for this and other Services done to this Lord *William Dowglas*, and to his Son Lord *James* (holden of their Succeſſors till this Day) does manifeſtly witneſs the Actions laſt mentioned.

The *Engliſh* Hiſtorians alſo do teſtify, That the Rebellion (as they term it) of *Wallace*, did moſt encreaſe, and took greateſt Strength by this joyning of Sir *William Dowglas* to his Party; and ſome obſerve, that after the Lord *Dowglas* was taken, (whereof we ſhall ſpeak ſhortly) the Authority of *Wallace* much diminiſhed, and his Enemies prevailed ſo far, that he perceiving their Malice, the next Year did give Place to Envy, reſigning and giving up his Authority of Warden and Lieutenant of *Scotland*.

We come now to the Period of this worthy Nobleman's Actions: It is condeſcended by all, that he was taken by the *Engliſh*, and kept in Priſon until his Death, ſtill refuſing to ſubmit himſelf to their uſurped Tyranny; but the Manner of his Taking is diverſly reported by the *Engliſh* Hiſtorians. The Hiſtory of *Wallace* inſinuateth, That he was betrayed by his *Engliſh* Lady. He was conveyed to *Berwick* a Little before the Battle of *Falkirk*, and from thence to *York*, where he was kept cloſe Priſoner in the Caſtle until his Death in the Year 1302. and was buried in a little Chapel (now decayed) at the ſouth End of the Bridge. Howſoever the fatal Deſolation of this Kingdom in that Age hath ſwallowed up in the Oblivion of Time the greateſt Part of the Actions of this noble Patriot; yet if we conſider what Records, Hiſtory and Fame hath preſerved, we may juſtly ſay, he was a famous Witneſs of the Worth of his Anceſtors, and a worthy Progenitor of ſo honourable Succeſſors, to whom he was not inferior in Virtue, albeit not ſo fortunate in the Occaſions of ſhewing the ſame. His invincible Courage and reſtleſs Activity juſtly gained to him the Sirname of *Hardie*; his unmoveable Conſtancy, never ſhaken with Fear nor Threatning, never quelled with Impriſonment and Loſs of his Eſtate, nor allured with great Promiſes and Hope to live; his Zeal to the Liberty of his moſt deſperate Country, his ſingular Honeſty, chooſing rather to joyn with that famous Worthy Sir *William Wallace* (albeit

(albeit a Man of mean Deſcent in reſpect of him) for the Delivery of his native Kingdom, than with the reſt of the Nobility, only reſpecting Greatneſs, to ly aſide and ſtoop to a foreign Commander. Theſe great Virtues breaking through the Cloud of Adverſity, give us juſt Cauſe to account him one of the worthieſt of his Age, and a glorious Witneſs to the World of the unconquered Valour of his Nation, howſoever broken by Calamities, yet never ſubmitting to the Tyranny of Strangers, but ſtanding for the Honour and Cauſe of their Princes, even then when it was forſaken or oppugned by themſelves.

Shortly after this Captivity, in the Year 1299. was fought that unhappy Battel of *Falkirk*, and *Wallace* giving Place to Emulation, retired to *France* for a Time, whereby King *Edward* finding good Opportunity in the Year 1302. entred *Scotland* with a puiſſant Army of *Engliſh*, and ſuch of the *Scottiſh* Nobility as were of his Party, and finding no Army able to reſiſt him, he paſt forward through the Kingdom, every where deſtroying all ancient Monuments; all Records and Regiſters he either burnt or ſent into *England*, all Men of known Learning he tranſported to *Oxford*, leaving nothing which could preſerve the Remembrance of any Antiquity, or ſtir up the Spirits of the Inhabitants to the Deſire of their wonted Liberty, truſting hereby to break their Courages, that they ſhould from thenceforth quietly reſt in their Obedience: For effectuating whereof he ſtayed all that Winter and the next Spring in *Scotland*. He expreſſed his Cruelty eſpecially againſt the Lord *Dowglas*, for his conſtant ſtanding out againſt him; his Lands were given to the Lord *Clifford*, all his Evidents and Monuments were deſtroyed, which is the Cauſe that we have ſo little Remembrance left of the Antiquity of that Houſe before the Days of good Lord *James*.

But at this Time *Robert Bruce* (who contended with *Baliol*) departed this Life. His Son *Robert Bruce*, pitying the Deſolation of his native Country, entred Conference with *John Cuming* the red Lord of *Cumbernald* (neareſt Kinſman to *Baliol*) anent the Way to ſet it at Liberty. At laſt they drew up an Indenture, That *Cuming*, with all his Friendſhip, ſhould aſſiſt *Bruce* to attain the Crown, for the which he ſhould have *Carrick*, *Anan-*

dale, *Garioch*, and all other Lands belonging to the Lord *Bruce* in *Scotland*; but *Cuming* ſhortly thereafter (repenting himſelf, as being miſcontent that *Bruce* intended to joyn with *Wallace*, to whom *Cuming* was a great Enemy, and hoping, if *Bruce* were diſpatched, he might the more eaſily attain to the Kingdom himſelf) revealed the Matter to King *Edward*, and ſent him the Indenture; but whilſt the King lingred, to the end that before he impriſoned the Lord *Bruce*, he might be ſure to have his four Brethren in his Power, *Bruce* advertiſed ſecretly by his Friend the Earl of *Gloceſter*, ſtole away from Court, and diſpatched *Cuming* at *Dumfries*, and eſcaped. At the ſame Time Sir *William Wallace*, betrayed by his familiar Friend, was taken and inhumanly put to Death by King *Edward*.

Henricus de *Knighton*, [*De eventibus* Angl. *Lib.* 3. *Pag.* 2513. *& ſeqq.*] ait, Cumque prædicti comes & theſaurarius ad partes perrexiſſent auſtrales, ut parliamento regis intereſſe poſſent, Quod in Feſto Sancti *Petri* ad vincula *Londoniæ* tenebatur, nil mali ſuſpicantes in *Scotis*, ecce prædicti duo *Willielmi* cum populo perverſo venientes, credebant ſe invenire poſſe juſticiarium regis noſtri prædictum apud *Scone* ubi placitaverat, ut eum perimerent feſtinabant; ipſe tamen præmunitus cum difficultate evaſit, relinquens hoſtibus ſpolia multa. Quibus collectis, jam non in occulto ut prius, ſed palam proceſſerunt, concludentes in ore gladii omnes *Anglicos*, quos ultra mare *Scotiæ* invenire potuerunt, divertentes poſtea ad obſidionem Caſtrorum.

Theſaurarius] Dixerat idem *Pag.* 2483. Ordinavit igitur rex in parliamento ſuo de *Berwick* novum Theſaurarium regni *Scotiæ*, novum ſigillum, & novum cancellarium, juſticiarioſque conſtituit; & præcepit ut omnes qui terras aliquantas de dominio regis tenerent, vocarentur, homagiumque facerent. Idem *Pag.* 2513. Menſe Maii ejuſdem anni Domini 1290. gens *Scotorum* perfida rebellare cœpit, hoc modo. Comes de *Warenna* cui rex noſter curam & cuſtodiam totius regni *Scotiæ* vice ſua & nomine commiſerat, corruptionem aeris cauſans, dixit ſe ibi non poſſe manere cum ſanitate; manſitque in *Anglia*, in parte tamen Aquilonis, & hoſtes exulantes ſegniter proſecutus eſt, quod fuit nobis in poſterum fons & origo magni mali. Theſaurarius etiam regis dominus

minus *Hugo* de *Creſſinghame*, homo pompoſus & elatus, valde pecuniam dilexit, & murum lapideum quem ipſe dominus rex novum foſſatum apud *Berwick* conſtrui præceperat, non conſtruxit, quod noſtris evenit in Scandalum. Juſticiarius vero regis dominus *Willielmus Ornesby* præceptum regis proſequens, omnes qui fidelitatem regi *Angliæ* facere noluerant, abſque perſonarum diſtinctione exulabat.

Idem *C.* 10. *P.* 2515. Nunciata ſunt hæc regi in *Flandria* exiſtenti, quæ cum ad audientiam ejus perveniſſent, de facili fidem non adhibuit, ſed miſſo *Dunelmenſi* Epiſcopo [*Antonio Beak*] præcepit ſuper hoc veritatem inquiri. Qui feſtinando convolans invenit multitudinem *Scotorum* conglobatam, cui reſiſtere non audebat, & reverſus ad regem omnia per ordinem nunciavit; rex vero in *Flandria* quaſi accinctus ad iter, transfretandi propoſitum mutare noluit, ſed omnem militiam *Eboracenſis* comitatus a *Trenta* uſque in *Scotiam* ipſi comiti de *Warenna* aſſignans, præcepit ut *Scotorum* audaciam feſtinando reprimeret, & auctores mali debita juſtitia caſtigaret; remiſit etiam in terram *Scotiæ* ambos illos comites, *Johannem* de *Badenaugh*, & *Johannem* de *Buchan*, præcipiens eis in fide ſua, ut tumultum populi ſedarent, & manerent in fidelitate promiſſa; quorum ille de *Buchan*, colorem primo ſimulans, cœpit reprimere quorundam audaciam, ſed tamen in fine factus eſt nobis de converſo perverſus. Alter vero de *Badenaugh* ſuorum animos mutare non valens, manſit cum noſtris ſaltem cum corpore.

Comes vero de *Warenna* [*Surriæ* comes] de comitatu *Eboracenſi* exercitum congregans, præmiſit ante ſe cognatum ſuum, dominum *Henricum* de *Percy*, qui, congregato exercitu, comitatus *Karliolenſis*, *Vallem Anandiæ* ingreſſus eſt cum tricentis armatis & XL. millibus peditum electorum, circa Feſtum beati *Laurentii* Martyris, cumque pernoctaſſent noſtri apud *Lochmabane*, non timentes ſibi in aliquo, ecce incolæ ejuſdem patriæ exterrere eos volentes, quaſi nocte media clamabant, non quidem *Philiſtini* ſed *Scoti* ſuper nos. At illi currentes ad arma mox unuſquiſque domum in qua manſerat accendit, & conglobati continuo receſſerunt cum lumine, profectique ſunt inde per modicas diætas uſque ad villam de *Are* juxta *Gallowalliam*, ut ad pacem admitterent

Galewalenſes; eumque non veniſſent niſi pauci equeſtres, nunciatum eſt eis poſt triduum, quod *Scotorum* exercitus non diſtabat ab eis niſi ſpatium II. leucarum: at illi ſummo mane caſtra moventes egreſſi ſunt campum juxta *Irvin*, ordinantes exercitum, & ad bellum ſe parantes; eratque *Scotorum* exercitus ex parte altera cujuſdam laci modici, & mutuo ſe videbant.

Sequuntur alia geſta Willielmi *Dowglas, & comitum ſuorum.* Cum magnates *Scotiæ*, epiſcopus ſcilicet *Glaſguenſis*, *Robertus Wiſhart* ſeneſcallus *Scotiæ*, & *Willielmus Dowglas*, viderent ſe eſſe impares equeſtribus noſtris, licet pedeſtres noſtros in duplo excederent, miſſis nuntiis ad noſtros, petierunt, utrum eſſet ibi aliquis ex parte regis *Angliæ*, qui eos ad pacem recipere poſſet? & reſponſo quod ſic, confeſtim venit ad eos ille ſtrenuus miles *Ricardus Lundie*, qui nunquam regi noſtro fidelitatem fecerat, & ſe cum ſuis dedit voluntati regis noſtri, dicens, ſe nolle ulterius cum diſcordantibus & variantibus militare, quod cum vidiſſent alii magnates nominati, conſternati ſunt, & continuo ſe dederunt prædicto domino *Henrico* de *Percy* nomine regis, ſalvis eis vita & membris, terris & catallis, & quod condonarentur omnia uſque ad eandem diem, promiſſis obſidibus, & inſtrumentis confectis, & conditionaliter admiſſi ſunt, ſi talia regi complacerent. Cumque noſtri reverterentur apud *Irvin*, nunciatum eſt eis quod multi ex *Galewalenſibus*, eorum ſarciunculas hoſtiliter deprædati ſunt, interfectis pluſquam quingentis viris cum mulieribus & parvulis, quos inſequentes, percutierunt ex eis circiter mille viros, & reverſi ſunt noſtri, ſic multiplicata præda.

Willielmus Wallas interim populum adjuvabat. Magnates *Scotorum* impoſuerunt culpam prædicto domino *Willielmo Dowglas*, & epiſcopo *Glaſguenſi*, qui notam criminis impoſiti excuſare volentes, ſponte dederunt ſe, primo ille *Willielmus*, & paulo poſt ipſe dominus epiſcopus, & traditus eſt epiſcopus ſub cuſtodia caſtri de *Rokesburgh* vice nominis regis noſtri; ipſe vero *Willielmus* in caſtro de *Berwick* poſitus eſt, & retentus ſalvo cuſtoditus. Quod cum audiſſet ille latro *Willielmus Wallas*, iratus animo, perrexit ad domum epiſcopi, & omnem ejus ſupellectilem, arma & equos, filios etiam epiſcopi nepotes nomine nuncupatos ſecum adduxit, ut auctus immenſo *Scotorum* numero eo quod com-

communitas terræ ſequebatur eum tanquam ducem & principem, tota etiam familia Magnatum adhærebant ei; & licet ipſi Magnates cum rege noſtro eſſent corpore; cor tamen eorum longe erat ab eo.

Anno M. CC. LXXXXV. *D.* Vallas *obſedit arcem de* Cowpar *in* Fyfe] Sir *James Balfour* Lord Lyon, in his Acount of *Fyfe* MS. ſayeth, That it was anciently one of the ſtrongeſt Forts of this Country, having been repaired by the *Engliſh*, commanded by Sir *Hugh Creſſinghame*; they were expelled thence with the Death of two hundred Men by the Governor Sir *William Wallace*. *Hector Boeth.* (Scot. *Hiſt. Lib.* 14. *Fol.* 295.) ſaith, That *Wallace* was then beſieging the Caſtle of *Cowpar*, & that after he had obtained the Victory at *Stirling* Bridge, he returned to the Siege, and that the Gariſon were ſo affrighted upon his Return, they ſurrendred the Caſtle to him.

Duodecimo Junii anno Salutis 1298. *Cuſtos regni debellavit* Anglos *in prælio, ad* Black-iron-ſide *in* Fyfa] Sir *James Balfour*, in his Account of *Fyfe* MS. ſaith, That *Black-iron-ſide* Foreſt (which lieth upon the ſouth Coaſt of *Tay*, in the north-weſt Part of *Fyfe*) tho' now it contains ſcarce a Mile in Length of Brambles and Haſel-nut Trees, intermixed with ſome few Oaks, was of old great and beautiful, and four Miles in Length, and three in Breadth. It was in this Foreſt that Sir *William Wallace* did defeat the *Engliſh* Commander Sir *John Pſewart*, and killed, or took Priſoners 1580 of his Men, himſelf narrowly eſcaping.

Hoc ipſo anno 1298. *die* 28. *menſis Auguſti, horreas villæ de* Aire *repletas cum militibus* Anglorum, *ex improviſo nocturno tempore cremarunt, dominus* Wallas Scotiæ *Cuſtos, cum* Johanne Grhame, & Johanne *de* Monteith *militibus, nec non* Alexandro Scrimzeure *conſtabulario villæ de* Dundee, & vexillario *Scotiæ.*] *Johannes Major* (*De geſt.* Scot. *Fol.* 79.) ad hæc ait, *Anglorum* inſignes viros apud horrea *Aeriæ* reſidentes de nocte incendit, & qui a voraci flamma evaſerunt, ejus mucrone occubuerunt.

De Bello ad Variam Capellam.

ANNO Gratiæ 1298 *rex* Angliæ Edwardus *male ferens mala & anguſtias ſibi & ſuis, per* Willielmum Wallas *illatas, &c.*] Ad hæc *Hen.* de *Knighton, Lib.* 3. De eventibus *Angliæ, Cap.* 12. Tunc rex direxit ſe verſus *Scotos*, & tentoria fixit in medio camporum, & *Scoti* appropinquantes clamaverunt ad *Anglicos* altiſonis vocibus, & gentes noſtræ ſub omni celeritate ſe paraverunt ad pugnam prompti, & cum rex dextrarium aſcenderet, urgens equum calcaribus, fregit duas coſtas ejuſdem, ſed ex hoc non omittens, cito alium aſcendit, & ſuos ad bellum hortatur, & blandis ſermonibus conſolatur. Sicque congreſſi ſunt uterque exercitus in die Sanctæ *Magdalenæ* apud *Fowchirchie:* & fuit bellum forte nimis; ibique ceciderunt de *Scotis* mortui numero XXX. millia & plures, & *Anglici* habuerunt victoriam.

Thomas Walſinghame Hiſt. *Angl. Edwardo* I. *Pag.* 42. *& ſeqq.* Itaque juxta locum qui *Fowkyrke* dicitur, in die beatæ *Mariæ Magdalenæ, Wilhelmus Wallas*, conſtruxit ſepem inter *Scotorum* exercitum & *Anglorum*, longos palos in terram figens, & cum funibus nectens & chordis, ut ingreſſum *Anglicorum* ad ſuos impediret. Deinde pedeſtrem *Scotorum* populum in prima acie collocavit, dicens eis patria lingua, *I have brought you to the King, hope gif you kun.*

Rex vero videns diſpoſitionem *Scotorum*, juſſit *Wallenſibus*, ut eos aggrederentur. Sed ipſi propter inveteratum odium quod gerebant ad regem, negotium diſtulerunt, credentes quod *Scoti*, qui multo plures fuerunt quam *Anglici*, victoriam reportaſſent, & per conſequens ipſi votorum ſuorum effecti compotes, in *Anglicos* cum *Scotis* comiter irruiſſent, & mala irrogata jamdudum genti ſuæ viriliter derogaſſent. Rex vero, dato ſigno prælii primæ cohorti, irruit in *Scotos* audaciter, ſepemque dirumpit. Congrediuntur igitur ambo exercitus, ſed fugientibus ſtatim *Scotorum* equitibus, *Anglici* inſequuntur cædentes, & ſtragem magnam ingerentes, ut eorum qui cæciderant de *Scotis* in hoc prælio numerus æſtimetur ſexaginta millia exceſſiſſe. In principio autem prælii, præceptor militiæ templi in *Anglia*, & ſocius ejus qui erat præceptor *Scotiæ*, *Scotorum* agmini ſe immiſcentes ante alios oppreſſi,

oppreſſi, oppreſſorum multitudine ſunt perempti. *Willielmus Wallas*, & majores *Scotiæ*, ab hoc prælio ad nemora confugerunt.

Idem *Tho. Walſinghame* in *Ypodigma Neuſtriæ*, Pag. 87. ad annum 1298. ait, Rex *Edwardus* ad reprimendum *Scotorum* rebelliones parliamentum tenuit *Eboraci*, vocatiſque *Scotorum* majoribus, cum non venirent, indixit ſuis ut cum equis & armis parati eſſent *Rokesburgiæ*, in Feſto S. *Johannis Baptiſtæ*. Tempore præfixo affuit rex paratus ad proficiſcendum, profectuſque eſt cum exercitu ad quandam villam vocatam *Temple-hiſton*, [*ex actis* Vallæ *lingua vernacula apparet, locum fuiſſe* Torphichinum. *Villa enim illa olim ſedes erat militum* Templariorum & Melitenſium, & *præceptor dicebatur apud nos*, Lord St. *John*, *cujus jus nunc eſt penes dominum* Sandilandium *de* Torphichen] ubi dum moraretur, *Scotorum* exercitus, putans *Anglos* confectos inedia, venit prope locum. Quod rex prænoſcens, proceſſit *Scotis* obviam, & nocte jam cæca in quadam campi planicie, cum armato conſedit exercitu. In aurora clamor factus eſt horribilis, tanquam *Scoti* caſtra regi occupaſſent. Regis dextrarius tumultuoſo actus clamore, Regem jam aſcendentem recalcitrando dejecit, ejuſque lateri calces poſteriores allidens, duas ei coſtas confregit. Qui nihilominus aſcendens equum alium, exercitum progredientem ad bellum comitari non omiſit. In die beatæ *Mariæ Magdalenæ* commiſſo inter *Anglos* & *Scotos* cruentiſſimo bello, *Scoti* terga dedere, occiſis ex eis 60 millibus ea die.

Gulielmus Wallace, & majores *Scotiæ*, ab iſto diſcrimine ad nemora confugerunt.

Thomas Wikes, in chronico, *Pag.* 127. [vid. *Hiſt.* Angl. *Scriptores* 5 Oxoniæ 1687.] ait, Rex *Edwardus* occidit LX. millia *Scotorum* apud *Fawkirke*, in Feſto Beatæ *Mariæ Magdalenæ*, veruntamen *Scoti* paulatim invaleſcentes per triginta annos uſque ad tempora regis *Edwardi* poſt conqueſtum tertii, *Anglos* & *Anglorum* loca vicina protriverunt, quod quidem infortunium dolo & effœminationi *Anglorum* multi deputarunt, nonnulli vero vindici dextræ Dei aſcripſerunt, juxta prophetiam illam quæ tempore regis *Egelfredi* prædixit gentem *Anglorum* per *Dacos*, *Francos* & *Scotos* fore exterminandam. De qua re prophetavit quidam

dam *Scotus* anachorita in hunc modum. *Angli*, quia proditioni, ebrietati, & negligentiæ domus Dei dediti ſunt, primo per *Danos*, deinde per *Normannos*, tertio per *Scotos*, quos viliſſimos reputant, erunt conterendi: adeoque tunc varium erit ſeculum, ut varietas mentium multimoda veſtium varietate deſignetur.

Matthæus Weſtmonaſterienſis, Pag. 411. [vid. *Flores* Hiſt. *Londini*, 1570.] ait, Commiſſum eſt bellum terribile in die S. *Mariæ Magdalenæ*, in campo qui dicitur *Fawkirk*, & ſtatim diſgregati *Scoti*, ceciderunt ex eis equites ducenti, pedites vero XL. M. & amplius, cæteris vero protinus in fugam converſis, pluribus ſe in flumen demergentibus. Ex *Anglis* quidem ceciderunt *Brianus* de *Jay*, magiſter templariorum in *Anglia*, & quidem peditum ferme triginta.

Holingſhed, in *Edward* the firſt, in the Year 1298. [third Vol. of Chronicles] giveth a full Account of this Battle, thus. The King being returned from *Flanders* to *England*, called a Parliament to meet at *York*, and gave Summons unto the Lords of *Scotland* to come to the ſame; but making Default in their Appearance, he ſent forth his Commiſſion and Letters to warn his Subjects to be ready with Horſe and Harneſs at *Rokesburgh*, in the Feaſt of the Nativity of St. *John Baptiſt* next enſuing. They obeying his Commandment, aſſembled there at the Day appointed.

There were in this Army now aſſembled at *Rokesburgh*, together with thoſe of the Biſhoprick, about three thouſand Men of Arms mounted on barbed Horſes, beſides four thouſand other armed Men on Horſe-back without Barbs. There were alſo a great Number of Footmen, and yet none but ſuch as came upon their own good Wills, the which were almoſt all *Welſhmen* or *Iriſhmen*. There came afterwards five hundred Men of Arms well apparelled, furniſhed and mounted, out of *Gaſcoin*.

The King marching forth with his Army, came to *Temple hiſton*, and ſent forth the Biſhop of *Durham* to take certain Caſtles thereabouts, as *Ormton* [*Ormſton*] or as ſome Copies have, *Drilton* [*Dirlton*] and other two, which Enterpriſe the Biſhop ſpeedily accompliſhed. The King hearing the *Scots* were coming towards him, raiſed his field, and went forth to meet them, lodging

ing the next Night in a fair Plain, in the Morning very early a great Alarm was raiſed, ſo that every Man got him to Armour, ſuppoſing the *Scots* to be at hand. The Horſe appointed for the King's Saddle that Day, as the King ſhould have got upon him, frighted with ſome Noiſe, ſtarted aſide, and threw the King down with ſuch Violence, that he broke two of his Ribs, as the Report went. Others write, That his Horſe trode on him in the Night, as he and his People reſted them, keeping their Horſes ſtill bridled, to be ready the ſooner upon Occaſion of any Neceſſity; but howſoever he came by this Hurt, he ſtaid not to paſs forward in his purpoſed Journey, but mounting upon another Horſe, went forth with his Army till he came to a Place called *Falkirk*, where both the Armies of *Scotland* and *England* met and fought.

The *Scots* were divided in four Schiltron, as they termed them, or as we may ſay, round Battles in Form of a Circle, in the which ſtood their People that carried long Spears, which they croſſed joyntly together one with another, betwixt which Schiltrons were certain Spaces left, the which were filled with their Archers and Bowmen, and behind all theſe were their Horſemen placed. They had choſen a ſtrong Ground, ſomewhat ſidling on the Side of a Hill. The Earls *Marſhal*, *Hereford* and *Lincoln*, which led the Foreward of the *Engliſhmen*, at the firſt made directly towards the *Scots*; but they were ſtayed, by reaſon they found a Mariſh or Moſs betwixt their Enemies and them, ſo that they were conſtrained to fetch a Compaſs towards the weſt Side of the Field. The Biſhop of *Durham* ruling in the ſecond Battle of the *Engliſhmen*, conſiſting of ſix and thirty Standards, knowing the Let of that Moſs towards the eaſt Side, haſted forth to be the firſt that ſhould give the Onſet; but yet when they approached near to the Enemies, the Biſhop commanded his People to ſtay till the third Battle, which the King led, might approach. But that valiant Knight the Lord *Rafe Baſſet* of *Draiton* ſaid to him, My Lord Biſhop, you may go and ſay Maſs, which better becometh you, than to teach us what we have to do, for we will do that which belongeth to the Order and Cuſtom of War.

Herewith they haſted forth on that Side to charge the firſt Schiltron of the *Scots*, and the Earls with their Battle on the other Side, and even upon the firſt Brunt the *Scottiſh* Horſemen fled, a few only excepted, who ſtaid to keep the Footmen in Order; and amongſt others was the Lord Stewart of *Scotland*, who, as he was about to ſet in Order the Bowmen of *Selkirk*, by chance was unhorſed, and ſlain there amongſt the ſame Bowmen, and many a tall Man's Body with him. The *Scottiſh* Archers thus being ſlain, the *Engliſhmen* aſſailed the Spearmen, but keeping themſelves cloſe together, and ſtanding at Defence with their Spears like a thick Wood, they kept out the *Engliſh* Horſemen for a While, and fought manfully, though they were ſore beaten with Shot of Arrows by the *Engliſh* Archers on Foot, and ſo at length galled with Shot, and aſſailed by the Horſemen on each Side, they begun to diſorder, and ſhrink from one Side to another; and herewith the Horſemen brake in amongſt them, and ſo they were ſlain, and beaten down in Manner all the whole Number of them.

Some ſay there died of the *Scots* that Day (being the 22 of *July*, and the Feaſt of *Mary Magdalen*) above twenty thouſand. Others write, That there were ſlain at the leaſt to the Number of 15000. The *Scottiſh* Writers alledge, That this Battle was loſt by Treaſon of the *Cumings* and others.

The ſame *Holling ſhed* telleth us, [*Hiſtory of* Scotland, *Pag.* 210.] That as in the Beginning all Men were glad to ſupport *Wallace* in all Exploits and Enterpriſes which he took in Hand; ſo afterward, when his Fame began to wax great, to the Derogation of other Mens Renowns, ſuch as were far his Superiors in Birth and Lineage, that Favour which many bare him at the firſt, was now turned into Envy, having no ſmall Indignation, that a Man of ſo baſe Parentage ſhould ſo ſurmount them in all Honour and Dignity. Thoſe that envied him moſt were of the *Cuming*'s Blood, and *Robert Bruce*. King *Edward* being advertiſed of this envious Grudge, and new Sedition amongſt the Nobles of *Scotland*, had ſecret Conference, by his Agents, with the chiefeſt amongſt thoſe that thus envied the high Glory of *Wallace*, and upon Truſt of ſuch Practice as was concluded by reaſon of the ſame Conference, he

he came with a mighty Army into *Scotland*, and at *Falkirk* met with this *Wallace*, who miſtruſting no Guile, had raiſed a Power to reſiſt him; but now being come in Sight of the *Engliſhmen*, there roſe a right odious Contention betwixt the head Captains, who ſhould have the Leading of the Vanguard, which is reputed a moſt high Honour amongſt the *Scottiſhmen*; and among others *John Stewart*, and *John Cuming*, thought Scorn that *Wallace*, a Man of ſo low Beginning, ſhould be preferred before them in that Honour. But on the other Part, *Wallace* conſidering that the Charge of the Whole was given unto him by Agreement and Conſent of the three Eſtates, thought it no Reaſon that he ſhould give place to any of them, though unto his Face, as ſaith *John Major*, the Lord *Stewart* had before upbraided him with his Pride, comparing him to an Owl, which from his Original had begged a Feather of every Bird, and being now enriched with abundance of Feathers, did advance himſelf above all other Birds.

In the mean time came the *Engliſhmen* upon them right fiercely, before the *Scottiſh* Chiftains (having their Breaſts filled with more Malice one againſt another, than with Deſire to Defend their Country againſt their Enemies) could bring their Men into any perfect Aray. Herewith, at the Coming to the Point of joyning, the *Cumings* with their Retinues fled out of the Field, and left the Reſidue of the *Scots* in all the Danger. *Robert Bruce* ſerving that Day amongſt the *Engliſhmen*, fetched a Compaſs about a Hill, and came on the Backs of the *Scots*, ſo that they were a in Manner compaſſed in, and beaten down on each Side. Yet *Wallace* left nothing undone that might pertain to the Duty of a valiant Captain; but at length, all his Endeavours notwithſtanding, the *Scots* (overſet with Multitudes of Enemies) were ſlain in ſuch huge Numbers, that he was conſtrained to draw out of the Field, with ſuch ſmall Remnants as were left alive. The *Engliſhmen* purſued fiercely after him, and namely one valiant Captain name Frier *Brain Jay*, a Templer, whom *Wallace* perceiving to be within his Danger, ſtepped forth unto him, and ſlew him there in Sight (as it is ſaid) of all the *Engliſh* Army; Which valiant Act of *Wallace* cauſed the *Engliſhmen* ſomewhat

to ſtay, for Doubt of other Peril by their unwiſe Purſuit likely to befal them. In this unfortunate Battle were ſlain on the *Scottiſh* Side, *John Stewart* of *Bute* with his Brandans, (for ſo they name them that are taken up to ſerve in the Wars forth of the *Stewarts* Lands) *Macduff* Earl of *Fyfe*, with Sir *John Graham*, whoſe Death was much lamented by *Wallace*, as one whom he highly eſteemed for his great Experience in warlike Knowledge. Many other noble and valiant Men died in this Conflict, whoſe Names would be too long to rehearſe. This Battle was ſtricken on *Mary Magdalen*'s Day, in the Year of our Lord 1298. and therefore the *Engliſhmen* have holden it ever ſince a happy Day for to fight againſt the *Scots*.

When *William Wallace* was paſſed the River *Carron*, where he might defend himſelf, and gather his diſperſed People, *Bruce* deſired to ſpeak unto him, which *Wallace* did not deny, whereupon (each of them drawing alone by themſelves, without any Arbiters, to the Banks of the River, in ſuch Place as it was narroweſt, and they might, without any Company, beſt hear one another) *Bruce* began to ſay as followeth. I do much muſe, thou moſt valiant of all Men, what came into thy Mind to be carried away by the uncertain Favour of the common People, and to ſtand againſt the mightieſt King of our Age, ſupported with the greateſt Forces of the *Scots*, and daily to offer thy ſelf to every Danger, and that for no Reward aſſured to thee for all thy Labours; for if thou ſhouldſt overcome King *Edward*, the *Scots* will never advance thee to the Kingdom; and if thou be overcome, there reſteth no Refuge for thee, but only the Mercy of thine Enemy; and doſt thou not ſee the *Cumings* and me, and the moſt of the Nobility, to follow the *Engliſh* Faction? Neither doſt thou conſider the Malice of the Princes conceived againſt thee; look unto thy ſelf. And thou haſt but a few of the Nobles thy Partakers, and a ſmall Number of the Commons (who are more uncertain than the Wind) to follow thee, whoſe Fortune is now almoſt overthrown. All theſe Words *John Major* ſuppoſeth that *Robert Bruce* did ſpeak, to ſearch the Mind of *Wallace*, whether he mean'd to aſpire to the Crown, or no, being indeed rather contented that *Wallace* had left the Field, than

other-

otherwiſe to reduce him to the Part of King *Edward.* To whom *Wallace* anſwered in this Sort.

The End of all my Travel was not to attain the Kingdom, for my Birth and Fortune neither did or could deſerve it, and my Mind did never deſire it; but the negligent Sloth of thee (to whom the Right of that Diadem doth appertain, and who doth greedily hunt thereafter) made my Citizens (perceiving themſelves deſtitute of faithful Governors) to follow me, and cauſed me (when I ſaw them in that Miſery, rather butcherly torn, than in honeſt Servitude to be oppreſſed) to ſeek for Liberty, which ſurely I had obtained for them and you, if the Nobility had not ſo evilly ſtrived againſt me, refrained themſelves from coming into the Field, and had but ſent their Hinds (who till their Land) forth to the Battle, at which Time I had ſcarce 10000 Men, and thoſe of common Sort. Truly if the Princes had not been Impediment thereto, I could have brought forth to fight a hundred thouſand bold and cheerful Soldiers, but now, in truth, I perceive the Hatred of the Nobles againſt me this Day; wherefore, if thou pretend to poſſeſs the Kingdom, I give thee faithful Warning, eſpecially to beware of the *Cumings*, who, if they had more regarded the Glory of their Country, than of ſecret Malice to others, would not ſo wickedly have forſaken the Field, what Hate ſoever they had conceived againſt me. If they had given their Faith to the King of *England*, they are not bound to keep it; in a wicked Promiſe no Oath is to be performed. I am now weary of my Life, and rather deſire to die, than to live in this Sort, to ſee the Miſery of my beloved Country; wherefore embrace you this Thraldom, (which is ſo much eſteemed of you) to whom filthy Servitude with Eaſe ſeemeth more pleaſant, than honeſt Liberty with Danger; for I had rather chooſe willing Death with Freedom (in which I mean to ſpend my Blood) than to do as you have done, becauſe the Love of my Country ſhall not depart from my Heart, before the Life of my Body depart from his Office. Which being ſaid, *Bruce* burſt forth in Tears, conſidering the Nobility of the Mind of *Wallace*, although perhaps he nothing miſliked the Misfortune of the Man, as doubting the End of all his Pretence to be to attain to the Crown.

This being thus done, they both depart to their Companies. By which Conference (ſaith *Leſly* Biſhop of *Roſs*) this good was wrought to *Scotland*, (to recompenſe the Overthrow of *Falkirk*) that *Wallace*, partly by the Bitterneſs of his Words, and partly for the Love of his Country, did now draw *Bruce* from the *Engliſh*, to take Part with the *Scots*.

But notwithſtanding all theſe valiant Speeches of *Wallace*, when he conſidered the unfortunate Diſcomfiture by him ſo treacherouſly received, he came to *Perth*, and there uttering by Complaint the injurious Envy of the Nobles againſt him, he renounced and diſcharged himſelf of all the Authority which had been committed to his Hands, touching the Governance of the Realm.

Polidorus Virgilius [Angl. *Hiſt. Lib.* 17. *Pag.* 438.] ait, *Edwardus* ad VII. Calend. *Junii*, anno 1298. qui erat dies conſtitutus ad iter faciendum, in *Scotiam* proficiſcitur, eamque ingreſſus inſtructo agmine, in loca interiora penetrat, quibus *Scotos* ſe continere intellexerat, qui non procul a *Vario Sacello* caſtra habebant.

Acceſſit prope locum rex, factaque dimicandi poteſtate, ex proximo colle in campum deſcendit. Prima luce *Scoti* aciem inſtruunt, e regioneque caſtrorum ſe oſtentant. Tum *Edwardus* milites cohortatus ut ſuæ priſtinæ virtutis memoriam tenerent, dat ſignum prælii: primo concurſu ab dextro cornu ubi *Anglicus* equitatus conſtiterat, hoſtes pelluntur, atque in fugam vertuntur: ab ſiniſtro cum primi hoſtium ordines telis transfixi concidiſſent, reliqui tamen acerrime reſiſtebant, qui, ad ultimum circumventi, omnes interfecti ſunt. Amplius quindecim millia *Scotorum* eo die cecidiſſe annales tradunt. Rex poſt victoriam adeptam, cum jam commeatu careret, quem pro tempore in paucos dies ſecum tulerat, deſtitit a perſequendo.

Edward Ayſcu [*Hiſtory of the Wars*, &c. *between* England *and* Scotland, *Pag.* 123.] ſaith, *Midſummerday* being come, there repaired to the King about 3000 Men of Arms, mounted on barbed Horſes, beſides 4000 light Horſemen, and a great Number of Footmen, the better Part *Welſhmen* and *Iriſhmen*. The whole Army being come within *Scotland* to a Place called *Falkirk*, about four Miles from *Stirling*, where the *Scots* lay, was divided into

three Battles. The foremoſt was led by the Earls, *Marſhal*, *Hereford* and *Lincoln*, the ſecond by the Biſhop of *Durham* a martial Prelate. [*John Stow* (in his Annals of *England*) ſaith, *Anthony Beke* Biſhop of *Dureſme*, had at this Battle ſuch a Retinue, that in his Company were two and thirty Banners.] The Rereward was conducted by the King himſelf. In like Manner the *Scottiſh* Army was divided into three, the firſt was led by *John Cuming*, the ſecond by *John Stewart*, and the third by the valiant Captain *Wallace*. The whole conſiſted of ſome thirty thouſand Men, well and ſtrongly appointed.

The Character of Biſhop *Beke* is given by two famous *Engliſh* Writers, the firſt is *Fr. Godwin* Biſhop of *Landaſve* [*Comment. de præſulib.* Angliæ *in* Ant. Beke] *Antonius Beke* in excelſo pegmate, a *Gulielmo Eboracenſi* archiepiſcopo, præſente rege, & multis regni magnatibus, conſecratur ad hanc ſedem, in qua, potentia, opulentiaque, ſic viguit, ut omnes tam ſucceſſores quam anteceſſores (ſi unum forte *Wolſœum* demas) non paucis paraſangis fuerit ſupergreſſus. Præter numeratæ pecuniæ gazas immenſas, prædia poſſidebat ad eccleſiam non ſpectantia, quæ redderent annuatim quinque Millia *Marcarum*. Horum multa illi obvenerunt a *Veſceio* barone, qui fiduciarium eum conſtituit hæredem, ut ille ad *Gulielmum*, nothum dicti Baronis, hæreditatem poſtea transferret, quod tamen ab eo nunquam factum. Opum hujuſmodi conſcientia turgidus, titulum cœpit ſpernere epiſcopalem, ſeque curavit patriarcham *Hieroſolimitanum* a Papa declarandum. Et *Manniæ* inſulæ principatu a rege ceu prece ceu pretio impretrato quoad vixit potitus eſt, &c.

The other is *Henry Wharton* [Angliæ *ſacræ*, I. *Pars*, *Pag.* 745. *& ſeqq.*] Erat autem iſte *Antonius* magnanimus, poſt regem nulli in regno in apparatu, geſtu & potentia militari ſecundus; magis circa negotia regni, quam circa epiſcopalia occupatus. In guerra regi potenter aſſiſtens, & in conſiliis providus; nam in guerra *Scotiæ* habuit de familia ſua. XXVI. vexillarios, & communiter de ſua ſecta CXL. milites; ita ut magis crederetur princeps laicus, quam ſacerdos, vel epiſcopus. Et quamvis gauderet ſic militum conſtipari agmine, erga tamen eos ſic ſe habuit, quaſi eos non curaſſet. Comites & barones regni majores ſibi genu-

flectere, & eo ſedente milites quaſi ſervientes diutiſſime coram eo aſtare parvipendens. Nil ei carum erat, quod ejus gloriam magnificare poſſet. Pro XL halecibus recentibus XL ſolidos *Londoniæ* ſemel ſolvit; aliis ex magnatibus tunc in parliamento, ibi conſiſtentibus, pro nimia cariſtia emere non curantibus, &c.

ADDENDA.

Duces Scotici *in Prælio apud* Variam Capellam.

DOMINUS *Johannes Seneſcallus*] Mr. *Thomas Crawford* in his Notes ſaith, It is moſt probable that his Name was *James Stewart*, for ſo the great Stewart of *Scotland* was named at that Time.

Johannes Cuminius] The ſame learned Man ſaith, This was *John Cuming* of *Cumbernauld*, who, it ſeemeth, was Lord of *Galloway*, in Right of his Wife, after *Baliol*'s Degradation.

John the great Stewart of *Scotland*, Lord of *Renfrew*, &c.] The Notes upon *Buchanan* make him to be *Botæ* dominus, frater natu minor *Jacobi Stewarti* patris *Walteri*, qui fuit gener regis *Roberti Bruſii*. *John Major* ſaith of him, [*De geſtis* Scot. *Lib.* 4. *Fol.* 72.] Referunt enim dominum *Stewartum*, *Wallaceum* buboni comparaſſe: qui a ſuo origine explumis, a qualibet ave plumam mendicando habuit: & plumarum copia donatus, ſuper reliquas aves intumuit: ſic principum viribus *Wallaceus* ſuffultus ſuper principes imperium gerere cupiebat: hæc coram *Gulielmo* dixiſſe dominum *Stewartum* in aciei exordio referunt.

Comes de Fyfe, Macduff] The Notes upon *Buchanan* read, Frater *Macduffi* comitis *Fifæ*, ipſe enim comes circa hæc ipſa tempora interfectus erat a domino *Abernethy*.

Buchananus ait de prælio ad *Varium Sacellum*, Hoc prælium incidit in undecimum Cal. Aug. in quo ceciderunt, e *Scotis* ſupra decem millia.

Johan-

Johannes Maj. [*De geſtis* Scot. *Fol.* 74.] Nolo conſtanter inficias ire, *Vallaceum* oras *Galliæ* viſitaſſe. The Author of the Preface to the Acts of Sir *William Wallace* (Edit. *Edinb.* 1620.) citeth from the ninth Book of the *Scotichronicon*, and the fourteenth Chapter, the following Paſſage. Poſt enim conflictum de *Roſling*, *Wallas*, aſcenſa navi, *Franciam* petiit, ubi quánta probitate refulſit, tam ſuper mare a pyratis, quam in *Francia* ab *Anglis* perpeſſus eſt diſcrimina, & viriliter ſe habuit, nonnulla carmina tam in ipſa *Francia*, quam *Scotia* atteſtantur. Cum rege enim *Franciæ Philippo* digno habebatur honore, venerabatur præconio, & mulcebatur alloquio: ac ad ſecum morandum pro perpetuo grandia promittebantur territoria, & tam in pagis quam urbibus prædia quamplurima, ac dominia fuerunt ſibi conceſſa: ſed ipſe ſolo paterno & naturali affectione, ad modum *Scotorum* allectus, poſt ipſius a *Scotia* receſſum, audiens ipſum regnum nimium ſuppeditari, ſupplicatione *Scotorum* de facili revocaretur, niſi rex *Franciæ* ipſum quaſi invite retractaret. Nam ut *Willielmus* ſecum perendinaret, *Philippus* rex *Franciæ*, *Edwardo* regi *Angliæ*, ſuo fratri legali, ſpecialiſſime ſcripſit pro treugis inter ipſum & domum *Scotiæ* capiendis (ut infra dicetur) ne videlicet præſentiam *Willielmi Wallas*, quem tam tenerrime diligebat, vel ad tempus amitteret, &c.

He addeth, There followeth more in the fifteenth Chapter of this Book, of this Matter, which for Prolixity we omit. Beſides all this, there remaineth many domeſtical Monuments of *Thomas* of *Longoveil*, until this Day (whom *Wallace* took upon the Sea) diligently obſerved by his Succeſſors; as namely his Sword, his Evidences of his Lands, and divers other Things retained by them in great Eſtimation, which teſtify clearly his being in *France*.

ADDENDA.

PARS SECUNDA
COMMENTARII,
CONTINENS
Supplementum ad Relationes *Arnaldi Blair*,
EX
Scotichronico majore continuato, Scotichronico minore, aliisque.

Ne quid falsi dicere audeat, ne quid veri non audeat. Cicero.

Supplementum ex Scotichronico majori continuato, Lib. XI. Cap. XXVIII.

EODEM anno 1297. inclitus ille miles *Willielmus Wallace, Anglicorum* malleus, filius nobilis militis Caput levavit.

Hic quidem in principio militiæ suæ vicecomitem de *Lanerk*, comitem *Anglicum*, virum strenuum, armis & potentem, in villa de *Lanerk* interfecit. Ex eo igitur tempore congregati sunt ad eum omnes qui erant amaro animo, & oppressi pon-

dere ſervitutis ſub intollerabili principatu *Anglicanæ* dominationis, & factus eſt eorum dux; erat enim, ut præmiſimus, miræ fortitudinis & audaciæ, decorus aſpectu, & erat liberalitatis immenſæ, ſanguine clarus, cujus parentes militari honore præfulgebant. Cujus frater ſenior *Andreas* nomine, erat militiæ cingulo ſuccinctus, pro ſtatu patrimonium ſufficiens habuit in terris quod & ſuis poſteris tenendum reliquit.

Hic undique cuſtos regni deputatus, *Anglicos* proſternens, & cotidie proficiens, in brevi tempore omnes magnates *Scotiæ* vi & virtute probitatis ſuæ velint nolint ſuo ſubjecit imperio, & ſi quis de magnatibus gratis ſuis non obediret mandatis, hunc tenuit & cohercuit, & cuſtodiæ mancipavit, donec ſuis beneplacitis penitus obtemperaret.

Et ſic pacatis omnibus, viriliter ſe contulit ad expugnandum caſtra & villas firmatas, in quibus *Anglici* principabantur, patriæ liberationem, & ſubverſionem inimicorum ſolerter intendens, & quod violenta virtute non valuit, id ſagaciter cautela ad effectum perducere ſtuduit, nam ad executionem cujuſcunque ſui propoſiti hortatus eſt ſuos commilitones, unanimiter ſemper pugnans pro libertate patriæ, ſe fore congreſſuros, & de omnium ſuorum ſequentium multitudine ſub pœna capitis, ſtatuit, ut coram ſe ſemper collocatis mediocrium perſonarum inferioribus, ſive, ut apparuit, minus robore valentibus, unus de quinque, qui ſuper alios quatuor, ex omnibus quaternariis eligatur, qui quaternio nuncupetur, ejuſque præcepto in omnibus ab illis obediatur, & qui non obediret, occidatur. Similiter, & ſemper ad robuſtiores & valentiores aſcendendo ſuper novem ſit decimus, & ſuper 19 viceſimus, & ſic uſque ad mille, & ultra uſque ad ſummum aſcendendo. Tandem ipſe ſuper omnes excellens armiductor, & campidoctor habeatur, cui omnes uſque ad mortem obedire teneantur. Omnes autem hanc legem, ſive pro lege, concorditer approbantes, ipſum capitaneum elegerunt, & prædictum ſtatum ſe uſque ad regem legitime ſucceſſurum ſervaturos promiſerunt.

Quomodo Northumbriam *deſtruxit.* Cap. XXIX.

FAMA igitur *Willielmi Wallas* ubique ventilata, tandem ad aures regis *Angliæ*, proclamante dampno ſuis illato, pervenit, qui

qui arduis negotiis alibi multipliciter intentus, ſuum theſaurarium *Hugonem* de *Creſſinghame* cum magna potentia, ad reprimendam ipſius *W. Wallace* audaciam, & regnum *Scotiæ* ſibi ſubjugandum, deſtinavit. Audito igitur tanti viri cum armata manu adventu, prædictus *Willielmus*, tunc circa obſeſſionem *Anglicorum* in caſtro de *Dundee* exiſtentium, occupatus, ſtatim commiſſa cura & diligentia obſeſſionis caſtri ejuſdem villæ burgenſibus ſub pœna amiſſionis vitæ & membrorum, cum ſuo exercitu omni feſtinatione verſus *Strivelyne*, eidem *Hugoni* obvius proceſſit, & gravi bello commiſſo apud pontem de *Strivelyne*, III. idus Septembris, anno Domini M.CC.XCVII. Idem *Hugo* de *Creſſinghame* interfectus eſt, & cunctus exercitus in fugam converſus eſt, aliis ex ipſis gladiis jugulatis, aliis captis, aliis aquis ſubmerſis, ſed cunctis Dei virtute ſuperatis. Prædictus *Willielmus* cum laude non modica felici potitus eſt victoria, ex cujus parte de numero *Scotiæ* Nobilium, ſolus *Andreas* de *Moravia*, pater *Andreæ* nobilis, vulneratus occubuit.

De hoc bello habentur hujuſmodi metra.

Ex quo cor validum Scoti *ſumpſere, monente*
Wilhelmo Wallas, *& eos guerrare docente,*
Ut quos captivos tenuit gens Anglica *vivos,*
Ad patriam, Scotos, *faceret propriam reducivos.*
Inſuper & regem faceret regnare Johannem,
Inde regno proprio, quod ſi vellet alieno
Regi ſervire, poſſent ſua jura perire.
Hinc tricenteno milleno terminus uno
Annorum Domini, dicuntur vincere Scoti
Anglos *infeſtos, quos reddunt funere mœſtos,*
Ut pons teſtatur, ubi bellum grande notatur.
Qui Strivelyne *juxta* Forth *amnem conditur ultra,*
Septembris terno fuit idus, iſta ſuperno
Dono devotis gratia facta Scotis.

Poſt iſtiuſmodi triumphalem victoriam, feſtinavit ſe Cuſtos *Scotiæ* prædictus *Willielmus Wallas* ad continuandam obſidionem caſtri de *Dundee*, ad cujus illuc adventum cuſtodes *Anglici* perterriti, ob fortunatam *Stirlinenſem* victoriam, cum ingenti armo-

rum, & theſauri copia, nulla pactione præmiſſa, ad deditionem caſtri ipſos coegit. Quo audito, ſuper hoſtes corruit timor & tremor: ac ipſe cuſtos certa caſtella & municipia, quæ de manu noſtrorum rapuerunt *Angli*, quædam ad ſolum diruit, quædam firmæ cuſtodiæ *Scotorum* permittit, nonnulla etiam vacua dimittit. Appropinquante igitur autumnali tempore, maxima in regno ingruit cariſtia, & victualium omnium inopia, deficientibus granis auræ inclementia, propter quod ſegetibus in areis & horreis introductis, ſummonere cæpit Cuſtos univerſos & ſingulos *Scotos* patriæ defenſibiles, ut terram inimicorum invaderent, & ibidem victitarent, necnon ad tranſigendum inibi ratam hyemalem ad parcendum ſuis propriis victualibus præmodicis in areis, ut præmiſimus, congregatis. De omni igitur vicecomitatu & ſchira, baronia & dominio, oppido & villagio, atque prædio ruſticano habebat ſpeciales matriculas virorum ad bellandum, infra ſedecim & ſexaginta annos nomina continentes, ita, ut nec unus quidem abſque ipſius ſcientia, tempore & loco ſtatutis abeſſe poterat imperceptus. Quin etiam ſtatuit ſanctione pragmatica, quod non ſolum in omni baronia, ſed etiam ad omnem valentem villam patibulum erigeretur, quibus appenderentur omnes ſe ab exercitu ſummoniti, ſine rationabili cauſa ſubterfugia confingentes, quod & factum eſt. Nam & ipſe cùm cum immani exercitu expeditionem faciens, & nonnullos burgenſium de *Abirdon* non veniſſe reperiens, conſtituit, ut præmiſimus, quaterniones, penthatharcos, decuriones, centuriones, chiliarchos, & hujuſmodi ad ſibi præſidendum commiſſos. Et verſus *Angliam* ante eſtum Omnium Sanctorum iter reprendens, ipſe quemadmodum paucis omni feſtinantia habenas retorſit, & apud *Abirdon*, & in confinibus, inexcuſatos qui poſt exercitum remanſerant, ſuſpendio punivit, & ad exercitum celerius credito rediit, ubi totam *Northumbriam* uſque *Novum Caſtrum* conculcans, & devaſtans a Feſto Omnium Sanctorum uſque Purificationem noſtræ Dominæ. Vel ad minus, ut quidam libri chronographizant, cum ſuo exercitu in *Anglia* uſque Nativitatem Domini hyemavit. Et combuſta tota terra de *Allerdale*, abductis prædis, cum ſuis ſpoliis ditatis *Scotis*, ſanus ad propria rediit & ſecurus.

Quam-

Quomodo ſine pugna Cuſtos Scotiæ *fugavit & devicit* Anglos. Cap. XXX.

HOC audiens rex *Edwardus*, rabida ſuccenſus ira, & ſeipſum præ dolore non ſuſtinens, guerrare regem *Franciæ*, ut diſpoſuit, intermiſit, quod utique *Gallicis* ad maximam ceſſit conſolationem. Nam judicio quorundam, ſi *Scoti* tunc illum per guerrarum molimina de *Gallia* non remoraſſent, [an *revocaſſent?*] major pars domus *Franciæ* in pendulo perſtitiſſet. Divertens igitur rex *Edwardus* a *Galliis*, petiit terras proprias, ubi attendens ſtrages & depopulationes, per *Scotos* ſibi & ſuis illatas, ſcripſit Cuſtodi *Scotiæ Willielmo Wallas* literas comminatorias, dicens inter cætera, Quod ſi ipſe rex regno ſuo perſtitiſſet, non auſus fuiſſet *Wallas* talia attemptaſſe, ſed ſi auderet *Angliam* reinvadere, manus ipſius regis ſibi & ſuis præſto ultrices, vindictam de præſumptione ſentiret expetere. Quid plura? *Willielmus* audita regis proterva & comminabili jactantia, ſibi nuntium remiſit, ſe circa ſolemnitatem Paſchalem regnum ſuum denuo reviſurum.

Congregatis igitur hinc inde utriuſque regni exercitibus, prope *Stanmore* deventum eſt, veriſimiliter ad conflictum, ubi ex parte *Scotorum* tirones & cordatus [potius *cordata*] juventus militiæ licentiam a cuſtode petierunt, ut ante aciem poſſent pro ipſorum calcaribus deauratis *Anglos* experiri. Quod fieri uſquam non ſinens, præcepit voce præconis omnibus ſub pœna capitis ordinem eis præmonſtratum ſervare, ac gravitate ſolida, nec non maturitate præconcepta incedere; cum ex adverſo rex *Angliæ*, cum innumerabili multitudine, & pompoſo tubarum clangore perſtrepens, prætendebat ſe exercitum *Scotorum* quam non difficile correpturum; ſed cum cerneret rex ſapienter ſe unanimi & ſolido inceſſu procedentes, non diſtantes per medium miliaris a congreſſu ſuorum commilitonum conſilio, ſe cum ſuis regyrans locum dedit malitiæ hujus horæ. Quod videntes *Scoti* voluerunt regem unanimiter perſequi fugientem, ſed ne hoc etiam fieret cuſtos ſub amiſſione vitæ interdixit, dicens quod inter cætera certamina inter regna præaudita, figura fuit pulcherrimæ victoriæ attendere magnanimum regem *Angliæ* in ſolo quod ſuum eſſe dicebat, cum

ſuis regalibus, concionibus, & metuendis ſatrapis, a minutis communienſibus, & patriotis *Scotiæ* terga dediſſe, nondum extracto gladio parte ex adverſa.

Quo ab ore ejus mellito, ab univerſo *Scotorum* exercitu, audito, de equis deſcendentes, & ad terram ſe proſternentes, Deum glorificaverunt, & Sanctum *Andream*, nec non pium confeſſorem *Cuthbertum*, in cujus memoriali de hoc ſeculo tranſitu, hæc dies celebris agebatur, quod per talis gubernatoris induſtriam & tutelam, inimicorum virtus evanuit & potentia, & tam *Scoti* quam *Scotia*, laude perhenni tam prædicabilia victoriæ conſecuti ſunt inſignia. Ferunt tamen *Angli*, quod rex non fuit ibi præſens in perſona, ſed in tunica armorum alius ſimilis refulſit.

De præmiſſis hujuſmodi habentur metra ad bellum pontis de *Strevilyne* conſequentia.

Congregat hic Scotos *dictus cognomine* Wallas,
Sicut grana legit quod fertur Gallice Wallas,
Anglos *perſequitur ut bellum continuaret*,
Et libertatem Scotiæ *bello renovaret.*
Tunc Anglicorum *ſubverſio, tantaque, talis*,
Quam nunquam ſimilem ſentivit pars Borealis:
Uſque Novum Caſtrum *periit* Northumbria *tota*,
Sic verſus Stanmure *complent* Scoti *ſua vota.*
Anno præfato domini redeunt iterato
Angli, Berwico *pugnaturi, tibi dico*
Feſto Cuthberti *vernali tempore, certi*
Scoti *ſpectabant campo pugnare putabant*
Ut promiſerunt Angli, *ſed non tenuerunt*
Quod promiſerunt, ſtatim ſed terga dederunt;
Quod cum viderunt Scoti, *triſtes abierunt*,
Reciproco rege fert Anglia *dedecus ejus.*
Concio Scotena *collaudans dona ſuprema*,
Et ſi non plena grates tamen fert ut egena
Surgit & exultat, domus omnis laude reſultat,
Tunc rex aufugit, hinc triſtior Anglia *mugit.*

Duodecimo Junii anno Salutis M. CC. LXXXXVIII. Cuſtos regni debellavit *Anglos* in prælio ad *Black-iron-ſide* in *Fifa*, cum eorum

eorum duce & ductore *Amyero* de *Valentia* comite *Pembrochiæ*. In hoc quoque prælio vulneratus est nobilis *Johanes Grhamus*, & *Duncanus* de *Balfour* vicecomes de *Fyfe* occisus fuit, cum paucis ex militibus.

In hoc ipso anno, viz. XXVIII. die mensis Augusti, dominus *Wallas Scotiæ* Custos, cum *Johanne Grhame*, & *Johanne* de *Monteith*, militibus, nec non *Alexandro Scrimzour* constabulario villæ de *Dundee*, & vexillario *Scotiæ*, cum quinquagintis militibus armatis, rebelles *Gallovidienses* punierunt, qui regis *Angliæ* & *Cuminorum* partibus sine aliquo jure steterunt. Horreas villæ de *Aire* repletas cum militibus *Anglorum*, ex improviso nocturno tempore cremarunt, & spoliam amplam secum reportarunt.

Et sic in horreo musti,
Sunt Angli *optime usti.*

Anglos ad *Bertham* oppidum tribus præliis devicit, & pontem in duo divisit, per quod multi ex *Anglis* in fluvio submersi fuerunt cum eorum ductore *Johanne Withringtone* milite.

De conspiratione contra Custodem concepta per magnates. Cap. XXXI.

SCOTIA igitur mirabiliter, immo & feliciter, sagacitate Custodis respirans, cum unusquisque secure in suo persisteret, & terram ut solito coleret, sæpissimeque de inimicis triumpharet, magnates & potentiores regni de fonte invidiæ inebriati conjurationem clandestinam contra Custodem, vultus virgineos sibi prætendentes, sed caudis ad invicem colligatis, seditiose confinxerunt. Verum quidem quod suis per ipsum municipiis ac dominiis erant restituti, exclusis penitus ab eisdem *Anglicis*, elato corde, & rancoroso animo, ad invicem susurrabant, dicentes, Nolumus hunc regnare super nos.

Plebeii tamen, & populares, una cum pluribus de nobilioribus, quorum mens sanior erat, & ad rempublicam proclivior, laudabant dominum, eo quod ipsi per talem propugnatorem ab æmulorum ausibus erepti, propriis poterant laribus confoveri.

ſuis regalibus, concionibus, & metuendis ſatrapis, a minutis communienſibus, & patriotis *Scotiæ* terga dediſſe, nondum extracto gladio parte ex adverſa.

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Anno præfato domini redeunt iterato
Angli, Berwico *pugnaturi, tibi dico*
Feſto Cuthberti *vernali tempore, certi*
Scoti *ſpectabant campo pugnare putabant*
Ut promiſerunt Angli, *ſed non tenuerunt*
Quod promiſerunt, ſtatim ſed terga dederunt;
Quod cum viderunt Scoti, *triſtes abierunt*,
Reciproco rege fert Anglia *dedecus ejus.*
Concio Scotena *collaudans dona ſuprema*,
Et ſi non plena grates tamen fert ut egena
Surgit & exultat, domus omnis laude reſultat,
Tunc rex aufugit, hinc triſtior Anglia *mugit.*

Duodecimo Junii anno Salutis M. CC. LXXXXVIII. Cuſtos regni debellavit *Anglos* in prælio ad *Black-iron-ſide* in *Fifa*, cum eorum

eorum duce & ductore *Amyero* de *Valentia* comite *Pembrochiæ*. In hoc quoque prælio vulneratus est nobilis *Johanes Grhamus*, & *Duncanus* de *Balfour* vicecomes de *Fyfe* occisus fuit, cum paucis ex militibus.

In hoc ipso anno, viz. XXVIII. die mensis Augusti, dominus *Wallas Scotiæ* Custos, cum *Johanne Grhame*, & *Johanne* de *Monteith*, militibus, nec non *Alexandro Scrimzour* constabulario villæ de *Dundee*, & vexillario *Scotiæ*, cum quinquagintis militibus armatis, rebelles *Gallovidienses* punierunt, qui regis *Angliæ* & *Cuminorum* partibus sine aliquo jure steterunt. Horreas villæ de *Aire* repletas cum militibus *Anglorum*, ex improviso nocturno tempore cremarunt, & spoliam amplam secum reportarunt.

Et sic in horreo musti,
Sunt Angli *optime usti.*

Anglos ad *Bertham* oppidum tribus præliis devicit, & pontem in duo divisit, per quod multi ex *Anglis* in fluvio submersi fuerunt cum eorum ductore *Johanne Withringtone* milite.

De conspiratione contra Custodem concepta per magnates. Cap. XXXI.

SCOTIA igitur mirabiliter, immo & feliciter, sagacitate Custodis respirans, cum unusquisque secure in suo persisteret, & terram ut solito coleret, sæpissimeque de inimicis triumpharet, magnates & potentiores regni de fonte invidiæ inebriati conjurationem clandestinam contra Custodem, vultus virgineos sibi prætendentes, sed caudis ad invicem colligatis, seditiose confinxerunt. Verum quidem quod suis per ipsum municipiis ac dominiis erant restituti, exclusis penitus ab eisdem *Anglicis*, elato corde, & rancoroso animo, ad invicem susurrabant, dicentes, Nolumus hunc regnare super nos.

Plebeii tamen, & populares, una cum pluribus de nobilioribus, quorum mens sanior erat, & ad rempublicam proclivior, laudabant dominum, eo quod ipsi per talem propugnatorem ab æmulorum ausibus erepti, propriis poterant laribus confoveri.

O ſtolida fatuitas fatuorum! *Wallas* non ſe ingeſſit ad regnandum, ſed ab omnibus, duodecim prius nominatis, electione Statuum eligitur in Rectorem: Et cum tu *Scotia* acephala teipſam defendere nequiveras, ipſe brachium tuum extiterat immane, & ſalus in tempore tribulationis. O æmula invidia! cur in tantum dominaris in *Scotia? Scotorum*, proh dolor! natura eſt, odire non ſolum aliena, ſed & propriæ patriotæ felicitati invidere, & hoc reſpectu inferiorum, ne ſibi coæquentur; reſpectu ſuperiorum, quod eis non æquantur; & reſpectu parium, quia ſibi æquiparantur. In hoc poterunt aſſimulari *Caini*, qui invidit *Abel* proſperitati, *Rachel*, *Liæ* fæcunditati, *Saul*, *David* felicitati; & ut ita dicam *Scotus*, *Wallas* magnanimitati. Sic per invidiam procuratus eſt lapſus cleri, ruina populi, & caſus regni.

De bello Variæ Capellæ, *& aliis.* Cap. XXXIV.

ANNO Gratiæ M. CC. LXXXXVIII. Rex *Angliæ* prædictus, male ferens damna, & anguſtias ſibi & ſuis per *Willielmum Wallas*, multipliciter illata, congregato grandi exercitu, partes *Scotiæ* hoſtiliter intravit, habens ſecum in ſuo auxilio quoſdam de nobilibus *Scotiæ*, cui occurrens prædictus *Willielmus*, cum certis magnatibus dicti regni, commiſſo gravi bello juxta *Variam Capellam*, XI. Cal. Auguſti, in Feſto Sanctæ *Mariæ Magdalenæ*, non ſine gravi damno, tam procerum quam mediocrium gentis *Scoticanæ*, in fugam converſus eſt, nam propter conceptam malitiam, ex fonte invidiæ generatam, quam erga dictum *Willielmum*, *Cuminenſes* habebant cum ſuis complicibus, campum deſerentes illæſi evaſerunt; cognita autem eorum malitia, antedictus *Willielmus*, ſe & ſuos ſalvare deſiderans, per aliam viam fugere feſtinavit, quos inſequens ex adverſo *Robertus* de *Brois*, cum inter utriuſque militiæ [al. *regni*] cohortes, profunda & immeabilis vallis effoſſata appareret, fertur ipſum *Robertum*, elata voce clamaſſe ad *Willielmum*, quærens, Quis eum coegit talia præſumere, ut cum grandi altipotentia regis *Angliæ*, & potioris partis *Scotiæ*, tam temerarie contenderet decertare. Ad quem fertur *Willielmum* hujuſmodi dediſſe reſponſa, Tua, O *Roberte*, *Roberte*, inertia & effeminata ignavia me ſtimulat ad tui juris, patriæ, liberationem.

nem. Sed & nunc semivir de cubilibus ad aciem, de umbra ad solem progressurus, cujus corpus delicatum, mollibus assuetum, pondus prælii pro patriæ propriæ liberatione, loricæ onus segniter assumes, me sic præsumentem, quin forte & inspienter effecit, & ad hæc incentanda sive capessenda coegit.

His dictis promptiori fugæ consulens, ipse cum suis reposcit tutiora. Propter quod ipse *Robertus*, quasi de gravi somno evigilans, efficacia verborum *Wallas* in tantum cor ejus invasit, quod ultra non habuit conceptum favere *Anglorum* opinioni. Unde seipsum cotidie fortior effectus conservabat: omnia verba hæc ab amico suo fideli prolata conferens in corde suo, in quo prævaluit quod scribit *Seneca*, dicens, " Habet hoc optimum generosus animus, quod de facili concitatur ad honesta: neminem excelsi " ingenii virum vilia delectent: felix qui altius [an *alterius*?] con- " sultu ad meliora impetum animi dedit, ponit se extra conditi- " onem fortunæ, prospera temperabit, adversa comminuet, & a- " lia admiranda despiciet." *Willielmo* igitur *Wallas* cum suis ex acie dilapsis. Proh dolor utriusque regni! superbia & ardenti invidia nobilis communitas *Scotiæ* per montes & colles, valles & planities miserabiliter jacuit prostrata, inter quos de numero nobilium, valentissimus miles *Johannes Senescallus* cum suis Brandanis, & *Macduff* comes de *Fyfe* cum ejusdem incolis, penitus sunt extincti. Communiter autem dicitur *Robertus* de *Brois*, qui postea fuit rex *Scotiæ*, sed tunc pro parte stetit regis *Angliæ*, per suam industriam huic victoriæ occasionem præstitisse. Cum enim *Scoti* in suis aciebus persisterent invicti, & nulla vi vel arte poterant penetrari, idem *Robertus* cum una acie, cui præerat *Anthonius* de *Beke*, unum montem longi itineris circumiens ex adverso, post terga in *Scotos* irruit. Et sic illi qui in parte anteriori impenetrabiles steterunt & invicti, a parte posteriori callide sunt superati. Et est notandum, quod nunquam vel raro legitur, ab *Anglicis Scotos* fuisse supetatos, nisi invidia procerum, vel fraude & deceptione indigenarum ad laliam partem se tranferentium. Post prædictam victoriam inimicis concessam per *Scotigenarum* proditionem, intelligens idem *Willielmus Wallas* ex his & aliis probabilibus argumentis prædictorum *Cuminensium* & suorum fautorum manifestam nequitiam, eligensque magis subesse cum ple-

be, quam cum ejus ruina & gravi populi præesse dispendio; non diu post bellum *Variæ Capellæ* apud aquam de *Forth*, officium Custodis sponte dereliquit.

Scotichronici majoris, Lib. XII. Cap. III.

PERSUASUM erat ei a suis familiaribus & intimis amicis, ut & ipse, sicut & cæteri, regi *Anglorum* obediret, quatenus ipsi sic pace potirentur: alii insuper ab ipso rege erant sibi missi ad inducendum eum ad hoc, promittentes sibi ex parte ejusdem regis, comitatus, & amplas possessiones in *Anglia* vel in *Scotia* pro se eligendas, & successoribus suis perpetue possidendas: quibus omnibus spretis, tanquam alter *Mattathias* pro libertate suæ gentis, sic eum ferunt respondisse, O desolata *Scotia*! nimium verbis fallacibus credula, calamitatumve tuarum satis improvisa, si sentires mecum, collum tuum sub jugo de facili non poneres alieno. Cum ante, inquit, adolerem, a patruo meo presbytero, hoc amicum proverbium cunctis operibus præponendum didici, & semper in mente notavi.

Dico tibi verum, libertas optima rerum;
Nunquam servili sub nexu vivito, fili.

Et ideo breviter dico, quod si omnes *Scotigenæ* regi *Angliæ* obediant, ut discedat unusquisque a libertate sua, ego & consodales mei mihi in parte adhærere volentes, stabimus pro libertate regni, & nisi regi vel locumtenenti ejus, (propitius sit nobis Deus) alii non obediemus.

Anno Domum Salutis humanæ 1305. septimo die Septembris, nobilis *Willielmus Wallas*, per dominum *Johannem* de *Monteith*, apud *Glasgow*, nil mali suspicans, fraudulenter & proditionaliter capitur, & regi *Angliæ* traditur, *Londini* demembratur, & ejus membra per diversa loca *Angliæ* & *Scotiæ*, in opprobrium *Scotorum* turribus suspenduntur. Et notandum est tria hic concurrere, viz. *Edwardum* tyrannum, *Johannem* de *Monteith* immanem proditorem, & dominum *Willielmum Wallace* innocentem, ad inscribendam gloriosam famam nobilis *Wallacii* in æternitatis libris.

Dam-

Damnandus ſit dies Nativitatis Johannis *de* Monteith, *& excipiatur ſuum nomen ex libro vitæ. Maledictus ſit in æternum inhumanus iſte tyrannus; cum nobilis ille* Scotorum *Ductor, pro ſuæ virtutis præmio, vitam æternam habebit in ſæcula ſæculorum.* Amen.

Non *Scotus* eſt Chriſte, cui liber non placet iſte.

Supplementum ex Scotichronico minore continuato.

ANNO 1296. *Willielmus Wallas* quidam de latibulis caput levavit, & vicecomitem de *Lanerk*, comitem *Anglicum*, virum ſtrenuum, armis & potentem, in villa de *Lanerk* interfecit. ex eo igitur tempore congregati ſunt ad eum omnes qui erant amaro animo, & oppreſſi pondere ſervitutis ſub intolerabili principatu *Anglicanæ* dominationis, & factus eſt eorum dux; erat enim miræ fortitudinis & audaciæ, decorus aſpectu, & liberalitatis immenſæ; & licet, apud communitatem regni & proceres, ignobilis putaretur, parentes tamen ejus militari honore ſuperbiebant. Cujus frater ſenior etiam militiæ cingulo ſuccinctus, pro ſtatu ſuo patrimonium ſufficiens habuit in terris, quod & ſuis poſteris tenendum reliquit. Hic unoſquoſque *Anglicos* proſternens, & cotidie perimens [al. *perſequens*] in brevi tempore omnes magnates *Scotiæ*, vi & virtute probitatis ſuæ, velint nolint ſuo ſubjecit imperio. Et ſi quis de magnatibus gentis ſuis non obediret mandatis, hunc tenuit, & cohibuit, & coſtodiæ mandavit, donec ſuis beneplacitis penitus obtemperaret: & ſic pacatis omnibus, viriliter ſe contulit ad expugnanda caſtra & villas firmatas, in quibus *Anglici* principabantur: Per omnia, patriæ liberationem, & ſubverſionem inimicorum, ſolerter intendebat.

Anno Domini 1297. fama *Willielmi Wallas* undique diffuſa, tandem ad aures regis *Angliæ*, proclamante damno ſuis illato, pervenit. Qui arduis negotiis alibi multipliciter intentus, ſuum theſaurarium, nomine *Hugonem* de *Creſſinghame*, cum magna potentia, ad reprimendam ipſius *Willielmi* audaciam, & regnum *Scotiæ* ſibi ſubjiciendum deſtinavit. Audito vero hujus viri adventu præ-

dictus *Willielmus*, tunc intra [al. *juxta*] obſeſſionem *Anglorum* in caſtro de *Dundee* exiſtentium occupatus, ſtatim commiſſa cura & diligentia obſeſſionis caſtri ejuſdem villæ Burgenſibus, ſub pœna amiſſionis vitæ & membrorum, cum exercitu, ſub omni feſtinatione, verſus *Strevilyne* eidem *Hugoni* obviam proceſſit, & bello commiſſo apud pontem de *Forth* juxta *Strevilyne*, III idus Septembris, idem *Hugo* de *Creſſinghame* interfectus eſt, cunctus ejus exercitus in fugam converſus, aliis ex ipſis gladiis jugulatis, aliis captis, aliis aquis ſubmerſis, ſed cunctis Dei virtute ſuperatis. Prædictus *Willielmus*, cum laude non modica felici potitus eſt victoria. Ex cujus parte de numero nobilium ſolus *Andreas* de *Moravia*, pater *Andreæ* nobilis, cecidit vulneratus.

Eodem anno *Willielmus Wallace*, a Feſto Omnium Sanctorum, uſque Natale Domini, cum ſuo exercitu in *Anglia* hyemavit, & combuſta tota terra de *Allardale*, abductis prædis, cum ſuis ſanus rediit & ſecurus.

Eodem anno XIII Cal. Septembris, ejecti ſunt omnes *Angli* de regno *Scotiæ* tam religioſi & clerici, beneficiarii quam laici per eundem *Willielmum*.

Et eodem anno *Willielmus* de *Lambertoun* electus eſt in Epiſcopatum Sancti *Andreæ*.

Rex *Angliæ* prædictus, anno Domini M. CC. XCVIII. moleſte ferens damna & anguſtias, ſibi & ſuis, per *Willielmum Wallas* multipliciter illatas, congregato grandi exercitu, partes *Scotiæ* hoſtiliter intravit, habens ſecum in ſuo comitatu quoſdam ex nobilibus *Scotiæ* in auxilium. Cui occurrens prædictus *Willielmus* cum cæteris magnatibus ipſius regni, commiſſo gravi bello juxta *Variam Capellam*, XI Cal. Aug. non ſine gravi damno tam procerum quam mediocrium gentis *Scoticanæ*, in fugam converſus eſt. Nam propter conceptam malitiam, ex fonte invidiæ generatam, quam erga dominum *Willielmum Cuminenſes* habebant cum ſuis complicibus, campum deſerentes illæſi evaſerunt. Cognita etiam eorum malitia antedictus *Willielmus*, ſe & ſuos ſalvare deſiderans, per aliam viam fugere feſtinavit. Sic, proh dolor! utriuſque ſuperbia & ardenti invidia, nobilis communitas *Scotiæ*, per montes & colles, valles & planities, miſerabiliter jacuit proſtrata; inter quos de numero nobilium, *Johannes Seneſcallus* cum Brandanis, &

Mac-

Macduff de *Fife* cum ejuſdem incolis, penitus ſunt extincti. Communiter autem dicitur *Robertum* de *Bruce*, qui poſtea fuit rex *Scotorum*, ſed tum pro parte ſtetit regis *Angliæ*, per ſuam induſtriam huic victoriæ cauſam præſtitiſſe. Cum enim *Scoti* in ſuis aciebus perſiſterent invicti, & nulla vi vel arte poterant penetrari, idem *Robertus* de *Bruce*, cum una acie cui præerat *Antonius* de *Beke* (epiſcopus *Dunelmenſis*) unum montem longi itineris [an *nemoris?*] circumiens, poſt terga in *Scotos* irruit, & ſic illi qui in parte anteriori impenetrabiles ſteterunt & invicti, a parte poſteriori callide ſunt ſuperati.

Et eſt notandum, quod nunquam vel raro legitur, ab *Anglicis Scotos* fuiſſe ſuperatos, niſi invidia procerum, vel fraude & deceptione indigenarum ad aliam partem ſe transferentium. Poſt prædictam ergo victoriam inimicis conceſſam, per *Scotigenarum* proditionem, intelligens ſuperadictus *Willielmus Wallas* ex his & aliis probabilibus argumentis prædictorum *Cuminenſium*, & ſuorum fauctorum manifeſtam nequitiam, eligens magis ſubeſſe cum plebe, quam cum ejus ruina, & gravi populi præeſſe diſpendio, non diu poſt bellum *Variæ Capellæ*, apud aquam de *Forth*, officium Cuſtodis, & curam quam gerebat ſponte reſignavit.

COMMENTARIUS.

UNUS *de quinque, qui ſuper alios quatuor, ex omnibus quaternariis eligatur, qui quaternio nuncupetur*] Johannes Major, *de geſtis* Scot. *Fol.* 70. ait, Acies ad pugnam more *Hannibalis* aut *Ulyſſis* ordinare, & cum hoc in plano campo in morem *Ajacis Telamonii* certare didicit: frigoris, caloriſque, inediæ & ſitis patientiſſimus: ſicque pauco milite *Anglorum* phalangas munitiſſimas fundere & profligare non formidaret, *Anglorum* odio percitus, a bello vix ſpiritum relaxabat.

Buchananus [*Rerum* Scot. *Lib.* 8. *Pag.* 250.] refert de eo, quod is, cum magna vi corporis atque animi eſſet, adhuc adoleſcens, (17 annorum) Nobilem juvenem (*Selbium*) *Anglum*, ſuperbe ſibi inſultantem, occidit. Ob id facinus, profugus domo, & latitans, fugæ locum ſubinde mutando, annos aliquot tranſegit. Hac vitæ conſuetudine, corpus adverſus omnes fortunæ injurias

duravit, & animum, ſæpe ſubeundis periculis, ad majora audenda, confirmavit. Tandem cum ejus vitæ erraticæ tæderet, & aliquid vel cum periculo tentandum, cenſeret, manu hominum collecta quos par fortuna ei conciliaverat, non modo ſingulos excipiebat, ſed plures ſæpe cum paucioribus aggreſſus, variis ſubinde in locis deprehenſos trucidabat.

Johannes Major [*ibidem*] Ad eum viri nobiles eo ſanguinis generoſitate majores confugerunt, inter quos duo erant viri famæ celebris. *Johannes Grhamus* auratus eques, & *Robertus Bodius*, viri fortiſſimi. [*Hector Boethius*, *Scotorum* Hiſtoriæ Lib. 14.] Erat eodem tempore adoleſcens quidam, patre equite aurato natus, *Wallas* nomine, inſigni corporis pulchritudine, ac viribus cunctos mortales ea tempeſtate ſuperans, ſtatura vero excelſa, ad hæc belli peritia tanta, ut nullus illi vel conferendus putaretur. Is jam inde a puero, genuino quodam odio, *Anglos* proſecutus, multa ſæpe egregia facinora perpetraverat, nam ubi aliquem *Scotum* ab *Anglis* oppreſſum vidiſſet, occurrens ſtatim ſubſidio, injuriantium vim prohibebat. Cum primum vero gladium contrectare habilis erat, viribus audaciaque præcellens, cum tribus quatuorve ſolus congreſſus, ſuperior ſemper evadebat.

Quamobrem fama ejus per *Scotiam* pervulgata, multis ſpem præbuit ipſum aliquando regnum liberaturum tyrannide: magnus ſane ad eum nobilium, aut ab aliis oppreſſorum, quorundam etiam ſingularem ejus virtutem admirantium concurſus fiebat quotidie, ut haud facile circumveniri ab *Anglis* inſidiantibus poſſet. Itaque eo tempore, quo maxime tali viro opus erat, omnium ſuffragiis dux liberandæ patriæ creatus eſt. Gubernator ſub *Johanne Baliolo* rege vulgo appellatus. Igitur poteſtate publica quanto confidentius, tanto fœlicius rem geſturus, exercitum *Johannes Cumin* accipit, ac ſi qui adhuc *Scoti Anglos* faventes erant, interceptos aut metu, aut vi ſibi obedientes, dictiſque ſuis audientes, facit.

Exercitum *Johannis Cumin* (is quibuſdam dictus, *the Maſter of* Badenoch) idem *Boethius* retulerat, Quod, ut primum, *Edwardus Angliæ* diſceſſiſſet, arrectis animis ultro omnes nobiles ad concilium concurrunt, ac uno ore gubernatores, regni vindicandæ libertati conſtituendos, pronunciant. Duodecim autem electi ſunt pote-

potestate regia, qui idoneis dispositi locis, injuriam propulsarent tyranni. Cæterum *Johannes Cumin* comes *Buthquhaniæ*, facile inter eos princeps, & nobilitate & prudentia tum civili tum bellica, conscripto quam maximo exercitu, *Angliam* Borealem ingressus, omnem eam oram late ferro ignique devastat, sed obsesso aliquandiu *Carleolo* oppido munitissimo, frustra omnibus tentatis, ab irrito cœpto discedit.

Buchananus, (loco præcitato) Hæc expeditio, etsi *Scotorum* animos nonnihil erexit, & *Anglorum* injurias inhibuit, tamen parum, ad summam belli ea profectum est, omnibus locis munitioribus ab hostium præsidiis insessis. Verum cum nobilitati nec virium nec animi satis videretur, ad majora capessenda, repente exortus est *Gulielmus Vallas*, homo nobili & antiqua familia, sed in re tenui natus & educatus, ac nullis prope opibus fretus: qui tamen, non modo supra omnium expectationem, sed etiam supra fidem, res eo bello gessit. Et infra, Brevi fama sui utramque pariter gentem implevit. Igitur concurrentibus ad eum passim, quos vel causæ similes, vel non dissimilis amor patriæ conciverat, intra paucos menses, non contemnendum exercitum confecit: ab hac tumultuaria turba, proceribus, vel metu, vel ignavia, segnius omnia gerentibus, *Vallas* prorex appellatur: & tanquam *Balioli* legatus, omnia pro legitimo magistratu imperat. Id nomen ille, nulla ambitione aut imperandi cupiditate, sed tantum civium suorum misericordia & caritate, suscepit.

Johannes Major ait, [*Hist. Lib.* 4. *Fol.* 70.] *Anglos* prope *Stervelingi* pontem super *Fortham* flumen aggressus, diro *Marte* cum eis conflixit, *Anglorum* ducem de medio abstulit, aciemque totam fudit.

Buchananus, [*Lib.* 8. *Pag.* 251.] Pro more suo eleganter hanc pugnam describit sic, *Scoti* transpositos, [*Anglos*] nondum explicatis ordinibus, aggressi, cæso duce, reliquos in flumen retro agunt, tanta cum cæde, ut prope omnes, vel ab hoste interempti, vel aquis absorpti perierint. Idem ait, [ibid. *Pag.* 250.] *Londinii Johannem Baliolem* in custodiam tradidit, post quartum quam regnum inierat annum, sed is paulo post, deprecante pontifice *Romano*, ac spondente nihil eum in *Scotia* moturum, in *Galliam* est remissus. *Anglus* omnibus rebus ad bellum *Gallicum* (quod prop-

propter *Scotorum* tumultus diſtulerat) paratis, cum magnis copiis trajecit. *Scoti* per ejus abſentiam, in ſpem libertatis erecti, duodecim eligunt, qui ſummæ rerum præeſſent. Ad hæc *Hen.* de *Knighton* ait, [*de eventibus* Angliæ, *Lib.* 3. *Pag.* 2476.] *Johannes* de *Baliolo*, *Scotiæ* rex nuper creatus, conſilio quorundam de *Scotia*, ac potiſſime abbatis de *Meuroſs*, contra fidem adverſus regem *Angliæ* ſurrexit, ſed captus eſt & exhæredatus. Quod ita accidiſſe narrat *Boethius*, [*Scotorum* Hiſt. Lib. 14. Fol. 294.] *Johannes Cumin* dominus *Strabozæ*, ſupplex ad regem *Edwardum* pacem rogatum veniens, ea impetrata, per aſtum *Johannem* quoque *Baliolum* regem, cum filio *Edwardo*, ſpe pacis ad montem *Roſarum* elicuit, ubi quum in manum *Edwardi* veniſſet: metu mortis, quam *Anglus* minabatur, jus omne regni, in manu dextra album ramum (uti mos eſt) tenens, in *Edwardum* regem *Angliæ* tranſtulit, regnoque ſe abdicavit. Quæ continuo, diplomatibus ex arbitratu *Angli* conſcriptis, confignata ſunt. Quibus peractis, *Edwardus Berwicum* inde abiens, omnes nobiles *Scotiæ* evocatos ad ſe, in verba ſua jurare coegit, receptis pleriſque per *Scotorum* agros maritimis arcibus oppidiſque, nobilibus ad ea tradenda vi compulſis. At *Johannem Baliolum*, ac filium ejus *Edwardum* impuberem, *Londinum* arctiſſima cuſtodia in vincula conjiciendos miſit. Verum quum diu eos incluſos tenuiſſet, tandem in regnum *Johannem* remiſit, retento tamen filio, ac juramento ab illo expreſſo, nullum ipſum unquam bellum adverſus *Anglos* geſturum. Sed *Johannes* in *Scotiam* reverſus, ubi vidit ſe non admodum, nec nobilibus, nec plebi gratum eſſe, nihil operæ pretium aut expetendum in regno expertus, neque tum meliora experturus, ſponte in *Angliam* in exilium abiit: inde *Normanniam* patriam ad hæreditatem, ubi in caſtello *Gailzard*, tamen amiſſis luminibus, in longa ſenectute tabeſcens mortuus eſt.

Henricus de *Knighton* [*de eventibus* Angl. *Lib.* 3. *Pag.* 2476.] ait, *Scoti* tenuerant parliamentum ſuum apud *Scone*, in quo ad modum *Franciæ* XII pares ordinaverunt, quatuor ſcilicet epiſcopos, quatuor comites, & quatuor barones, quorum conſilio & ordinatione extunc *Scotia* regeretur.

Cognita autem eorum malitia antedictus Willielmus] *Johannes Johnſtonus* (Heroes *Scoti* Pag. 11. Titulo *Johannes Grhamus* Eques)

ques) omnium laborum *Vallæ* ſocius, ſecundum ipſum *Vallam* *Scotorum* longe fortiſſimus habitus, pro patriæ libertate fortiter pugnando, occidit in funeſto prælio ad *Varium Sacellum*, XXII Jul. anno Chriſti 1300.

Vallam alloquitur.

Me tibi do quondam ſocium bellique laborumque,
Accipe me in numerum, nunc quoque, magne, tuum.
Eheu! præcipites ruimus diſcordibus armis.
In diverſa trahunt ambitio, ira, dolus.
Te ſequor uſque, libens hæc tecum pignora dextræ,
Hancque animam patriæ do, voveoque meæ.
Nec dixiſſe ſatis; quin hic mea pectora morti
Offero. Scis noſtrum haud dicere, ſed facere.

Patricii Panteri theologiæ doctoris epitaphium, ſeu *Vallæ*, ſeu *Grhami*, MS.

Invia ſolæ cui, dura & diſcrimina rerum
Viſa, animo, votis ſorteque digna ſuis,
Hic ſitus, fatis proh conflictatus iniquis
Ductor, at hoc de ſe, te quoque flere vetat.

ALIUD.

Dignus avis, dignus meliore ſorte locoque,
Temporeque, hic virtus (ſuſpice) ſola jacet.

Stabimus pro libertate regni] *Jo. Johnſton*, Heroes *Pag.* 9. *Vallæ* oratio ad *Edwardum* I. *Anglorum* regem, ad defectionem ſolicitantem.

Non promiſſa, minæ, terrorve avertere poſſunt,
Patria libertas me mihi chara magis.
Degeneres animos tangent hæc talia: certum eſt
Diis patriæ hanc animam reddere velle meæ.

Nobilis Willielmus Wallace Londini *demembratur, & ejus membra per diverſa loca* Angliæ & Scotiæ, *in opprobrium* Scotorum, *turribus ſuſpenduntur.*] *John Stow* (Chronicle of *England*, the Reign of

King *Edward* I. *Pag.* 209.) ſaith, *William Wallace*, which had oftimes ſet *Scotland* in great Trouble, was taken, and brought to *London*, with great Numbers of Men and Women wondring upon him. He was lodged in the Houſe of *William Delect* a Citizen of *London*, in *Fanchurch Street*. On the Morrow, being the Even of Saint *Bartholomew*, he was brought on Horſeback to *Weſtminſter*; *John Segrave*, and *Geffrey*, Knights, the Mayor, Sheriffs and Aldermen of *London*, and many others, both on Horſeback and on Foot, accompanying him, and in the great Hall at *Weſtminſter*, he being placed on the ſouth Bench, crowned with Laurel, for that he had ſaid in Times paſt, that he ought to bear a Crown in that Hall, (as it was commonly reported) and being appeached for a Traitor by Sir *Peter Malorie* the King's Juſtice, he anſwered, That he was never Traitor to the King of *England*; but for other Things whereof he was accuſed, he confeſſed them, and was after headed and quartered.

John Speed (Hiſtory of *Great Britain*, *Edward* I. Pag. 660.) ſaith, The more to ſecure King *Edward* in the *Scottiſh* Kingdom, it was not long but that *William Wallace* (whom an Earl of *Scotland*, in the Beginning of his Reſiſtances, had honoured (ſaith *Walſinghame*) with the Girdle of Knighthood) was brought up Priſoner to *London*, being treaſonably taken at *Glaſgow* by one Sir *John Monteith*, (though *Polydore Virgil* ſaith, the *Engliſh* took him in War) where he had publick Trial at *Weſtminſter*, and denying that he was a Traitor to the King of *England*, was there for other his Crimes (as burning of Towns, taking of Caſtles, killing the *Engliſh*, *&c.*) adjudged to Death, which Sentence was executed upon him, and his Head and Quarters ſet up in ſeveral Places over the Iſland, his right Leg at *Perth* or *Saint Johnſtoun* in *Scotland*, and his left at *Aberdeen*. This was the End of *Wallace*, whom his Country had once by common Conſent choſen for their Defender and Captain General, and for his Deſerts towards her doth place in Glory far above the Stars, as the only Perſon by whoſe Example the *Scots* had their Spirits kept awake, and quick upon all Occaſions, by which they might recover the Government out of the Hands of the *Engliſh*, whoſe Reign over them this *Wallace*, neither by fair Means, nor by Force,

Force, could ever be drawn to endure, or look upon with a patient Eye, whom though (with *Hector*'s Tranſlator, *Bellend.* Lib. 14. Cap. 8.) we do not call a Martyr, yet muſt we think his Country honoured in him, wiſhing many the like in our own.

The ſame Author (*ibidem*) ſubjoyneth this candid and juſt Reflection, (which I ſet down in his own Words.) "Thus was "King *Edward* poſſeſſed of *Scotland*, which nevertheleſs (that "the World may ſee God's Hand in tranſlating of Kingdoms, "being a Point of his Prerogative) was not long after pluckt "from his Son, and the Calamities, which the *Scots* had ſuffered, whelmed back upon the *Engliſh*. Which peculiar Art of "divine Providence you will more eaſily acknowledge, when "you ſhall behold by how naked an Inſtrument he raiſed again "the *Scottiſh* Common-wealth out of that Duſt, in which, for "a little Seaſon, it ſeemed to ly buried."

Wallace therefore being taken out of the Way, the Lord *Robert Bruce*, &c. See the ſame Author.

Anno milleno trecentenoque ſecundo,
Luceſcente die Feſtum recolente Matthiæ,
In Roſlyne *campo nova gratia luxit ab alto,*
Nempe Johanne *duce* Scotorum Cuminenſe,
Anglis *confuſis, ceſſit victoria* Scotis.

Scotichronicon majus continuatum, Cap. primum, *Titulus*, De bello apud *Roſlinum*, & de ſtrenuitate *Johannis Cumin* & *Fraſer*. Lib. XII. Cap. I.

ANNO Domini M.CCC. municipium de *Linlithgow*, quod *Anglice Pele* vocatur, per regem *Angliæ* conſtructum eſt. Cuſtodes igitur *Scotiæ* audientes, quod rex *Angliæ* ſuccubuit in *Romana* curia, multum proinde hilares effecti, audaciam aliqualem plus ſolito conceperunt, virtute cujus, habitus eſt congreſſus magnus & manifeſtus inter *Scotos* & *Anglos* apud *Roſlyne*, ubi *Anglici* ſunt divicti, licet cum difficultate; nam a principio primæ guerræ inter *Anglicos* & *Scotos* motæ, tam ſtrenuus non recitatur fuiſſe conflictus; in quo ſic claruit ſtrenuitas *Scotorum* potentiæ militaris. Hujus e-

ventus bellici rector & dux fuit *Johannes Cumin* filius, cujus quidem conflictus talis cauſa eſt & modus. Poſt bellum commiſſum apud *Variam Capellam*, rex *Angliæ* citra aquam de *Forth* perſonaliter non venit pro tunc, ſed miſit potentiam ſatis magnam, quæ totam terram de *Fyfe* cum omnibus terris prope jacentibus villam de *Perth*, interfectis pluribus ipſarum terrarum habitatoribus, deprædavit, qua reverſa, cum prædis innumeris, idem rex cum ſuo exercitu ad propria remeavit, quod Deo procurante factum eſſe non ambiguitur; nam ſi tunc, vel poſt bellum de *Dumbar*, & captionem regis *Johannis*, moram pertraxiſſet, totam terram *Scotiæ* cum habitatoribus, aut ſubjugaſſet imperio, aut eam præter aquas & lapides, ut creditur, vaſtam reddidiſſet, ſed pietas Dei, qui ſolus poſt vulnera curat & medetur, ita actus & tempora ipſius regis moderavit, ut turbatus erga plurima, ac diverſis guerris intentus, circa hujus regni ſubjectionem, cæteris curis poſtpoſitis, non potuit indulgere. Redeunte igitur illo cum ſuis, ſed prius ſtatutis miniſtris vicecomitatuum, & cuſtodibus caſtrorum in partibus ultra *Forth*, quæ plenarie & integre tunc ſuo ſubjacebant dominio, exceptis paucis exulibus de natione verorum *Scotorum* in ſilvis latitantibus, cum propter cædes & damna *Anglis* & *Anglicatis* illata, aperte apparere non poterant, *Johannes Cumin* cuſtos tunc *Scotiæ* præcipuus, & *Simon Fraſer* bellicoſus, omni bonitate præditus, cum eorum ſequacibus, antedicti regis ballivis & miniſtris, die noctuque pro ſuis viribus ſatis moleſti erant. Importuni *Anglicos*, & *Scotos Anglicatos*, a tempore receſſus prædicti regis per quatuor annos, & ultra per mutuas cædes & flagella, ſeu varios guerrarum eventus, multipliciter affligentes.

De Conflictu de Roſlyne, *ubi ter in uno die* Anglici *tunc victi ſunt.* Cap. II.

HOC cum nunciatum fuiſſet regi *Angliæ*, quendam magnanimum virum, *Radulphum Confrey* nomine, nobilem valde, armis ſtrenuum, conſilio & ſapientia præditum, cum magno exercitu electorum equitum optime armatorum, ut moleſtatores, & ſuæ pacis perturbatores, etiam in locis ſtrictiſſimis perquirentes, ſupremo non deſiſteret punire ſupplicio. Intrantes igitur *Scotiam* cir-

circuerunt terram, perambulantes eam, & apud *Roſlyne* per tres acies diviſi, ſua ſeparatim fixere tentoria, propter arctam & anguſtam hoſpitandi inopiam. Cognito namque eorum adventu *Johannes Cumin* & *Simon Fraſer*, cum eorum ſequacibus, paucis admodum reſpectu inimicorum, prævenire quam præveniri magis deſiderantes, de *Biggar* uſque *Roſlyne*, per milliaria ferme ſedecim, ſub unius noctis ſpatio alacriter percurrentes, cum viris electis, qui mori prius quam *Anglicanæ* nationi ſubjici indigne potius eligerunt, in hoſtes intrepidi repente irruerunt. Sed paullo ante pervigiles excitati, aſſumptis armis, omnibus primæ aciei corruentibus, viriliter hoſtibus reſtiterunt. Tandem tamen illis ſuperatis, captis partim, & partim occiſis, partim etiam ad cæteras acies confugientibus; confeſtim *Scotis* ſpolia dividentibus, apparuit acies altera potior priore, ad bella parata, qua viſa, *Scoti* mente conſternati, per duces tum exhortatione ſummaria animati, captivis occiſis, & de occiſorum ſpoliis clientelis armatis, remotis equis invalidis, & fortioribus aſcenſis, animis intrepidi ad pugnam alacrius præpararunt, hoſtibus, licet difficulter, tandem ſuperatis: Cum totum ſe *Scoti* feciſſe credidiſſent, apparuit tertia acies *Scotis*, numeroſior prioribus, potentior, & armis elegantior. Ex cujus viſione *Scoti* ſtupefacti, & tum per fatigationem itineris & vigiliarum, necnon & cibi defectu multipliciter laſſati, tum pro continuis pugnandi laboribus calefacti, amotis caſſidibus ad exponendum ſe ventis ſecedentes, tum præ ictuum contuſionibus & vulnerum vehementer afflicti, cedere cæperunt, & ultra quam credi poteſt animo pavere, & fugam capere ſe paraverunt. Inter has perplexitates timore popularium conſtituti antedicti duces *Johannes* & *Simon*, animis imperterriti, ſimul cum armis officium ſuſcipiunt prædicatorum. Multum enim valet bellaturis ſtrenui ducis exhortatio læta.

Et noſtri novi prædicatores *Johannes* & *Simon* populum verbis conſolantes, promiſſis exhilarantes, necnon libertatis generoſitatem, ſubjectionis vilitatem, & anteceſſorum ſuorum indefeſſos labores pro patriæ liberatione voluntarie aſſumptos, ad memoriam reducentes, monitis ſalubribus ad pugnam animabant. His & aliis hujuſmodi vehementer confortati, omnimoda poſtpoſita vecordia, reſumptis viribus, & captivis occiſis, ex eorum equis & ar-

mis quaſi denuo renovati, cum ſuis clientelis de prioribus armatis ſpoliis, ſpem ſuam in domino ponentes, ad pugnam ferociſſime proceſſerunt, quorum congreſſus tam ingens erat & ferox, ut multi, armis perforatis, vita privarentur. Nonnulli etiam utriuſque exercitus poſt dira lancearum vulnera, ſæva flagella, & clavorum ictus duriſſimos, numero centeni quadrageni & viceni alternis vicibus pro laſſitudine pugnæ hinc inde confuſi, diutine ad montes & colles, & alia apta loca de acie ſe retraherent, ut ventis expoſiti amotis *Galeis*, & equis vulneratis, & ex aere refrigerati, aliis recentioribus aſſumptis contra inimicorum inſultus, non vi humana, ſed virtute divina, ſubjectis hoſtibus, *Scoti*, qui reſpectu partis adverſæ, numero erant pauciſſimi, velut ſi pugillus frumenti multitudine maris arenæ coæquaretur, felici & jucunda, laus Deo, potiti ſunt victoria. Repperi in quadam Cronica quod *Anglici* erant bellatores numerati XXX.M. *Scoti* vix octo M. de qua dictum eſt.

Anno milleno trecentenoque ſecundo,
Luceſcente die Feſtum recolente Matthiæ,
In Roſlyne *campo nova gratia luxit ab alto,*
Nempe Johanne *duce* Scotorum Cuminenſe,
Anglis *confuſis, ceſſit victoria* Scotis.

COMMENTARIUS.

JOHANNES *Major* ait, [*de geſt.* Scot. *Fol.* 73.] Cum *Edwardus Scotos* intellexit, *Johannem Cumingum* in regentem eligiſſe, novum exercitum XXX millium virorum contrahit, quem *Radulpho Confreyo* viro ſtrenuo commendavit, jubens ut in *Scotiam* pergat, qui cum ad *Roſlyne* pervenit, exercitum tripartitur, & in qualibet parte decies mille viros cum ſuo duce ponit. Quod cum *Johannes Cumingus* regens intellexit, ſecum *Simonem Fraſer* habens cum ſeptem mille viris, unam *Anglorum* aciem vicit, & poſtea eodem die cum viris fatigatis bis pugnavit, & ſic omnes XXX mille viros fudit.

Hector Boethius ait, [Scot. *Hiſt. Lib.* 14.] *Edwardus* uſque ad *Fortham* tum omnia occupaverat, eique omnes ſubjecti in illis erant regionibus, præter paucos qui in ſilvis degentes imperium Tyran-

Tyranni metu effugerant. Quæ quum indigna esse ac intoleranda, etiam minus potentibus, *Johannes Cumin* arbitraretur, mortemque ac ruinam totius etiam regni præ tali servitute præoptandam duceret, adjuncto rerum gerendarum fideli socio *Simone Fraser*, comparataque exigua manu, attamen fortissimorum virorum (ad octo enim millia contraxerat) injurias ultum ire parat, quoscunque officiarios *Anglicos* ac famulos eorum usquam reperit, quibuscunque potest contumeliis vexatos fugat, ac regno ejicit. *Edwardus* injuriis hominum desperatorum accensus, exercitum triginta millium hominum cum *Radulpho Confreyo*, viro nobili & strenuo duce, in *Scotiam* mittit, ad reliquias belli conficiendas. Is ubi neglectim, veluti ad prædam dividendam, in *Scotiam* ad *Rosslyne* venisset, dimissis copiis, a tribus partibus rem aggredi conatus, in unaquaque parte decem millia militum ordinarat. *Johannes* cum *Simone* collega, conjunctis copiis, unam partem aggrediendam rati, & si fortuna secundior aspiraret, tum reliquas quoque, adhortatis militibus ut memores essent pro libertate, cum crudelissimi tyranni satellitibus, pro patria, pro parentibus, pro liberis, pro aris ac focis fortissime pugnarent, aciem instruit, ac summa vi nitentes magna cæde fundunt fugantque. Parta vero statim victoria, spolia colligunt, quibuscunque arma deerant ex hostium spoliis sibi aptant, aut quibus minus bona erant, commutant. Interim advenit inexpectatis altera acies, ferocibus recenti adhuc victoria nec nimium defatigatis. Conglobati igitur omnes in unum, & quantum spatium, quod erat angustissimum, patiebatur, a ducibus instructi, alacres impetum in hostes faciunt. Vix eam quoque aciem confecerant, quum tertia jam adesset, defatigatis ac partim etiam vulneribus exhaustis: attamen exhortationibus ducum ac precibus, ne duas victorias jam jam partas, imbecillitate animorum perderent, dicentibus nihil aliud ab hostibus expectari, quam utrum confecti prorsus vulneribus adventum suum sustinere vel aspectu auderetis: qui ubi viderint, suorum clade exercituum ac sanguine vos conspersos, nihil viribus imminutos, exterriti consistere non poterunt: erecti rursum milites haud segniter in hostes incurrunt. Itaque confestim hostes terga dantes, cædendos se præbuere, & nisi tantis cædibus lassi fuissent milites, profecto pauci ex ea fuga superfuissent. Attamen aliquantulo spa-

tio hoſtes perſecuti, ad caſtra ac ſpolia reverterunt. Magna ea victoria fuit, & haud ſcio an clarior unquam antea, aut ad memoriam uſque noſtram major. Tres hoſtium acies, omnes majore militum numero, aperto Marte inſtructas, ac ex præparato occurrentes deviciſſe, quare haud abſque ſingulari Dei favore partam eſſe eam victoriam omnes exiſtimabant, & divino numini acceptam ferebant.

Georgius Buchananus (*rerum* Scot. *Lib.* 8. *Pag.* 254.) ita pugnam hanc enarrat. *Scoti* interea, quæ nec tyrannidem *Anglorum* ferre, nec immanem *Edwardi* animum ſuppliciis exſatiare, nec pacem æquam impetrare poterant, obſtinatis animis, ad ultimam dimicationem, citra ſpem veniæ ſe comparant, primum omnes *Edwardi* præfectos, qui *Anglicæ* nationis erant, ex omnibus urbibus & arcibus exigunt, *Scotos Anglicæ* factionis, quacunque vi poſſunt, affligunt. Hic ſtatus rerum cum prope biennium duraſſet, *Edwardus*, *Radulphum Confreium*, cum magnis copiis ad prædones (ita enim eos vocabat) domandos, & reliquias belli conficiendas, miſit. Hi nemine obvio, late prædas agentes, ad *Roſlinum* uſque, (locus is *Lothianæ* eſt, quinque fere millia paſſuum ab *Edinburgo* diſtans) trifariam, ut latius popularentur, diviſi, caſtra poſuerunt. *Johannes Cuminius*, adjuncto ſibi *Johanne Fraſerio*, *Tuediæ* longe potentiſſimo, collectis ad octo millia hominum, ad hoſtem ducit, ut vel ab effuſa populatione cohiberent, vel ſi qua rei bene gerendæ occaſio ſe obtuliſſet, fortunæ non deeſſent. Occaſio major, quam ſperabatur, eſt oblata; nam cum *Angli* nihil minus, quam hoſtis toties victi, tot malis fracti, adventum expectarent, ac ſolutius, quam in hoſtico conveniebat, ſe gererent, prima eorum caſtra, ſubito adventu *Scotorum*, ſunt oppreſſa, magna cæde facta: qui evaſerunt in proxima caſtra tumultum pertulere. Ibi, ad arma, trepide clamatum, & pro ſe quiſque alius alium hortari ad opem ſuis ferendam. Sed cum ſerum auxilium eſſe ſenſiſſent, ad vindictam ſe comparant. Atrox, ut inter feroces victoria, & cupiditate ultionis incenſos, fit conflictus, tandem, fuſis fugatiſque *Anglis*, victoria quidem, nec incruenta tamen, ceſſit *Scotis*. Interea tertia acies, quæ longius tetenderat, adveniens, trepidationem *Scotis* injecit; plerique enim vulnerati, ac major pars, duplicis pugnæ laboribus fatigati, videbant

in

in certamine manifeſtum periculum, in fuga certum exitium ſibi imminere. Tandem ducum juſſu, cæſis captivis, ne, omnibus in hoſtem intentis, a tergo inſurgerent, miniſtros ſuos cæſorum ſpoliis armant, & majoris exercitus ſpeciem hoſtibus præbent. Prælio inito, acriter utrinque certatur. Cum aliquandiu anceps pugna fuiſſet, *Scoti*, adhortationibus ducum, dupliciſque victoriæ memoria revocata, viribus reſumptis, tanto impetu incurrunt in hoſtem, ut *Angli*, turbatis ordinibus, terga verterent. Pugnatum eſt ad *Roſlinum*, ſexto Calendas *Martias*, 1302 anni.

Thomas Walſinghame [Hiſt. *Angl. Edwardo* I. Pag. 57. ad annum 1304.] ait, Hoc anno circa principium quadrageſimæ, *Scoti* latentes in inſidiis, *Johannem* de *Segrave* cum paucis armatis tranſeuntem, juxta caſtrum quod dicitur *Puellarum*, ſubito invaſerunt, peremptiſque hinc inde nonnullis, *Scoti* prævalentes multitudine, ceperunt aliquos milites *Anglicos*, inter quos & ipſum *Johannem Anglorum* capitaneum graviter vulneratum, ſed ſupervenientes milites alii de exercitu *Anglorum*, ipſum *Johannem*, a ſuis ereptum cuſtodibus, abduxerunt. Dum fieret iſte conflictus, miles quidam nobilis *Robertus* de *Nevile*, miſſarum audiens ſolemnia (erat nempe dominica prima quadrageſimæ) quæ geſta fuerant penitus ignorabat. Poſt miſſam vero egreſſus, cum audiſſet a redeuntibus, *Scotos* in *Anglicos* prævalere, illuc cum ſuis armatis properans, multos peremit, multoſque fugavit, & captivos aliquos reduxit. Nec de his qui miſſæ cum eo intererant, quiſquam captus fuit, aut graviter vulneratus, ſed nec corruit unus ſolus.

Idem *Thomas Walſinghame* [*Ypodigma Neuſtriæ*, Pag. 95.] hæc repetit hac differentia. Quod ad annum 1302. ait, Poſt Feſtum Omnium Sanctorum, elapſis treugis conceſſis *Scotis*, rex *Angliæ Johannem* de *Segrave*, militem nobilem, cum armata manu miſit in *Scotiam*, committens ei ejuſdem terræ cuſtodiam. Et infra paulum, Hoc anno *Scoti* latentes in inſidiis, *Johannem* de *Segrave*, cum paucis armatis equitantem, ſubito invaſerunt, & ipſum *Johannem* ab eis graviter vulneratum, cum nonnullis aliis militibus, commiſſo cruento conflictu, ceperunt, &c.

Henricus de *Knighton* [*de eventibus* Angliæ, *Pag.* 2476.] ait, Rex *Edwardus* occidit LX. millia *Scotorum* apud *Fouthchirche* in Feſto beatæ *Mariæ Magdalenæ*; veruntamen *Scoti* invaleſcentes

tes paulatim per XXX annos, uſque ad tempora regis *Edwardi* poſt conqueſtum tertii *Anglos* & *Anglorum* vicinia loca ſæpius proluerunt. Quod quidem infortunium dolo & effeminationi *Anglorum* multi deputarunt. Nonnulli vero vindici dextræ Dei hoc aſcripſerunt, juxta prophetiam illam quæ tempore regis *Egelredi* prædixit, gentem *Anglorum* per *Dacos*, *Francos* & *Scotos* fore exterminandam, ſicut ſupra tactum eſt in fine primi libri in hunc modum. Quidam ſanctus *Anachorita* tempore regis *Egelredi* prophetavit in hunc modum. Dicens, " *Angli* quia proditioni, " ebrietati, & negligentiæ domus Dei dediti ſunt, primo per *Da-* " *nos*, deinde per *Normannos*, tertio per *Scotos*, quos viliſſimos " reputant, erunt conterendi; adeo quod tunc varium erat ſe- " culum, ut varietas mentium multimoda veſtium variatione de- " ſignetur. Hæc ibi.

Polyd. Virgilius (*Angl.* Hiſt. Lib. 17. *Edward* I. Pag. 439.) ait, Poſt annos XXX. quam regnare cæperat *Edwardus*, qui fuit annus ſalutis humanæ 1301. induciæ cum *Scotis* renovatæ ſunt. Rex interea *Johannem Segravenſem*, virum fortem, non item providum, cum magno exercitu in agrum *Dunelmenſem* proficiſci juſſit, ut præſto adeſſet, ſi *Scoti*, quos non diu quieturos quaſi certo ſciebat, aliquid novi repente molirentur, cui ſocium dedit *Radulphum Confreium*, hominem *Scotum*, ut quidam ſentiunt, qui cum multis aliis *Edwardum* ſequeretur.

Johannes ubi ad loca finitima pervenit, & jam exeuntibus induciis, per exploratores cognovit *Scotos* in armis eſſe, *Scotiam* ingreditur, ac recta *Edinburgum* contendit, ubi quia nihil hoſtile a *Scotis* parari comperit, qui in montibus agebant, exercitum tripartito ordinat: duabus enim partibus procul ad quatuor millia ad paſſuum pari ſpatio inter ſe diſtantibus duce *Radulpho* collatis, tertiam ſibi reſervat, atque ibi caſtra ponit: quod conſilium potiſſime cepit, ut ſi exercitus uno in loco totus maneret, ne anguſtiis rei frumentariæ premeretur. Sed id hoſtes audaciores fecit: ubi enim *Scoti* per ſpeculatores, certiores facti ſunt exercitum hoſtium diviſum eſſe, & *Johannem* ducem cum paucis ſecundum oppidum caſtra habere, repente eo cum electa juvenum manu, nocturno tempore properant, ac paulo ante lucem, circum oppidum conſiſtunt, ſeque ad præliandum expediunt. Cognovit interea

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Johannes Scotorum insidias, quas quo facilius vitaret, a suis admonebatur, ut, aut relictis castris, cum reliquo exercitu se conjungeret, aut ad se duas tresve cohortes accerseret: neutrum tamen fecit, vir sane in ea parte majoris animi, quam prudentiæ: nam suos cohortatus, tuba signum extemplo dari, atque in hostes jam, lucente sole, appropinquantes impetum fieri jussit. Pugnatur fortiter, atque dubia fortuna diu, cum ad extremum *Angli* multitudine hostium undique pressi, passim cadere cæperunt, pauci fugiendo evaserunt. Equites numero viginti cum *Johanne* duce graviter vulnerato capti sunt, sed *Johannes* a nonnullis equitibus, qui audito fugientium clamore, ex proximis castris adfuere, ab hostibus eripitur. Reliquum exercitum post hanc acceptam plagam in *Angliam Radulphus* reduxit, cum cerneret non esse quod tunc cum hostibus amplius confligeret, qui & numero & viribus longe præstabant. Rex nuntio allato de re male gesta, mature acto principum conventu, ex ejusque sententia pecunia in sumptus novi belli decreta, ac a populo exacta, exercitum parat, atque haud ita multo post *Scotiam* petit, ulturus suorum cædem.

Hollingshed giveth this Account of the Battle. [Hollingshed's *Chronicles*, *Vol.* 3. Edw. I. *Pag.* 311. *ad annum regis* 30. *Chr.* 1302.] Now after that the Truce with the *Scots* was expired, which took End at the Feast of *All Saints* last past, the King sent the Lord *John Segrave*, a right valiant Knight, (but not so circumspect in his Government as was necessary) with a great Army into *Scotland*, to have the Rule of the Land as Lord Warden of the same. With him was joyned also *Ralph Confrey* Treasurer of the Army. These two Captains coming to the Borders, and hearing that the *Scottishmen* already were in Arms, (*vid.* Polydor.) they entred into *Scotland*, and, in Order of Battle, passed forth to *Edinburgh*, (*vid.* Abington.) and hearing nothing of their Enemies, which kept them still in the Mountains, they divided their Army into three several Battles, two of the which came behind the fore-ward, under the Leading of the said *Ralph Coufrey*, the third (that is to say, the fore-ward) the Lord *Segrave* led himself, in such Order, that there was the Distance of four Miles betwixt their Lodgings. This they did to be the more plenteously served with Victuals.

But the *Scots* underſtanding this Order of their Enemies, became the more hardy, and thereupon having Knowledge where the Lord *Segrave* was lodged with his Company, a good Way off from the other two Parts of the Army, they haſted forward in the Night-ſeaſon, and came near unto the Place where the ſame Lord *Segrave* was encamped, a little before Day, making themſelves ready to aſſail the *Engliſhmen* in their Camp. But the Lord *Segrave* having Knowledge of their coming, though he was counſelled by ſome of them that were about him, either to withdraw unto the other Battles, or elſe to ſend unto them to come to his Aid, he would follow neither of both the Ways, but, like a Captain more hardy than wiſe in this Point, diſpoſed his Companies which he had there in order to fight, and encouraging them to play the Men, immediately upon the riſing of the Sun, and that his Enemies approached, he cauſed the Trumpets to ſound to the Battle, and gave therewith the Onſet.

The Fight was ſore and doubtful for a While, till the *Engliſhmen*, overcome with Multitude of their Enemies, began to be ſlain on each Side, ſo that few eſcaped by Flight. To the Number of twenty worthy Knights were taken, with their Captain the ſaid Lord *Segrave*, being ſore wounded, but he was by chance reſcued and delivered out of the Enemy's Hands by certain Horſemen, who, under the Leading of the Lord *Robert Nevile*, [ſo *Abington*] a right valiant Knight, (upon hearing the Noiſe of them that fled) came on the Spurs out of the next Camp to the Succour of their Fellows. *Ralph Confrey* after this Miſhap (as *Polydore* ſaith) brought back the Reſidue of his Army into *England*, not thinking it neceſſary to attempt any further Enterpriſe at that Time againſt the Enemies, overmatching him both in Strength and Number. This Encounter chanced on the firſt *Sunday* in Lent.

The ſame Author, in the Hiſtory of *Scotland*, Page 211. ſaith, That all the Country, in manner unto *Forth*, at this Seaſon was ſubject to the *Engliſhmen*, ſaving ſuch few of the Inhabitants as lived within the Woods, having more Regard to the ancient Liberties of their Country, than to any Deſire of preſerving their Goods and Lives. *John Cumin* therefore deſirous to redreſs this heavy

heavy Miſery and lamentable Caſe of his Country, admitted *Simon Fraſer* Fellow with him in the Adminiſtration of the Wars againſt the *Engliſhmen*, and therewith gathering an Army of eight thouſand hardy Men of War, ſetteth in Hand to revenge the injurious Doings of the Enemies, chaſing out of the Realm all ſuch Officers, with their Servants, as King *Edward* had placed in any Rooms within the Bounds of *Scotland*, and ſuch as reſiſted he purſued in moſt cruel wiſe, not ſparing to put them to the Sword in all Places where he might find them.

King *Edward* ſore kindled in Diſpleaſure with theſe Attempts of ſuch deſperate Perſons, raiſed an Army of thirty thouſand Men, and ſent the ſame into *Scotland*, under the Leading of a very ſtout and valiant Captain, named *Radulph* or *Ralph Confrey*. This *Radulph*, at his coming into *Scotland*, took ſmall Regard to the ordering of his Field, but divided his Army into three Parts, every Part containing ten thouſand Men, and appointed them to paſs forth to forage the Country, and to meet altogether at *Roſlyne* in ſuch Sort and Time as he preſcribed. *John Cumin* and *Simon Fraſer* being advertiſed thereof, gathered their Powers together, to the Number of ſeven or eight thouſand Men, and determined to try the Chance of Battle with one Part of the *Engliſh* Army firſt, truſting, that if they happened to have the upper Hand of one of the three Parts, the other two would be the more eaſy to deal with. The *Scottiſh* Captains, reſolved thus upon that Point, exhorted their People to remember how they were to fight in Defence of their Wives, their Children, their Goods, and Liberties of their Country, againſt ſuch as ſought to bring them into Thraldom and vile Servitude. With which Words the *Scots* were ſo emboldened, that minding either to dy or to win the Victory, they gave the Onſet ſo fiercely on their Enemies, that the firſt Battle of the *Engliſhmen* was quickly overthrown and vanquiſhed. But ſcarcely had they gathered the Spoil, when another Part of the *Engliſh* came upon them with more Fierceneſs than the other before; nevertheleſs the *Scots*, encouraged with their freſh won Victory, got themſelves ſpeedily into Aray, and received their Enemies with ſuch incredible Manhood, that they had quickly got the upper Hand of theſe

alſo; but ſcarce had they made an End with this ſecond Battle, when the third Part was at Hand ready to charge them. Being now ſore enfeebled, what through Wearineſs, and Wounds received in the two former Encounters, beſides the Want of ſuch of their Numbers as were ſlain; yet, by Exhortation of their Captains, and the valiant Preſence of the Officers of Bands beſides, they ruſhed forth on their Enemies with ſuch earneſt Forwardneſs to receive them, that, after a very ſharp Bickering, they put the whole Number of them to Flight. Few of the *Engliſhmen* had eſcaped the *Scottiſhmens* Hands, had they not been ſo wearied with continual Fight, that they were not able to follow any great Way in the Chaſe.

This Victory fell to the *Scots* in Manner as is before rehearſed, upon St. *Matthew*'s Day, in the Year after the Birth of our Saviour 1302. The Glory of this Victory was great, conſidering that thirty thouſand *Engliſhmen*, well furniſhed, and throughly appointed for War, ſhould be thus in one Day vanquiſhed with an Handful of *Scottiſhmen*; for as their Hiſtories make Mention, they paſſed not eight thouſand at the moſt; and therefore all Men ſuppoſed, that it came to paſs by the ſingular Favour and Grace of Almighty God. *Speed*, in his Hiſtory of *Great Britain*, *Edward* I. Pag. 650. telleth us, That in the mean time Sir *John Segrave*, Lord *Segrave*, a renowned Soldier, was ſent Governor or *Cuſtos* into *Scotland* with an Army. After the Truce expired, which, at the *French* King's Inſtance, King *Edward* had yielded unto for a Time, *John Cumin*, who had alſo been a Competitor for the Crown, was choſen by the *Scots* for their Governour.

We may not here overpaſs a Victory (at *Roſlyne*) which the Writers of that Nation celebrate, wherein the *Engliſh* were by them overcome, howbeit there is in our Writers much Variety in that Relation. It is the Saying of *Hector Boethius*, That the *Engliſh* were about three for one, our antient and later Authors ſay, that the *Scots* had far the more People. He affirms, that it was in the plain Field, ours, that it was an Ambuſh; he, that the *Scots* did put to Flight, and took the Spoils of three whole Battles, in either of which were 10000 *Engliſh*, ours, that the *Scots*,

Scots, by reaſon of their Multitudes, did only overbear the Vanguard, from which the neareſt of the other Battels was four Miles off. All agree in this, That the Lord *Segrave* (*Ralph Confrey* ſaith *Hector*) who had the Point or Vaward of the *Engliſh*, (whoſe General he alſo was) by dividing his Army into three Parts for their better Relief, weakned ſo his whole Force, that thereby, and his unadviſed Forwardneſs, (impatient to ſtay for his other Powers) he gave Occaſion to the *Scots* of ſuch a Victory. They had alſo taken the Perſon of the ſaid Lord General, but Sir *Robert* de *Nevile*, who, with others, was at divine Service, hearing thereof, came with his Troops of Horſe, reſcued *Segrave*, ſlew many, put many to Flight, and brought away back the reſt of the Priſoners, without the Loſs of any one Man of his own.

Buchananus (*rerum* Scot. *Lib.* 8. *Pag.* 255.) ait, Hæc victoria, tribus exercitibus, eodem die, ab uno victis, quanto fuit clarior, tanto acrius *Edwardus*, ad ignominiam delendam, & finem tandem aliquando diuturno bello imponendum, animum intendit. Igitur exercitum, quantum nunquam antea, conſcribit, ac terra marique *Scotiam* late armis pervagatus eſt, ad extremos uſque *Roſſiæ* fines, nemine armato, ſe tantis copiis objicere, auſo, ſolus *Vallas* cum ſuis, nunc a fronte, nunc a tergo, aut lateribus incurrendo, temere prægreſſos, aut moratores, aut ſi qui, cupiditate prædæ, longius a ſuis diſcedebant, excipebat: neque, quenquam longius a ſignis progredi, ſinebat.

Hunc *Anglus* magnis pollicitationibus fruſtra ad ſe ſæpe traducere eſt conatus, ſed una ejus ad omnes erat oratio, ſe vitam quam patriæ debebat, ei devoviſſe, cui ſi aliam opem afferre non poſſet, piis erga eam conatibus immoriturum.

Dicitur Robertus *de* Bruce, *qui poſtea fuit rex* Scotorum] *Buchananus*, *rerum* Scot. *Lib.* 8. *Pag.* 253. ait, *Vallas* cum a fronte acriter premeretur, & *Bruſſius* circumito colle, a tergo immineret, ordinibus, quoad in tali rerum ſtatu poterat, non perturbatis, retro trans *Carrontem* amnem abiit: ibi objecto flumine, cum & ſe tueretur, & ſparſos e fuga recolligeret; *Bruſſio* colloquium petenti non abnuit. Cum ſoli ſine arbitris qua flumen anguſtiore alveo prælatis ripis cogitur, ex adverſo conſtitiſſent, tum

Bruſſius prior, mirari ſe, ait, Quid *Vallæ* in mentem venerit, ut, plebeculæ incerto favore ablatus, contra regem ejus ætatis potentiſſimum, maximis etiam *Scotorum* auxiliis ſubnixum, ſeſe periculis aſſidue objiciat: idque, nullo tantis laboribus operæ pretio propoſito, neque enim ſi *Edwardum* vincat, *Scotos* nunquam regnum ei permiſſuros: neque, ſi ipſe vincatur ullum ſupereſſe perfugium niſi in miſericordia inimici. Cui *Vallas*; ego nunquam, inquit, iſtum laboris mei finem mihi propoſui, ut regnum mihi pararem, quod nec mea fortuna capit, nec animus cupit: ſed cum cives meos, veſtra (ad quos regnum jure ſpectat) ignavia, rectoribus deſtitutos, viderem, hoſti immaniſſimo, non in ſervitutem, ſed lanienam objectos, eorum vicem ſum miſeratus, & cauſam a vobis deſertam, ſuſcepi: quorum libertatem, fortunas & incolumitatem non prius deſeram, quam me vita deſerat. Vos, quibus potior eſt turpis cum ſecuritate ſervitus, quam honeſta cum periculo libertas, iſtam, quam magni æſtimatis, fortunam amplectamini. Ego in patria, ſæpe defenſa, liber & libens moriar: nec me prius ejus caritas, quam vita relinquet.

Vos quibus potior eſt turpis cum ſecuritate ſervitus] Quid, quæſo, lucrifacietis mercedibus emptæ, ac viles animæ? nempe, tam perdita *Scotia*, ipſa ſui merces eſt. Vobis officia ſplendidiſſima, vobis honores ampliſſimi dabuntur. Memineritis poëtæ ſatyrici illud.

> ——— *Nam qui nimios optabat honores,*
> *Et nimias poſcebat opes, numeroſa parabat*
> *Excelſæ turris tabulata; unde altior eſſet*
> *Caſus, & impulſæ præceps immane ruinæ.*

Quid *Cuminios*, & *Dumbaros* præ omnibus proceribus, divitiis & honoribus florentiſſimos perdidit? niſi cum patriæ hoſtibus conſpiratio, & nunc per tria ſæcula, nullus (quod ſciam) ex his familiis in numero procerum fuit, cum adhuc floreant cum opibus tum titulis, libertatis patriæ propugnatores *Stewarti*, *Douglaſſii*, *Graemi*, *Moravii*, *Bodii*, *Valaſii*, &c.

Ego in patria ſæpe defenſa liber & libens moriar.] Nemo ſervire cogitur, qui morti paratus eſt. Deeſſe nobis terra, in qua vivamus, poteſt, in qua moriamur, non poteſt; quam dulce bonum

bonum libertas, quæ morte emitur, & anima constat. Quamvis olim hostes, in eo omnem suam contentionem fixerunt, ut nos, convulsis viribus, sub jugum mitterent, nostra tamen virtute, & regum nostrorum consilio fuit factum, ut regnum nobis per bis mille annos, & libertas multo diutius semper integra & salva maneret. Potuerunt *Romani*, magna quidem sua virtute, post multas pugnas acerrime commissas, nostras vires comminuere: veruntamen vectigalis & legum suarum oneribus pressos libertate nos orbare; id quidem nec nostræ fuit constantiæ pati, nec illorum unquam virtutis efficere. Ergo fortiora magnorumque operum & mortis capacia liberi populi pectora. Hinc amor ruendi in ferrum, & odio servitutis ad vilitatem sui descensum, clariores victoriæ.

Sic per invidiam, procuratus est lapsus cleri, ruina populi & casus regni.] Sic factum est in terris, quicquid discordia jussit. Quos hostes perdere non potuere, quoties nos perdidit discordia procerum? De pugna ad *Variam Capellam* dictum est. Idem fatum res nostras perturbavit ad *Solvæum*. Qui potestis oblivisci cruentas cædes, seditiones atroces, turbulentas rerum mutationes, insolita servitutis onera, aliaque gravissima vulnera, sæculo nuperrime elapso, a discordia nobis illata? quæ nec viderat, ac ne audierat quidem, nedum senserat *Scotia*, quamdiu reges, proceres, nobiles, plebei inter se amice, communis patriæ amore colligati fuerant.

Et nunc quidem periculum est, ne funditus pereamus, nisi initis diligenter rationibus, temperantia & fortitudine, & unanimi consensu, pristinum gentis decus renovare conemini. Relictis tandem quæ nos pessum dedere vitiis & erroribus, concives, in viam virtutis, & disciplinam majorum vestigiis impressam ingredimini, sic libertatem, sic divitias, sic robur regni, sic nominis *Scotici* famam recuperabitis; sic de patria, sic de posteris bene merebitis, sic in vita hac fragili & incerta pacem & gaudium, & post mortem gloriam æternam assequemini.

Johannes Major [*de gest. Scot. Lib. 4. Fol. 70.*] ait de *Gulielmo Valla*, corpore robusto, ossibus firmis solidisque plasmatus, subnigro colore, partim cholericus, partim atra bile in complexione donatus. Propterea fuit ei ingenium subitum & sublime,

totus fuit cordatus, alta semper meditans, nulli (ut reor) sua in tempestate secundus: militiam non aliter hic *Gulielmus* addidicit nisi experientia & proprio ingenio, &c.

Hector Boethius [*Lib.* 17. Scot. *Hist. Fol.* 349.] ait, *Perthum* autem quum rex [*Jacob.* I.] revertens, in castellum *Kinnoul* præteveheretur. Narrabat ei quidam in eo agere fœminam haud ignobilem, sed extremam ob senectutem luminibus captam, firmo tamen vegetoque etiam tum corpore, aliisque corporis sensibus integris, quæ *Wilhelmum Wallas* ac *Robertum Brussium* vidisset, multaque de iis sæpe narraret. Quamobrem tantorum amore virorum incessit eum desiderium matronam invisendi, audiendique narrantem, habitum, vires que corporis illorum, quos ejus tum & adhuc nostra mirantur secula. Et infra, Rex inter cætera de *Wilhelmo Wallas* rogavit, qualisnam ille fuisset, qua corporis forma, qua virtute, quibusque viribus præditus, ac deinde similiter de *Roberto Brussio*. *Robertum* inquit, virum egregia corporis pulchritudine fuisse, iisque viribus ut omnes seculi sui mortales facile vinceret, sed quantum ipse reliquos superabat, tantum vicissim a *Wallas* superatum, tum corporis mole, tum etiam viribus: tanto enim *Wallas* corporis robore fuisse, ut vel duos *Robertos* in palæstra in solum prosternere valuisset.

Johannes Lesæus [*de rebus gestis* Scotorum, *Lib.* 6. *Pag.* 236.] ait, Verum post multas hinc inde acceptas clades, res *Scotica* inclinare cæpit: ac procul dubio prorsus concidisset, nisi *Wallaseus* ipse, de quo jam nobis incidit sermo, imminutam *Scotorum* libertatem admiranda fortitudine erexisset, *Anglorum*que amplificatam potestatem summa vi denuo attrivisset. Nam hic *Wallaseus*, cujus jam humeris tota rei *Scoticæ* moderatio imposita erat, ita corporis viribus valebat, animique magnitudine præstabat, ut quæ aggressus est bella, tametsi summis difficultatibus obstructa, & quæ confecit bella, præsentissimis periculis implicata, corpori ne magis an animo tribui debeant multi non injuria sæpe dubitarunt. Neque fuit quod merito dubitarent; cum ejus animus generosissimus esset, quo omnia nectebat solertissime; ac corpus valentissimum, quo omnia præstabat bellicosissime, ut non animi aut corporis sejuncta vi, sed animi & corporis conjunctis nervis, res tantas præstitisse certissimum sane fuerat. Nam hic, occiso

occiſo in bello *Hugone Edwardi* vicario, ac *Anglorum* exercitu, apud pontem *Sterlingenſem*, partim trucidato, partim ſubmerſo, caſtella *Deiaonenſe*, *Forfarium*, *Brechineum* ac *Montiſroſarum*, deinde *Aberdoniam*, & caſtrum *Dunnotir* (ut jam quæ ad *Perthum* oppidum, *Airenſe*, atque multa alia ejus facinora præclara levi brachio præteream) felicius faciliuſque quam cuique eſt credibile, cæſis aut fugatis hoſtibus, nobis reſtituit. Quæ omnia, divino quodam numine potius, quam ullo humano robore patraſſe videtur. Nam rebus plane deſperatis, incredibili magnanimitate, ſumma pericula eſt intrepide aggreſſus. Neque ea majore animo, quam rerum ſucceſſu. Nam militem ad ſe nullo principatu, ut apud nos fit, cum eſſet de mediocri tantum ſorte nobilium, Equitis *Aurati* ſecundo genitus; neque ſtipendio, cum eſſet tenui rerum ſtatu; neque adhuc publica auctoritate, cum eſſet privatus; ſed ſola ſua virtute, & rebus præclariſſime geſtis, ac ardentiſſimo zelo liberandæ patriæ, ad ſe numeroſiſſimum brevi pellexit. Unde omnium ſuffragiis dux liberandæ patriæ tandem creatus eſt. Laudem etenim hanc patriæ conſervatæ, & e ſervitute fortiter vindicatæ, *Wallaſeo* invidebant quidam primariæ nobilitatis viri.

In eo manifeſtiſſimum evaſit, quod vulgo dici ſolet, hominem inſigniter vel viribus, vel opulentia, vel prudentia valentem, ſibi apud aliquot gentes cavere non poſſe. Id quod ille non obſcuris quibuſdam ſignis intelligens, quam ſuo alto & divino animo in honoribus contemnendis (quos reliqui ambitioſe conſectantur) oſtendit. Quippe cum publicam perſonam tandem indutus ad totius regni libertatem reſtituendam geſſiſſet piiſſime, privatam perſonam ad aliquorum invidiam extinguendam, in *Gallias* vitandi odii cauſa profectus, ſua jam voluntate, aſſumpſit prudentiſſime. Nec tamen *Johannis Montethi* equitis aurati animus, ſumma malevolentia in illum ſuffuſus, potuit cohiberi, quominus *Wallaſeum*, domum reverſum, inſidiis prope *Glaſgoenſem* civitatem captum, *Edwardo Anglorum* regi, *Londini* dederet. In qua poſt civitate, diſſecto ventre, evulſis inteſtinis, corpore in quatuor partes immaniſſime conciſo, illam animam (quam toties ingratiſſimæ nobilitati, atque adeo toti patriæ, antea ad tot ſubeunda pericula conſecraverat) hoſtium immanitati, invidorumque malitiæ ſatiandæ, a ſuis traditus, efflare eſt coactus.

Piis Manibus,
SACRUM,
Invictiſſimi HEROIS *GULIELMI WALLACEI*,
SCOTIÆ Cuſtodis, Patris Patriæ,
QUI
Militiæ titulis, & avorum ſtirpe vetuſta,
CLARUS;
Pectore, conſiliis, dextra, quoque ſtrenuus armis,
Diſciplinæ militaris
Tenax, non ſine ſeveritate;
Validiſſimos Hoſtium exercitus,
Non ſemel,
Fudit, ac profligavit;
Angliæ tyrannidem propulit,
Patriæ Libertatem vindicavit,
ET
Ejus Jura & avitas Leges revocavit:
QUEM,
Tremendus ille *Edwardus* primus,
Angliæ rex, non terruit,
Nec unquam vel armis vel promiſſis domuit;
Sed fraude nefanda
Perfidi amici, traditum ſibi
Crudeli laniena trucidavit.

Illum ſtere nefas, ſua quem ſuper æthera virtus
Suſtulit, humano ſi qua fides merito.

Johannes Johnſtonus [Heroes *Scoti*] titulo *Gulielmus Vallas.*] Cuſtos regni, poſt *Alexandri* III. regis exitum, difficillimis illis *Baliolanis* temporibus, rerum geſtarum gloria florentiſſimus, clariſſimis veterum ducibus comparandus. Solus liber, libertatem publicam conſtantiſſime defendit. Libertatis vindex, patriæ Libera-

berator, magnanimus, felix, victorioſus. A ſuis nefarie proditus, interiit anno antequam *Robertus Bruſſus* regnum iniit, anno Chriſti 1305.

Robore, mente, animis ingens, ingentior auſis,
Quem tibi, quem dederint ſæcula priſca parem?
Romani *arma gerunt, ſubnixi viribus orbis:*
Vires, arma, orbis, dextera ſola tua.
Nil non pro patria geris, & pro te hæc nihil unquam:
Illi cuncta ſibi pro patria in patriam
Fata ferunt ſecum: Fatis tu fervidus inſtas:
Imperium his, tibi ſors deſtinat invidiam.
Quod neque Mars unquam potuit, neque callidus hoſtis,
Viribus ille ſuis, fraudibus iſte ſuis:
At ſcelus O! potuit gens hoc male fida tuorum.
Sic vixti, & fatis immoreris patriæ,

EPITAPHIUM eidem.

Fortunæ tetricæ domitor, vindexque ſuorum,
Hic jacet. immerita preſſus ab invidia.
Auſa immane nefas fraus effera gentis honorem
Abſtulit, & patriæ robora certa ſuæ.
Nil tamen egiſti mors importuna, triumphum
De te perpetuum fama ſuperſtes aget.

FINIS.

In Relationes Arnaldi Blair.

berator, magnanimus, felix, victoriosus. A fuis reliquis proditus,
interfit anno antequam Robertus Brufius regnum init, anno
Chriſti 1306.

Labore, morte, omnia ingens, ingeniter ange.
Quem vidi, quem dolorint ferula pavita parva?
Romani nova gerunt, Illatus tribus orbis:
Vita, anus, ovilis, ignorat ille tuas.
Nil nam pro patria gerit, O pro te hac nihil eruperis
Illi vanella fit pro patria in patriam.
Tam ferunt ferum: Paris in ferocius ingrat:
Imperium bis, tibi fors dedicat invidiam.
Quod regna Mavis augeam fratri, regno caedatur ingrato.
Viribus ille fuis, fraudibus ille tuis:
Ut flatus O! patrie pars hoc male pia fuerunt.
Sit vidit, O Paris immeritis patria.

EPITAPHIUM eidem.

Hic jacet immerito proſtus ad invidia.
Nulla nunquam nobis ferus effera gentis bonorem
Nobilis, & patria rubora certa fue.
Vix tanta egiſſi urgs imperatus triumphum
Vix ſi ſcripſerunt ſtuna ſuperſtes aget.

TINIS.